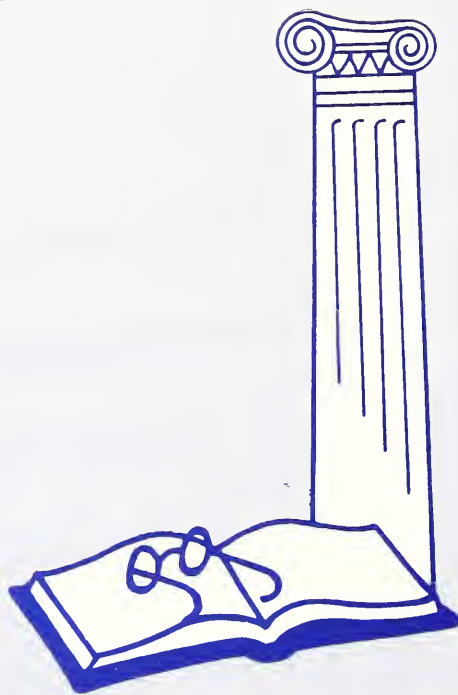


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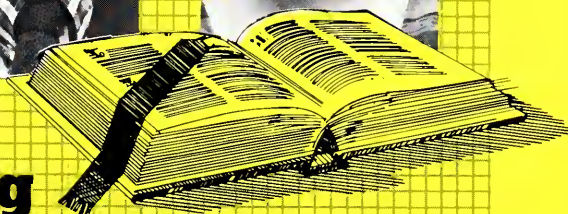
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Danville, Virginia...



**Those Young
People at Westover Drive**

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THIS MONTH

New year, new goals, new optimism—we think you will find some of the latter, at least, in the variety of articles offered in this first issue of '84. In honoring those young people from Westover Drive (Danville, VA) we pay tribute to all Teen Talent Bible Quiz participants. Dr. Black has a pertinent word on choosing a college. Neagle continues to cut sharply with his wit in cartoons.

Happy reading.

Hoyt E. Stone

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H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

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Those Young People at Westover Drive

THERE AREN'T MANY of them, thirty at the most.

It's doubtful there's a genius among them—just ordinary young people struggling with the normal problems of school, home, and growing up.

Yet . . .

At the Westover Drive Church of God, Danville, Virginia, Pastor Richard Davis claims these young people have **REVITALIZED**—and are on their way to **REVOLUTIONIZING**—his church.

Since they are the national Bible quiz champions, having bested all competitors in last fall's runoffs held in conjunction with the World Evangelism Conference, that fact alone would seem worthy of this magazine's attention.

Yet there is more.

Pastor Davis notes that the genesis of this youth revival can be traced to an unusual event, his inspiration to warn his youth about the dangers of rock music.

Richard Davis has pastored the

Westover Church since April 1980. In a routine service, one which did not at the time hint of the controversy about to be stirred up, he cautioned the youth of his church as to their music, noting that Christians should fill their minds and hearts with God's Word, not the vulgar and suggestive phrases of much modern music. It was a simple sermon, yet straight to the point. Richard quoted a number of the especially questionable lyrics in some of today's rock music and he named both composer and performer.

At the conclusion of the sermon he suggested, figuratively, that Christian young people ought to lay their music as well as everything else on the altar for Christ. God's Spirit moved in the service and some of the young people felt condemned and guilty about rock music which had become so dominant a note in their lives.

Subsequently a number of teenagers came to the pastor with their rock music albums.

"What are we to do with them?"

**What can happen in
an ordinary church
when young people
get turned on to
Jesus Christ?**



Stone Photo

THOSE YOUNG PEOPLE AT WESTOVER DRIVE

The pastor didn't want the albums and it was obvious the young people felt impressed to rid themselves of the offensive materials.

Thus came the idea. "Let's burn them."

The thought seemed innocent enough. Richard Davis suggested they could get together and burn the albums at the midweek service.

Normally, such would have been the end of the matter. The youth of a local church would have had a bonfire, they would have burned a few albums, and nothing further would have been said.

Not this time!

When the papers headlined the incident and splashed photos of the record albums themselves, the pastor started receiving phone calls. One man phoned to say some of the albums were collectors items and that he was willing to pay the church a sizeable sum of money. He had difficulty understanding Brother Davis when he said the records didn't belong to him and that the idea of burning was from the young people themselves.

The matter became very messy and vitriolic. One letter to the editor said, "No doubt the Reverend Davis and friends are devout moralists who love living in America, but such a display is reminiscent of the book burning days of Adolf Hitler. They would not want our government to burn their Bibles would they? So why stoop to Hitler's level?" The same writer concluded with, "This makes Danville look like it is back in the days of the Salem witch hunts."

Another wrote, "In my opinion, the record destruction incident, in addition to making Danville look undeservingly ignorant, also demonstrated the absolute worst in religion. Such acts are the reflection of religious fanaticism, and make no mistake; a fanaticism not far removed from the fanatic intolerance which is contributing to much of the turmoil, hatred, death, and destruction occurring in the world today.

"Such acts also reflect religious paranoia on the part of the perpetrators. The type of religion

which destroyed those records represents an aging and dying religious dinosaur. This religious fringe faction realizes that in an age of increased enlightenment and awareness, its days are numbered. This realization is what really has such religious groups scared—much more so than a few records supposedly inspired by Satan."

Yet another wrote, "This incident is a publicity stunt. Those who doubt that it was recognition the record-burners craved, consider this: Larry W. Oldham, in a letter to *The Register* on Wednesday, reported that he offered to pay Davis for the albums, with the money going to help a needy family or further the gospel of Christ. That the burning went on anyway indicates that this is one church that would rather see its name in print than help the poor. Is this how Jesus would have wanted His Word spread?"

There were others, most all of them in the same tone, though a few thoughtful Christians responded to the editor in Pastor Davis' defense.



MICHAEL DAVID BIVENS, coach. Mike is twenty-five years old. Married. He has been involved with Bible quizzing since the program was first introduced and, along with his wife Sharon, has to be given credit for much of the discipline the team has demonstrated. He's a native of Danville, a graduate of Dan River High School and Avarett College, and has been attending the same church since he was five years of age. He is the son of David and Hilda Bivens.

The point of the whole matter, though, as Pastor Davis looks back on it today, is that such publicity was the last thing on earth he wanted. He is not by nature a controversial man. He is not one who sees demons on every corner or who tends toward sensationalism. Richard was merely responding to a request of his young people and the matter should have rested there.

What happened, though, seemed to draw the young people of the church more closely together. They understood for the first time how bitter could be the attitudes of those of this world when they feel threatened, and they learned to appreciate all the more the warmth and fellowship of the church.

The record-burning controversy has long since died down but the youth revival and the missionary spirit of the young people burn on. Most of them can be found each Sunday morning in their youth Bible class, taught by Mike Bivens. Wednesday evenings they are in a class taught by the church's youth evangelism director David Ball.



AMY CARTER, team captain. Amy is seventeen. A senior in high school. She has been participating in Teen Talent for six years and should be eligible for at least two more. By the time of state competition,

Amy knew all 757 Bible quiz questions in the manual and it was her example which inspired the others to master those questions by the time of national competition. Amy is the daughter of Ralph and Marion Carter and she too has grown up in the Westover Drive Church.

Other ministries:

1. *A Thursday evening witnessing program.* Led by David Ball (called fireball by those who know him well), the youth have been exposed to Evangelism Breakthrough and each week can be found at shopping centers, marketplaces, on city streets, or going from house to house giving out tracts and witnessing for Christ.

2. *A prison ministry.* The church is involved in six different jail ministries, one of which is exclusively youth oriented. The youth operate the detention home ministry, sponsoring a service once a month. They provide music—using drums, guitars, bass, and a piano—and do the preaching and witnessing. The Lord blessed one of the recent services so much that guards sent back word telling of a young black boy whose life had been totally transformed. Follow-up on the boy noted that he is now reconciled to his family and they are all in church once again.

3. *Youth choir* with approximately thirty members, and along with this a church band which can lift the roof.



CHRIS DAVIS, co-captain. The pastor's son. Age fourteen and in the ninth grade. Chris has participated in the talent competition for the past two years. He placed second in Bible teaching (state competition)

two years in a row and has also competed in Bible reading. When asked if he thought Bible quizzing had helped him, Chris answered, "Very definitely. In terms of Bible knowledge but also in terms of my striving for excellence. The team spirit helps us to excel, to become the best we can become. That seems worthwhile to me. And memorizing Bible questions and Scripture quotations is hardly a waste of time."

4. *The Kingdom Players*, a drama group specializing in skits and morality plays. Just getting started.

5. *Then, of course, there is Teen Talent competition.* The young people were first of all state champions for Virginia this past year and from there they went on to win National competition. Young people from Westover participate in competition on other levels—music, instrumental, Bible reading and Bible teaching—but it has been in the quizzing where they have truly excelled.

Not an easy task by any means.

* * * *

Members of the Westover Drive Church of God champion Bible quizzing team are:



JULIUS LEE BURTON, JR. Nineteen. Born in Pennsylvania but has lived in Danville since age two. Lee is the son of Paul and Mary Wilson. He's been attending Westover for the past five years, prior to

which he attended the West Main Street Church of God (now River Oaks). Lee has finished high school and is now working for an auto parts store. He will not be eligible for participation in Teen Talent next year but he seems to have a growing interest in Amy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

DEEP IN THE HEART of Turkey, a couple of hundred miles southwest of Ankara, is ancient Cappadocia. Within its boundaries are found some of the strangest structures ever created by the combined hand of nature and man. Here, the floor of the broad Goreme Valley is studded with a fantastic collection of tall rock cones resembling petrified tepees, except that they sometimes reach the height of a fifteen-story building. Standing sentinel over this incredible brood is snow-capped, 13,000-foot Mount Erciyas Dag, Asia Minor's loftiest peak.

Eons ago a fiery volcano erupted from this mountain. The countryside for forty miles around was buried to a depth of several hundred feet by molten rivers of ash and lava. Down through the centuries rains and snows have washed away much of this debris, leaving the conelike pyramids. Around 200 A.D., in the heat of severe persecution, thousands of Christians fled into the Goreme Valley seeking refuge. They found hidden vales, caves, small peaks and cones in fantastic shapes, unlike anything to be found elsewhere in the world. The wanderers fashioned homes, chapels and monasteries within the cones, and today Turkish farmers continue to live in many of the honeycombed rocks.

The Goreme Valley is the major tourist attraction of Turkey. Its landscapes look like moon scenes reflected in a distortion mirror, and its villages seem to have been erected by an architect from Disneyland suddenly gone berserk. Here a volcanic rock contradictorily called tuff is so soft that the elements have been able to erode it into a seemingly endless assortment of towers, pinnacles, cones, chimneys, needles, battlements, turrets and hills that look like gob-

lins and hooded Klansmen, and mountains shaped like mushrooms.

In the moonlight it is a surrealistic Halloween scene, frozen into place. Some of the rock formations look like the dolmens of Brittany or the pillars at Stonehenge; others resemble the giant stone statues of Easter Island. Whatever the comparison, though, the sum of Goreme is unique.

Although no longer shown on modern maps, Bible students will recall that Cappadocia furnished a part of the dedicated group of believers who gathered on the Day of Pentecost. Saint Peter also made converts here in the latter years of

EARLY CHRISTIANS'

his ministry. And the first letter of Peter, addressed to dispersed Christians, includes the Cappadocians in its salutation.

In pagan times, Cappadocia was a famous refuge of the Zoroastrians. Later, when Christians arrived, they found it more expedient and less expensive to hollow out homes in the rock than to build in a land where wood was scarce. Since the porous rock was no more difficult to cut than hardened goat cheese, one man could in no time and without much exertion excavate a good-sized apartment, including some stony furniture: tables, benches, and couches, not to mention fireplaces.

Many carved their entrances high above the ground to discourage marauders; they reached their doors with rope ladders or finger-and-toe holds in the rock. Grit-laden winds, sand-blasting the outer walls, still give the cones—often referred to as the Fairy Chimneys—a clean, polished look of eternal freshness.

A visit to the ancient Caesares is a journey back into a remote and dateless past. Traveling the highways of Turkey's interior is a difficult undertaking, even today. So narrow is the twisting, tortuous road leading to the cone country that a car's fenders often scrape the rock walls.

As the crow flies, Cappadocia lies 475 miles north of Jerusalem. A journey into the region is made over roads built by the Hittites thousands of years ago. Paralleling this ancient trail in places are fragments of the Roman paved highway over which Paul, as Saul of Tarsus, started on his mission of persecution of the Christians.

The early Christians who came upon this forty-mile-long stretch of rock cones and took it for their own, were far from being uncivilized. Often they were leaders in the arts and letters. They carved protective villages out of the solid rock of these cones and the adjacent mountains. Later, when oppression had lifted, other Christians came as monks hoping to found holy orders; still later, anchorites, or hermits arrived seeking solitude and silence in the rock homes they chiseled out of the cones.

At its peak the community is believed to have comprised up to forty thousand persons, and often these were joined by war refugees fleeing from Arabs, Turks, Crusaders, or Byzantines. Three hundred and sixty-five churches have been counted, and others may still lie undiscovered at the end of impassable tunnels.

For six centuries or more monk-architects hollowed out the cone interiors in typical Byzantine ecclesiastical style. The interiors are vast and complicated, and some are highly decorated. The structures consist largely of churches, chapels, monasteries, nunneries and

hermitages—all the abodes of the living, with, however, adequate and honorable provision for the dead.

Some of Cappadocia's volcanic towers have as many as ten floors. In the center of the cone a chimneylike shaft, scarcely wider than the human body, provides the only access to upper levels. Priests and hermits climbed up and down by means of niches, chipped in the sides of the vertical tunnel. Peasants, who inhabit these cones today, use the same means of getting from one level to the next.

Like the false-front towns of the early American West, the cone houses of Urgup, principal village of the cone country, reveal but two dimensions; the depth is concealed behind solid rock. Chambers facing the street are windowed, but others remain in darkness the year round. Most families eat and sleep in front rooms and use the unlit quarters for storage.

Most of the multistoried churches were enriched with vivid and eloquent scenes from the life of Christ. Many of these paintings are well preserved, some in perfect color, marred not so much by the ravages of time as by the depredations of man. Initialed autographs, the oldest dating back to 1650, have mutilated some of the frescoes almost beyond recognition.

These rock monasteries keep their secret almost as closely guarded as Stonehenge. Yet this valley of empty husks is where Christian monasticism had its roots. The surrounding territory is cruel and severe and the thought flickers across one's mind that it was in just such a burning wilderness as this that Saint Jerome shared his desert cell with a lion and compiled the Vulgate.

It is a place almost as old as time itself, and is the locale for many of the events described in the Bible. Saint Paul, going from Jerusalem in the East, traveled by

way of Cappadocia to Derbe in the West, and on to the world at large, carrying Christ's message.

Here, traditionally, is the spot where Elijah fled the wrath of Jezebel and was fed by the ravens and drank from the waters of the brook. Truly, this is a land where the pages of history leap backward in giant strides.

The Cappadocian Valley stands today as an impressive and sobering monument to the price the early Christians paid for their faith in Christ. Mankind owes much to the valiants who once lived in these weird dwellings while striving to keep the flame of Christianity alive in a hostile world. □

Unique Housing Project

by Henry N. Ferguson



Christian College?

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TRULY CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, PURPOSELY ORGANIZED ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES, AND THE NOMINAL COLLEGE WITH CHRISTIANS ON THE STAFF.

THERE SEEMS LITTLE doubt but what the Christian School/Christian College movement has revolutionized education.

The problem which concerns me is that the marvelous victories in establishing our right to exist and in developing quality programs might have blinded us to our real purposes for existing.

Colleges with Christian educators can enumerate and expound on their distinctives, and they are real, but I would like to raise a red flag of warning against the enemy within those colleges and more specifically within Church of God institutions of higher education.

A COLLEGE WITH CHRISTIANS:

In a college with Christians we develop high purposes that relate to the Christian philosophy and the Word of God, as well as developing skills for a full life in society. We have standards for degrees and the Christian profession of our faculty

members. We develop student handbooks prescribing that we expect students to believe as Christians. We seek accreditation with the "role playing and game playing" that necessarily accompanies it to prove that our colleges have as much quality as any other college. We have special ways to impress our constituents and denominational supporters.

All of the above may have its place—it is not inherently *bad*—but it is not enough.

A CHRISTIAN COLLEGE:

The individuals in this college are Christians first:

administrators, faculty members, staff members, and students second. They are givers and not takers only. They do not lay aside their convictions for professional expediency. They are real, genuine. They are not plastic Christians playing professional games. They know who they are and do not require reserved parking places and high listings in the phone directory for self-esteem.

In a Christian college administrators do not have to cajole and threaten faculty members to attend religious services. They are eager to be examples and models in worship.

In the truly Christian college all personnel are more interested in service than salary, more interested in prayer than prestige, more interested in grace than gossip, more interested in sacrifice than soft living, more interested in giving than getting, more interested in amity than accreditation, (these are not dichotomous, but rather a question of priority), more interested in integrity than ingratiation, more interested in magnanimity than malice, more interested in meditation than materialism, more interested in unity than upheaval, more interested in inspiration than individualistic intelligentsia.

In a Christian college members not only have peace with God but also peace with one another. There is an atmosphere of



OR COLLEGE WITH CHRISTIANS?

by Hubert P. Black, President, *West Coast Christian College*

peace. Each one not only stands in the grace of Christ, but the college will be a gracious family and community. We not only exult in hope but we are also a hopeful community. We not only exult in tribulation but there is also support for those in tribulation. God's love is not only poured in, but God's love is also expressed. We are one in the Spirit. Our decision making can be interrelated rather than independent. Harmony becomes the norm rather than the exception. When we misunderstand, God does not. We listen not only to God's Holy Spirit but also to each other.

The Holy Spirit is given to us. We do not walk alone. God lives within us. God guides our lives from within as well as by His Word. He never misunderstands. He sees our lives from our side too.

The greater danger for Church of God colleges seems to lie within. Students are looking for a loving, caring

environment, not a spiritual Vietnam. Too often there is a prevailing attitude that colleges exist to provide jobs, security and ego building for faculty members. No. Colleges were established to train workers for God's kingdom and competent faculty are secured for the benefit and need of the college. Teaching in a Christian college is a *ministry* more than a job or a profession. It requires dedication, sacrifice, cooperation, love, and submission. Just like any other ministry.

Our only hope is that we continue to develop true Christian colleges, not mere colleges with Christians. Such must be the passion, burden, and commitment not only of the leaders of our colleges but also of the faculty, staff and student body.

I believe God will truly bless this commitment. We will see great and marvelous exploits on our campuses and this will in turn have a strong impact on the entire church. □

John and Lawrence

BY LARRY CLARK

I have thirty cents to spend, then we are broke.” John wrote these words on a penny postcard. He added a few more comments, addressed the card to his wife and sent it off. Then he turned his attention to a fruit orchard in Roseburg, Oregon.

Yes, John was broke. He shared the lot of millions like him, in debt, afoot on the highway, in search of work. The summer of 1930 found him living in a tent in one corner of a peach orchard. He and his partner picked the peaches, sold them at a fruit stand and earned a few dollars to send home to their families.

“We have quite a camp here,” John wrote to his wife. “All we need is money. Mrs. Kleist just told us that if we didn’t have enough for dinner we could come up to the house to eat. So I imagine they are cognizant of our pecuniary embarrassment. I have two cents which I plan to splurge for a stamp.”

John enriched his letters with big words. Like Dicken’s Micawber, his words were bigger than his bank account. The eloquent missives came from a man endowed with high intelligence.

He graduated from Washington State College in 1919 with a degree in English literature. On graduation day he eloped with his school sweetheart. He and Avis took a train to Moscow, Idaho, got married, and then threw their families into fits when they broke the news. Back then, middle class society considered it presumptuous to elope.

But John threw aside the conventions of his time and thumbed his nose at society. He planned to teach school, get summer work to add to his income, and ride the crest of the affluent twenties into money and fame. By 1930 the expenses of five children had immersed them in debt and money never stretched far enough to meet their needs.

The mood of his time infected John with a spirit of self-determination. One year before the stock market crash John wrote to Avis, “If we can only sublimate our dreams, our desires,



John Clark and Larry Clark



our ambitions in hard work, then work is a blessing."

He kept dreaming and working until the crash shattered that dream. Suddenly his meager teacher's salary no longer met the needs of his family. He joined the wandering fruit pickers, hoping to work hard to get ahead.

John was a good man and a hard worker who really wanted to provide for his children. But when forces in society kept him from prosperity, he lashed out in anger at the "robber barons" who exploited him. To no avail. The Depression finally drove him into bankruptcy, and feeling deluded by society, he joined the Communist party in 1933.

A year later he left the party but remained a socialist and constant critic of the nation's leaders. In 1934 he put his family on government relief and stayed on welfare most of his life, bitter at society and constantly fighting the ruling system that threatened to crush him.

John grew up in a religious wilderness. Fewer than 20 percent of the population of his day expressed belief in anything. John joined the majority. He viewed churchgoers as frustrated, hypocritical people.

And where was God in such a time of national distress?

John never clearly understood the Bible. He viewed Christ as a martyr for a good cause.

"The most important thing we need to possess is faith in ourselves," he wrote to Avis. "I have tried to be a disciple of and a teacher of truth. About two thousand years ago a hobo, wandering itinerant, tried to

do likewise. Supposedly, he was nailed to a cross."

In the waning years of his life it seems that John warmed to the gospel message. The elders of a local church offered to serve communion in his home and John insisted on taking the "bread and wine" along with Avis. He told the elders of his early years as a church member. They accepted him as a believer and ministered communion to him.

If indeed he was a believer, he had lived a faith-starved life.

* * * *

Lawrence was another product of the Depression. Born in 1929, the year of the great crash, Lawrence grew up in the bleak years when every penny was precious.

His mother spent her days dreaming. The Depression smashed her desire to write novels and articles. When her husband left her for two years to look for work, she awakened to the harsh reality of hungry kids and no money to feed them.

Lawrence traipsed along with Mom to a government supply depot and left with black hightop shoes that pinched his feet. She took him to barber schools when he got shaggy and let novice barbers practice on his locks. A free but painful haircut.

He entered high school as an immature teenager. Teachers mystified him. His grades poor, his mind always elsewhere, teachers despaired of him and wondered if he had a learning disability.

One thing kept Lawrence from failing all his courses. He had an unusual memory.

When studies entailed memory work, he could pass the course. But just barely. He ended high school days with a dismal 1.9 grade average, a low D+. Not quite a failure, but almost.

At age nineteen Lawrence enjoyed empty moments with a few friends. While most young people his age were seeking life careers, Lawrence felt content to live a humdrum selfish life.

He sometimes wondered why people went to church. His father, a student of Lenin, called religion the opiate of the people. Such influence made Lawrence shy away from church people. They must be weird, he thought, to wander into those steeped buildings every Sunday.

Then Jim, a boyhood friend, dropped a bombshell into their aimless clique. "I've decided to follow Christ," he kept saying. "I don't want to waste my life in foolish things."

Jim invited Lawrence to church. At first irked by his friend's departure from their group, Lawrence finally started attending the meetings—mostly because he liked the young people. But gradually he realized Christians had something to live for. In 1948 Lawrence knelt with Jim out in his backyard. They prayed and Lawrence began to put his trust in Christ.

That night Lawrence went home and read the Bible for the first time in his life. He immersed himself in the Scriptures, overawed with the beauty and power of God's Word. At last the gospel message inspired him to go to college and study for full-time Christian

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

THOSE YOUNG PEOPLE AT WESTOVER DRIVE

Continued from page 5



TINA ADKINS. Age sixteen. Eleventh grade. Been attending the Westover Church two years this March. Formerly a Baptist. She was introduced to the church through an aunt and some cousins. Says, "I liked it and kept coming back." This was Tina's first year with the Bible quiz team. Hopes it will not be her last. She is making plans already for Lee College where she hopes to major in elementary education and then teach kindergarten.



SHERRY LYNN CHILTON. Seventeen. A high school senior. Sherry has been attending Westover for seven or eight years. Grew up in Danville. Plans to major in radiology technology and become a nurse. Daughter of Robert and Thelma Chilton. Sherry plans to be on the quizzing team again next year, a winner, and says one of the nicest things about the past year was her opportunity to visit Cleveland, the Church of God headquarters, Lee College, and the many fine churches. It was her first visit but, she hopes, not her last.

* * * *

This being a free country, we can all be grateful that a pastor may preach as he pleases, and young people may also burn records. We may also rejoice in that God honors sincere commitment to Him; and we pray that revival fires at Westover burn even brighter. ☐

JOHN AND LAWRENCE

Continued from page 11

service. College friends soon began calling him Larry and the nickname stuck.

Poor study habits from earlier days held him down. But Greek studies excited him because he wanted to read the New Testament in the original language. Now he could put

his memory to work on countless Greek endings and soon he excelled in the course. Before long, Larry was investigating language work with Wycliffe Bible Translators. A few years later he journeyed to Mexico and translated the New Testament for an Indian group who lived in southern Veracruz.

People might try to explain away what God did for Larry. They may say he was a late bloomer; his latent intelligence finally burst forth in creative abilities.

Larry doesn't see it that way. "For almost twenty years of life," he says, "I was a blob, not really amounting to anything. Then God revealed Christ to me. He illumined my mind, even as once He opened the minds of the disciples to understand the Scriptures (Luke 24:45)."

As Larry opened himself to Christ, God breathed life into him. Then God urged him to serve Christ among the nations of the earth as a missionary linguist. Without God and without the people who encouraged him, Larry probably would never have accomplished anything.

Two profiles.

Two men.

John Clark sought truth. But he could never bring himself to commit himself to Someone outside of himself.

Larry Clark came from the same home. He found truth and committed himself to Christ.

The difference?

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HOW TO Worship Idols in the 80's



Set aside a secret place—dark and hidden with you. Hoard there your deepest desires. And hide the map, lest someone take them away.

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Fill yours
Choose y
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Artist/Writer, LARRY E. NEAGLE



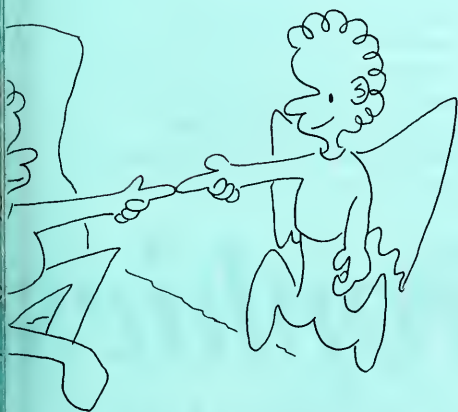
Drink deeply of Ebenezer Scrooge. After all, money and possessions are the really important things in life.



"My Life"

Starring Me
 Directed by Me
 Produced by Me
 Supporting cast . . . Me
 Me
 Me
 Me
 Camera Me
 Lights Me
 Gaffer Me
 With special thanks and
 dedication to . . Me

Chase the great American dream. Seek success, sex, and popularity. You want your life to fit in with the TV programs, don't you?



Stick with yourself. Be stubborn. Go your own ways. For you are the center of your own universe and the creator of your own realm.



©1984 Larry E. Neagle



When you cry out, be not dismayed that your treasury paper, plastic, metal, stone, and wood do not answer you. Such things neither see, nor hear, nor walk, nor save. And after all, you wanted a god that would leave you alone, didn't you?

AS I RODE my ten-speed bike home from school, the breeze cool against my face, I should have been happy. We had enjoyed a great Christmas. I was off to a new and exciting school semester. Instead, I was depressed about the awards assembly we'd had last period.

Every year it's the same thing. Best athlete . . . Josh Riles. Best scholastic average . . . Josh Riles. Best everything . . . Josh Riles. Well, Nick Riles was sick of hearing it.

I liked my older brother. It was his trophies I couldn't stand. I guess what really bothered me, though, was that I didn't have any. Sure, I had a room full of models, but so what. Anyone could make a model.

Just once I wanted to show Josh that I could do something as well as he could. But what?

"Hey, wait up." It was Josh. "You sure took off in a hurry," he said, pedaling along side.

I glanced over at him. We looked a lot alike, except that he was two years older and two years brawnier. His back pack was stuffed with trophies, while mine had only a math book.

Somehow that bulging back pack made my blood churn. I knew I shouldn't have, but I said, "Some of us don't have as much to cart around."

"Sour grapes," he said, putting distance between us. "Why don't you grow up?" He pedaled past me effortlessly, like a graceful redwing blackbird outdistancing a clumsy sparrow.

"What's he so steamed about?" I heard from behind.

Mark Breyer caught up with me. I grunted something, not answering his question.

He looked as cheerful as I should have. "Did you sign up for the work day at church this weekend?"

I nodded. Our new church still needed a lot of work, especially outside, so everyone was pitching in to help. I was signed up to help put in some sidewalks.

"Ready for the math final tomorrow?" he asked.

"I guess." I hadn't thought much about it. I knew I'd do okay on it. Math was one of my better subjects. If I studied hard, I could get an A on it.

Hey, I thought, *maybe I can even do better than Josh*

does on his math exam. Suddenly I felt like whistling.

I studied long hours that night, until I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer. Nothing ever felt as good as my soft pillow did when I finally introduced it to the back of my head. Before closing my eyes I said a prayer.

"God, I want to measure up to Josh just once."

* * * *

I breezed through the test, and a few days later eagerly compared grades with my brother. I'd earned a B+. Josh an A+.

That night Josh kept asking me why I was so upset. "You got a good grade."

"But I didn't beat you," I said angrily. "I can never beat you. Just once I'd like to come out on top, come home with a trophy." Then I went up to my room. Josh was sure to argue with me. And since he'd won trophies in debate, he was sure to win.

Maybe what hurt most was that my prayer hadn't been answered. God hadn't heard me. Maybe *He* was a Josh fan like everyone else.

Nick's Trophies

by Mike LaCross

I turned on my radio and lay on the bed. *Tomorrow, I thought, work day at church. Just once I'm going to be best at something, even if it kills me!*

* * * *

The next day Josh and I showed up at church in our grubbiest clothes. We reported to Mr. Simmons, who was in charge of the sidewalks. Because Josh volunteered for the wheelbarrow crew, so did I.

The men who were delivering the concrete kept hollering for us to hurry up. I positioned my wheelbarrow and watched the stuff slop out of the slowly turning drum and splat into the wheelbarrow.

It looked like gushy, gray mud and smelled like wet sand. And when I lifted the splintery wooden handles, I found it weighed like lead. The whole load sloshed one way then the other, like an ocean making tides.

"That's too heavy for you, kid," laughed the driver of the truck.

I pushed hard and got it out of the way. The concrete slapped from side to side, like it was going to tip over. I'd no

sooner caught it, righted it, and started going ahead again, when the weight shifted the other way. I spread my legs and waddled like a duck.

"Come on, Nick," called the guys waiting at the forms. Mr. Simmons was with them. I was beginning to think I should have volunteered to spread and tamp like they were doing.

I waddled faster. Suddenly the wheel hit a rut. It must have been the Grand Canyon of ruts. The wheelbarrow tipped. The concrete splashed over the side. I shifted my weight and strained. But I couldn't stop it. Over it went, crashing to its side, spilling concrete all over the ground.

Josh grabbed the handles from me, and another guy began scooping up what could be saved. The men at the truck were slapping each other and laughing.

"What's wrong with you?" Josh asked. "You're too light for this work."

I fled to the church bathroom to hide my face. Nothing was going right. I had to face it. I didn't have Josh's brains or his muscles.

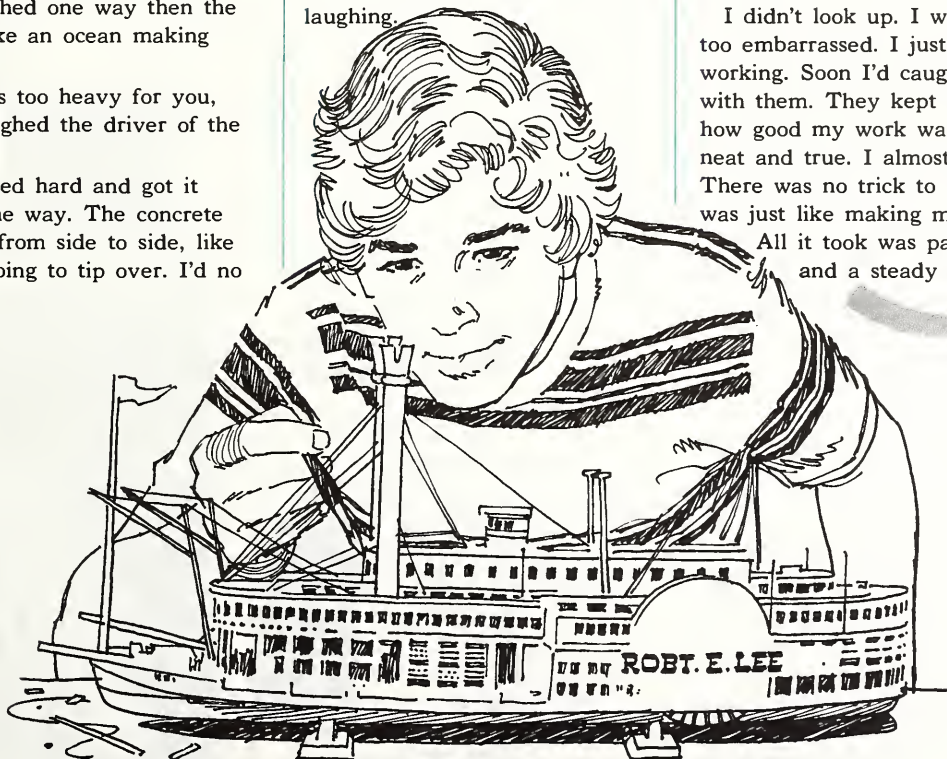
When I went back out, the wheelbarrow crew had finished unloading and was troweling the parts that had been tamped and leveled. Without a word, I grabbed a curved trowel and began doing the edges, as far from Josh and his friends as I could get.

"This is boring," said one of them after a while. He threw down his trowel and went to join the levelers.

The others seemed to feel the same way. Josh leaned back on his hands. "Tedious is the word." Then he looked over where I was working. "Nice job, Nick."

I didn't look up. I was still too embarrassed. I just kept working. Soon I'd caught up with them. They kept telling me how good my work was, how neat and true. I almost laughed. There was no trick to it. It was just like making models.

All it took was patience and a steady hand.



"I give up," said Josh. "This is driving me nuts." He got up and left. That really surprised me, but not as much as when I saw his finished section. It didn't look finished at all. It was sloppy, rushed and crooked. There were gaps. Stones were showing through.

So Josh wasn't perfect after all. I shouldn't have, but I smiled. I thought of my prayer. God had answered it, but in a way I never would have guessed. I should have known that God didn't play favorites.

When I finished my section, I redid Josh's.

* * * *

Later, after all the work at church was over, I relaxed in my room, listening to the radio. Josh knocked and came in.

"You know, Mr. Simmons said you did a professional job on the sidewalk. Thanks for doing my part over. I brought you something."

I clicked off the music. He handed me a finishing trowel stuck in a hard square of concrete.

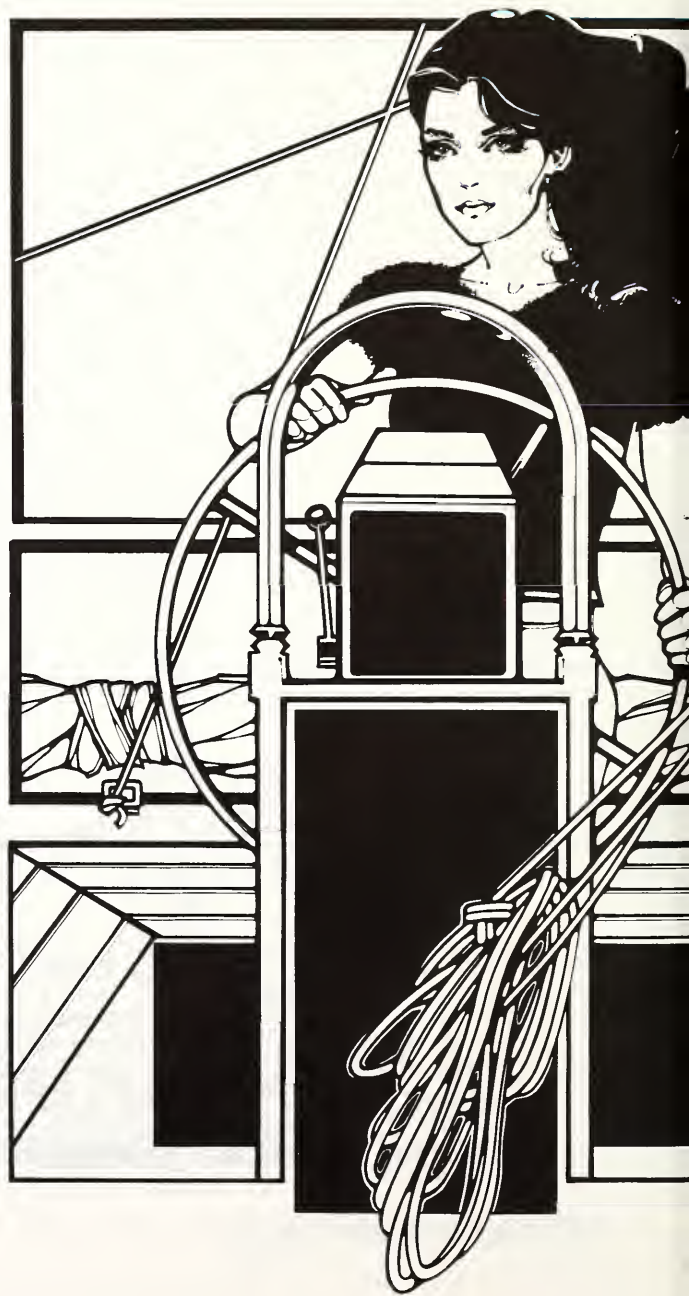
My mouth must have dropped open, because he quickly explained, "It's a trophy. Sorry it isn't fancy. I don't have your talent for making things—or your patience."

"I know," I said grinning.

We both laughed. I looked around the room at the shelves full of models. They were my trophies, just as real as any of Josh's.

Now I finally understood why. □

The



Girl With Everything

by Susan Rogers



ROOM 201 was a normal business classroom most of the day but during second period a transformation took place.

Typewriters and desks remained but the atmosphere changed with the 9 a.m. arrival of Mrs. Hilson's handpicked annual staff. Countless boxes containing hundreds of pictures appeared, as well as triplicates, primary layout sheets and plastic croppers. The juniors sat in the floor looking for familiar faces in the candid shots and dreading the call that would set them to work.

At the back of the class sat the group made up of football players, cheerleaders and members of the high school's most select club. They chatted casually, daring anyone to prod them into activity. About five of us gathered around the layout sheets at the front of the class, trying to complete the section of the annual due before Christmas vacation.

I was cropping pictures for the senior section when my name was spoken softly. I turned to see

Valerie. She had broken from the ranks of the socially superior to approach me. The high school I attended was small, so we had mutual acquaintances and spoke occasionally in passing. Our conversation, however, had never gone beyond a greeting, so I was caught off guard when she asked me to follow her to a quiet corner of the room.

"A few of us are going to Brookwood Village, then to Baby Doe's for lunch the first day of Christmas vacation. I was wondering if you'd like to go with us," she casually invited.

"Sounds good," I remarked, trying to fake nonchalance.

"Okay. We'll meet at my house and I'll drive. I'll tell you what time and all later." She paused, then added, "I hope you get to come."

She returned to her group at the back of the class and faded into a mass of tweed and wool. I returned to my seat, baffled by the short conversation. It was hard for me to believe I had been approached by Valerie. It was something she simply did not do.

Valerie was the wealthiest girl at my high school. She possessed a somewhat foul temperament characterized by moodiness, a slightly

condescending manner, and complete politeness. A certain aura of gentility and a dry sense of humor helped everyone overlook her shortcomings. She was our petite blonde homecoming queen who also served as a cheerleader. The senior class had voted her "best looking" and she dated the guy who shared the honor. What more could a small-town teenager want?

Why had she invited me? It just didn't click; we weren't the same type. I spent my time with a group known for high GPA's and comic relief, in and out of the classroom. As far as wealth, my father pastored the local Church of God, so my economic situation was just another joke. I was hardly a candidate for the country club clique.

In the week that followed, I backed out countless times. The obvious differences between the two groups resulted in second thoughts on my part.

When the day finally arrived, however, I found my anxiety overblown. The mood and conversation were similar to outings with my usual crew. We discussed current school gossip, the latest fads, and the best bargains found during the Christmas shopping sprees. I
CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Update



IS IT GOD'S WILL THAT YOU SIN?

It is not God's will that you sin every day. God has made provision for us to live a victorious life. He is ready to give grace and strength so that we do not fail in the Christian life. His grace is a promise to all believers.

The great apostle named Paul admits in 1 Corinthians 15:10 that "by the grace of God I am what I am." He goes on to say, I have worked hard at being a Christian but it wasn't my efforts. It was the grace of God that was with me that made it possible to overcome sin.

How do we receive grace? The only way we will get grace is by being humble. "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble" (James 4:6).

A study of James 4 gives us an outline of scriptural steps to overcoming sin and receiving grace.

"Submit Yourselves to God."

This is a total, unconditional acceptance of Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. It means finding His will for daily living. It means no longer leaning on our own understanding. It means that rebellion must be absent in our lives.

"Resist the Devil."

This involves purposing in our hearts that we will not defile ourselves. Read Daniel 1:8 for an example of this principle. Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not sin against God under any circumstances. The best way to resist the devil is to follow the example of Jesus Christ. When He was tempted by the devil He quoted Scripture. The Word of God is a powerful weapon against the devil. However, the Word must be in your heart before you can quote it.

"Draw Near to God."

We draw near to God by spending time in His Word and making application of the Word to our lives. Self-examination—utilizing the Word of God—will be very helpful to us as we get close to God. The Word of God clears our vision. We see ourselves and our relationship with others more clearly in light of Scripture.

"Cleanse Your Hands of Sin."

When the Word of God speaks and we obey it causes us to cease any activity of impurity. It also causes you to cleanse your "hands" of any guilt that is on them because of offending others. This means going to them, asking forgiveness and then praising God for leading you in this experience of cleansing.

"Purify Your Hearts of Double Mindedness."

James, chapter 1, warns us not to ask God for things we're really not sure that we want Him to give us. Do we really want Him to humble us? Do we really want to be holy? Do we want to hate sin and love the things of God? Make up your mind about God.

Submit yourselves to God, resist the devil, draw near to God, cleanse your hands of sin, purify your hearts of double mindedness and claim the promise. God resisteth the proud but giveth grace unto the humble. You can overcome sin and please God with a holy life. □

W.A. Davis

*Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education*

THE GIRL WITH EVERYTHING

Continued from page 19

didn't contribute a great deal, but I enjoyed the chance to see these girls in a different light. I didn't feel I was one of them, but I felt welcome. I found the differences between them and myself fewer than I had previously assumed.

So began a new friendship. Valerie and I started sitting together in class. Looking for ways to get out of second period became a game. The risks and the excitement drew us closer. The following months brought frequent phone calls and invitations to her house. I never knew what to expect from my moody friend, but our friendship was never questioned. In the back of my mind, however, I continued to wonder what brought her to my desk that first day.

Our relationship continued until graduation. The big event resulted in more than diplomas, for it brought new responsibilities. Looking toward entering college in the fall, we both sought employment. Valerie found a nine-to-five desk job. I worked nights at a drugstore. Although we promised to get together, our schedules always conflicted. We drifted apart and summer soon passed.

I had settled into the Lee College routine before I heard from Valerie again. Her letter completely surprised me. She had gotten my address from a mutual friend. Her letter described life at the University of Alabama. It ended with the familiar "I miss all the good times we had in high school."

I wrote her a similar letter,

describing life on the Lee campus. Correspondence was not continued, however. There was little to say. Whatever we had in common seemed to depend upon the structured environment of our alma mater.

* * * *

"Susan, telephone!" the shout rang down the hall, "long distance!"

I hurried down the corridor. It was finals week and a telephone call was a welcome break from the constant studying which seemed to be hopeless. "Hello," I answered.

"Susan, this is Valerie."

I was floored.

"I just called to chat. I haven't heard from you in so long."

For an hour we chatted. We reminisced about forged passes and fantasy errands that freed us from classes for a period or two. We laughed about the times we were almost caught. She told me she had been accepted by Alabama's most prestigious sorority, and was dating a junior premed student. I noticed she spoke in a normal tone, showing no elation over what I considered exciting news.

It was getting late when conversation drew to a close. I thanked her for calling. She was also in finals week and needed the break as well. As I started to say goodbye, Valerie's voice came through softer than usual. "When you pray . . . if you do . . ." she chuckled, then continued soberly, "Would you remember me?"

"Sure," I responded before she abruptly cut in.

"Well, goodbye," she said in a slightly uneasy tone.

"Bye," I breathed, hanging up

the receiver and sinking to the floor.

At that moment it hit me!

Why my hometown's "girl with everything" had sought out a Pentecostal preacher's kid.

I had always looked at it through natural eyes, never losing sight of the fact that she seemed to have what everyone wanted. Now, I saw it differently. I saw past the homecoming tiara and the three-story home. I had something Valerie did not possess. Something I had taken for granted. I had peace and the joy of the Lord. I was happy. She was merely pretty, popular and rich.

I still pray for Valerie. □

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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Leadership Development Coordinator

WEST GERMANS WANT RELIGION IN SCHOOLS

Ronald Reagan could be forgiven for a twinge of jealousy should he ponder the question of church-state separation in West Germany. In that country, not only is prayer allowed in public schools, church and state officials work together to provide a religious education to every school child who wants it.

If a school has at least ten children from the same religious tradition, parents have the right to demand a teacher from that confession to give religious instruction. (*Christianity Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. What does separation of church and state mean?
2. What do the words humanism and secularism mean? ☐

SOVIETS DEVELOP MIND-CONTROL WEAPONS

WASHINGTON—The Soviet Union has achieved "significant progress" toward developing mind-control weapons, according to a U.S. Army study disclosed in a new book focusing on military uses of psychic phenomena. Author Martin Ebon says that mind-altering effects or "remote monitoring of brain wave activity" are among possible reasons behind the Soviet microwave bombardment of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow.

The 1981 Army study, quoted at length in Ebon's book, analyzed the potential impact of psychic warfare tactics, as well as other battlefield factors, on the stamina and performance of U.S. artillery forces.

The Congressional Research Service report said Soviet annual spending on psi phenomena research has been "speculated to amount to tens of millions of dollars." (*Chattanooga Times*) ☐

* * * *

1. What do you think of our government's and the Soviet Union's study and experimentation with the mind and mind-control weapons?
2. How do you feel about psi phenomena? Are your feelings based on Scripture? ☐

X-RATED TV ATTRACTS VIEWERS

X-rated films are attracting audiences in the millions, reports the newspaper *Electronic Media*. The weekly publication estimates there are one million subscribers to cable systems offering the films and 370,000 subscribers to multiple distribution systems and subscription channels offering them. Twelve states are studying legislation to ban indecent programming. (*Christianity Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. Does your state representative support legislation to ban indecent programming?

2. Have you ever written or called your representative to express your desire that he/she support or introduce such legislation? ☐

FAMINE IN ETHIOPIA

Nearly a million Ethiopians are in danger of starving to death because of a famine caused by a severe drought. Three organizations—Catholic Relief Services, Church World Service, and Lutheran Relief Services—believe the tragedy can be averted if the United States government would grant emergency aid for the transportation of food. The U.S. government has expressed concern that aid will be used for military purposes. (*Christianity Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. Although food and other aid many times, it is known, does not get to the people for whom it is intended, do you think it is right for prosperous nations not to extend aid?
2. Do you think there is any reason important enough to warrant refusing to send food to starving people?
3. Did Jesus refuse help even when He would be rebuked or abused for it? ☐

COMMITTEE ON WORLD EVANGELISM REPORTS

World mission strategists connected with the Lausanne Committee on World Evangelization have prepared a long-range planning report that presents a fascinating snapshot of world Christianity and trends for the future:

1. Some 16,400 people a day are converting to Christianity in Africa, or nearly 6 million per year.
2. In East Asia and South Asia, churches are gaining 360,000 and 447,000 new members a year respectively.
3. The churches of Europe and North America together are losing 2.8 million people a year to nominalism and unbelief.
4. The trend toward secularization in the West will continue, and that will lead many to promote secular answers, such as Marxism, to the world's problems. "An ever-increasing pluralism will make an appeal to 'what is right' even more difficult."
5. The number of "hopelessly poor" people in the world is increasing at a faster rate than the world population.
6. The most dramatic change in the world's population is the movement of people into cities. (*Christianity Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. What do you think these findings and projections mean for the Church?
2. What does the term nominalism mean?
3. How do and how will these facts and projections affect you? ☐

The Power



by Margaret Morris,
KENYA, AFRICA

A few nights ago during our family devotions, we were discussing witchcraft, the ouija board, and other superstitious practices. We live in a land where polygamy, witchcraft, and corruption are a way of life for many of the people. After prayer our daughter, Monica, went to her bedroom and our eight-year-old son went to his. Several minutes later we heard sobs and a little voice calling, "Mom, Mom." Derek was scared. My husband brought him into the living room and laid him on the couch. I went over to him and said, "Derek, do you remember two of the Bible verses you just memorized—Psalm 4:8 and Psalm 3:6?" I helped him quote them.

Then he said, "Mom, where

is that little Scripture book that has Isaiah 41:10 in it?" (He had also memorized the first part of that verse.) I got the little book. He took it and read all twenty-six verses in the book; each one is on a separate page with a picture. I could see his fears subsiding. Then he read the last verse, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety" (Psalm 4:8). He laid down the little book and went to sleep.

"The Word of God is living and active and sharper than any two-edged sword, and piercing as far as the division of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow, and able to judge the thoughts and intentions of the heart" (Hebrews 4:12; NASB). □

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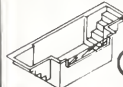
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Books

ANCHOR DEVOTIONAL: Daily Meditations From the Haven of Rest

Compiled by Joyce L. Gibson

Anchor Devotional is uniquely designed to open our hearts to God and His Word. Originally appearing in booklets made available by Haven of Rest Ministries, these specially selected daily readings are built around monthly themes. The writers share with candor and sensitivity their own wonder and worship as they reflect on God, whose understanding of us is infinitely personal, whose love is without end, and whose power to work in our behalf is without limit. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

HEROES OF THE NFL by Joe Smalley

The thrilling stories of nine well-known NFL football greats, such as Archie Griffin, John Stallworth, Walter Payton, Anthony Munoz and Joe Gibbs, are told in an exciting, candid style. Gripping accounts of their successes and triumphs on the field are blended together with an honest portrayal of the men inside the uniform. They share the struggles they have faced and how Christ has helped them.

You will enjoy and be helped by this book as each athlete speaks from the grid of his own experience. (Here's Life Publishers, San Bernardino, CA 92402) □

FAITH THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE by John W. Bachman

John Bachman shows us ways our faith can make a difference as we face today's challenges. Through relationships, decision making, public affairs, and the sharing of God's gifts, we can work in effective and responsible ways.

Many practical examples, together with quotations and anecdotes, help you grow in expressing and applying your faith in daily life. (Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, MN 55440) □

FIRST THINGS FIRST by Roger C. Palms

Where are you going with your life?

All of us need to see progress in our lives; we don't want simply to drift along and come to the end of our days wondering, "Could there have been more?"

What are your goals, your priorities? How will you achieve them? Christian priorities can be clear, and results can be measured. We can see good things happening in our lives, beginning with the decision to put first things first.

In these pages Roger Palms—who has been a pastor and a campus chaplain and is now editor of a magazine published in ten editions around the world—helps you to see how you can build priorities into your life—and live by them. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

THE CHRISTIAN BOOK OF WHY by John C. McCollister

Why do Christians throw rice at weddings?

Why do some Christians celebrate twelve days of Christmas?

Why do pastors wear clerical collars?

In *The Christian Book of Why*, Dr. John McCollister, a Lutheran minister and a university professor, presents 500 questions and answers about issues that have united and divided Christians for nearly 2,000 years. The book does not advise Christians as to how to conduct their lives, nor does it take sides on controversial issues. Rather, it presents the origins of many Christian traditions and explains why specific customs and rituals are practiced. It reveals, also, the symbolic meaning behind particular observances. (Jonathan David Publishers, Inc., Middle Village, NY 11379) □

ASHES TO GOLD by Patti Roberts with Sherry Andrews

In this account of her early life, her years as Mrs. Richard Roberts, and now her life as a single parent, Patti Roberts openly and honestly relates what happened in her "storybook" marriage, uncovering the seeds of discontent and failure that lay beneath the surface. She tells the story with sensitivity and grace, placing the blame for the problems that surfaced as much upon herself as upon others. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76703) □

LIVING MORE WITH LESS by Doris Janzen Longacre

Living More With Less is quite a revealing book for the Christian, young or old, who sometimes questions the materialism which so affects our lives. The book is filled with heart-touching examples of how people elsewhere live: comments on money, clothing, homes, homekeeping, travel, recreation, eating together, and strengthening each other. Most anecdotes are from the Mennonites. Recipes are reliable. (Herald Press, Scottsdale, PA 15683) □

BIBLE WOMEN SPEAK TO US TODAY by Mary E. Jensen

Ruth, Sarah, Mary Magdalene, Elizabeth, Queen Esther, Lot's wife—what could these women of Bible times possibly teach us today?

Perhaps more than we think! In this book of short meditations, forty Bible women come alive through Jensen's skillful descriptions. We see how their lives parallel women's lives today, with common concerns about how to draw closer to God and how to live in accordance with His will.

Learn how these women were granted the seemingly impossible through their faith, and how similar experiences are possible in your life today! (Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, MN 55440) □

FREE TO CHOOSE by Dave McCasland

Seventeen and in the pit. That was Joseph's story, a Bible character who had it made till the bottom fell out of his life—again and again and again.

But Joseph succeeded in spite of his setbacks. His life shows us:

- * How to get along with difficult family members
- * How to be realistic dreamers
- * How to see beyond today's problems
- * How to make our lives count.

More than anything, Joseph's life proves that as God's children . . .

- * We always have a choice about our attitudes and actions
- * And how we choose always makes a difference. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

BE WISE by Warren W. Wiersbe

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INSPIRATION

Long had the wells of spring lain dry,
And dry the summer stream;
For weary was the winter sky,
And faded was the dream.

Long had the embers, dark and gray,
Lain cold upon the stone.
Unnourished through the aging day,
The flame of youth was gone.

Long had the harp stood mute and still,
Without a song to sing,
With nothing to invoke the thrill
Of music from its strings.

Then from the dark, foreboding wood,
There came in youthful glow,
An ageless spirit, fair and good—
The Muse of long ago.

She softly touched the barren wells,
And made them flow amain;
The rivulet coursed through the dells,
And vitalized the plain.

She breathed upon the ashen heap,
Until it glowed again;
She fanned the embers from their sleep,
And made the winter wane.

She touched the harp and made it sing,
As it had sung before.
The music rose on youthful wing—
To soar forevermore.

by Charles W. Conn

H. Armstrong Roberts Photo



Common Sense

TWO BOYS.

One dreamed grandiosely, planning to become a space-age engineer. The other said he'd take life a day at a time and sort of see what opened up.

One went to college, studied hard, consulted with his teachers, kept his light on late at night, and managed to make the Dean's List with a 3.8 average.

The other also went to college, and studied, some; but he worked in a drugstore on weekends, and his grades turned out to be "average."

One developed ulcers.

The other had a jolly good time.

Both went to church.

Both prayed for God's guidance and each seemed quite sure that the Lord was with him.

One prayed for excellence.

The other prayed for grace to make it through another day.

One gave his friends a running account of his dreams

and of what he planned to do some day.

The other gave friendship, laughter, and a little joy for the moment.

One became the praise of the faculty and the envy of the campus: it was he who, upon graduation, walked off with most of the honors, who had the promising interviews, and who was voted "most likely to succeed."

The other was a face lost in a crowd, a mere name on a list, for whom there were no special requests or inquiries from employers.

One hired out with an engineering firm, making \$30,000 a year, and fringe benefits.

The other bid his classmates goodbye and went full time in the drugstore, his only bright spot a promise from the boss that he wouldn't always have to stock shelves.

Both married.

Both started a family.

One moved to Houston, became involved with the space program, wrote a book which was critically acclaimed but which didn't sell, and then lost his job when NASA was forced to cut back on the space program.

The other became manager of the drugstore, bought into the firm as a partner, expanded the business, and made a million dollars which he shared with others.

One lost his wife because, as she put it, "He was seldom home and didn't have time for a wife and kids anyway."

The other bought a farm and built a house in the country where his daughter and two sons could have growing room and where he spent a lot of time just thinking and playing with the children.

Both attended church all their lives.

Both tithed and were respected members of a congregation.

One died young of a heart attack.

The other still lives. □

* * *

"Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge



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Vocational Goals,**

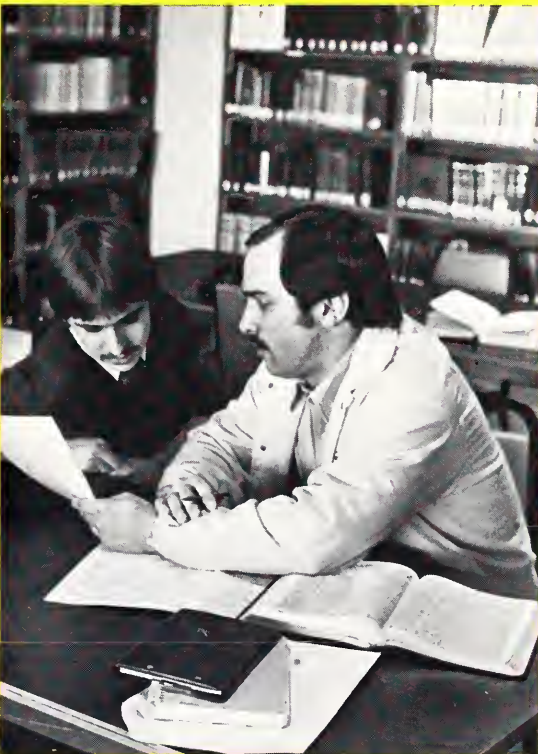
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A TIME FOR
BREAD

THIS MONTH

We have emphasized Christian Education Ministries. Dr. Charles W. Conn's article, the center section, is especially noteworthy.

Next month, a new format. New layout and design. We plan our articles to be tighter, more direct and current. Our continued effort to serve the young people of your church well.

Hoyt E. Stone



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BY HOYT E. STONE

CROSSROADS

WHAT ARE WE DOING? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

General Youth and Christian Education Director Lamar Vest posed two simple questions at a recent meeting of his board in Cleveland. While there isn't anything unique or original in the questions themselves, the context within which they were presented and the spirit with which they were asked would certainly merit attention.

Question #1: What ARE we doing?

In Christian Education—in our local Sunday schools and Family Training Hour sessions—what are the objectives? the weekly goals? the immediate targets of our labors?

Can we answer that question? Do we really know? Or, as some young people suspect . . .

. . . COULD IT BE THAT TEACHING AND WORKING IN THESE DEPARTMENTS HAVE BECOME FOR ALL TOO MANY OF US LITTLE MORE THAN PERFUNCTORY JOBS, TASKS WE PERFORM OUT OF SOME VAGUE SENSE OF DUTY, WITHOUT OUR HEARTS BEING IN THEM?

What are we doing? Not in terms of lesson preparation, not in terms of materials used, or techniques employed, or social events promoted—while these may be peripherally important, they do not get at the heart of the big question—what are we doing when it comes to changed lives? Are young people being saved? Are they discovering the reality of Christ? Are they seeing and coming to understand Jesus as a relevant and powerful influence in daily living?

It's a question we need to confront.

Three reasons.



CROSSROADS

First, though some of us have asked it before—in years gone by, last month, maybe last week—it remains a pressing question because each teaching session is a new and unique opportunity. This is one question we can't ask too often.

Second, we need to ask this question because there are new and younger teachers constantly entering the church work force and it is easy to take for granted that what is familiar to us is also common knowledge to them. Can you think of anything more tragic than the church training and placing young men and women at the head of our classrooms—our sharpest and best educated young people, perhaps—without having gotten across to them that the REAL purpose of teaching God's Word lies in the impact of God's Spirit on the human heart, not in lecture and order and discipline?

Third, we need to ask, "What are we doing?" because life is never static. Life changes constantly, even within a matter of hours, and those of us stuck with yesterday's goals, yesterday's objectives, yesterday's concepts, may find ourselves speaking to the wind. I get the feeling . . .

... SOME TEACHERS PAT THEMSELVES ON THE BACK, JUDGING THEMSELVES BY A TEACHING MANUAL OR BY WHAT THEY PERCEIVE AS PROPER PRESENTATION OF THE LESSON, WITHOUT ASKING IF ANYONE IS LISTENING.

In far too many of our churches, Sunday schools, and weekly teaching situations, what plagues us most is fossilization (fossil—a trace of something past preserved in crust), this tendency to glorify and to romanticize the past. For the most part such a weakness may be childish and harmless; but, when it impacts young lives, when it causes the church to ignore and sometimes even to spiritually handicap its children and its youth, then it's time for growing up.

Let us remember, though, that change can come in various ways. You CAN change by replacing the present teachers and leaders; but you can ALSO change (and this is normally the wiser course) by spiritual revival and transformation of entrenched ideas. Becoming fossilized, intractable, unbending, absolute, and so totally opinionated you CAN'T or WON'T listen to what children and young people are saying is not a matter of age. It is a condition which comes to some rather young in years: it is a state of spiritual health to which many of our older saints are totally immune.

Teachers and church workers simply must stay abreast of the times. It is impossible to converse with the young when you do not even speak their language.

So . . . what are we doing? Really and truly, what are we doing where it counts most? How long since our teaching impacted a heart? Since we knew for sure God's Spirit moved and the glow of new faith reflected on a face? Here's

where I felt Lamar Vest was putting the question, and where I feel the question is vital and applicable to every facet of this church's commission.

Question #2: Where are we going?

Too much of what we're doing isn't working. Or, at least it isn't working well. As stated before, every church is but one generation from extinction. It troubles me to think back over my thirty years in this church and be able to name too many congregations which are smaller in size today than they were yesterday, to think of churches where few young people and children attend, and where those who do attend have little enthusiasm for the chore. It doesn't take a genius to predict the future for those congregations.

Where ARE we going?

Lamar Vest shared another word with the General Youth and Christian Education Board:

"MINISTRY, THAT'S THE KEY TO OUR WORK, TO OUR VERY EXISTENCE. I'M NOT GOING TO SPEND MUCH TIME DEFENDING THIS DEPARTMENT OR A PARTICULAR YOUTH DIRECTOR OR PROGRAM; BUT I'LL TELL ANYONE AND EVERYONE, RIGHT UP FRONT, THIS CHURCH CAN'T CONTINUE WITHOUT THE MINISTRIES WE REPRESENT."

He's right. I fear as well that he's correct in thinking that, on every level, we need a strategy for growth, a more clearly articulated and better understood concept of where

we're going. What are the long-range goals of this denomination? The long-range goals of one particular state? One district? One local congregation?

God help us. We can't afford to overlook our weaknesses and our failures. We can't survive by simply ignoring the problems or blaming them on the "spirit of Antichrist," or the "days in which we're living." The use of such excuses is a cop-out. God holds us responsible. This generation could rise up to judge us: the future could condemn us.

All of us have read and heard stories of the failure of socialism. Today, countries of the Communist block face tremendous pressures from a younger generation demanding change and a program more in tune with the realities of life. There are times when I'm appalled at how closely we parallel some of that same ingrained intransigence when it comes to evaluating the effectiveness of our labors.

WE ARE ADEPT AT MAKING THINGS SOUND GOOD, GLOSSING OVER, PUTTING EVERYTHING IN THE BEST LIGHT; BUT WE AREN'T TOO KEEN ON FACING REALITY.

Frantisek Vencovsky, a Czechoslovak government planner with a wry sense of humor, has stated: "There are four miracles of Socialism: The first miracle is that, under communism, everyone has a job but no one works. The second miracle is that nobody works but all plans are fulfilled. Third, plans are fulfilled but

no goods are available. And the final miracle of communism is that nothing is available but everything is perfect." (AP news, Mort Rosenblum, *Chattanooga Times*, November 15, 1983)

We too are great with reports, great with statistics, great with comforting one another and reassuring one another; but we really need to examine the facts.

Where ARE we going? In far too many cases the only true answer is nowhere. We are cast in the role of a racing turtle and some of our young people are beginning to suspect there's a catch to the fable. A turtle can't really run faster than a rabbit. Fables and some of the games we play amount to little more than wishful thinking. Wishful thinking won't get the job done.

Of all things, our Lord was a realist. He never promised the task would be easy. He spoke of a cross, persecution, difficulty. Christian living is an endurance race, not a quick sprint. The task resting on our shoulders has spanned generations already and we have no reason for thinking we can pull some con or sleight of hand on a leader who knows the human heart and reads our thoughts.

This church ministers each week to nearly half a million in Sunday school (U.S. alone), approximately half that many in Family Training Hour; we can't afford not knowing "what we are doing" and "where we are going."

We need to burn the answer to these questions indelibly on our souls.

The future of this church—certainly the fate of a generation—hinges on it. □

FIGHTING SPIRIT

A visit with Juanika Rhodes, the girl who won't give up.

Sunday noon, December 11, 1983. It's raining hard enough to puddle shoetop deep in the parking lot of the Golden Corral Steak House. Nevertheless, it's a jolly group of ten people who pass through the food line and then march with salads, soups, and trays to a corner table where manager Bob McNulty has set things up special, including a bouquet of yellow flowers.

Most anyone could have guessed this to be a church group. They arrived together, at 12:30, and pastor Joe McCoy directed seating arrangements.

"Sue, why don't you take the end spot. Sherry, you sit by Brother and Sister Stone. And Juanika, you here, opposite, so you and Brother Stone can talk. We'll let the other young people sit down next to the window."

The waitresses wear Santa Claus uniforms. Running greenery and holly fringe the dining room and, up front near the entrance, sits a poinsettia four feet tall and at least nine feet in circumference.

No one really says so but the center of attention is a tall, blond, blue-eyed teenager wearing a two-piece white suit with a rose-red blouse. The girl has a classic, Nordic beauty, inherited from her mother. Clean profile. Unblemished complexion.

Perhaps it is the attention—that unspoken and yet understood realization that this lunch is for her—that creates a slight nervousness in Juanika. She swallows often. Looks right and then left, like a robin perched and ready to fly. Periodically she wets her lips.

When the food arrives, she eats delicately but with an appetite that belies her slender frame.



"Juanika. Where did you get such a name?"

"Well, here's how I've heard it all my life." The voice is not that of your typical teenage blond: it is deep, almost masculine, similar to that of the late Jessica Savitch.* "My father, Harry Rhodes, was watching a TV program during my mother's pregnancy. On the program was this Indian girl. 'Sue,' Dad said to Mom,

'I've just thought of a name. If it's a girl, we'll call her Juanika.' I've been cursed with this unbelievable name ever since."

Juanika smiles and looks toward her mother. Between them flows an unspoken signal of love and affection.

Halfway through the meal, restaurant manager Bob McNulty comes to the table.

"Everything all right, folks?"

Positive all the way.

"And my favorite girl?"

"Couldn't be better," Juanika says. "It's so nice sitting here rather than waiting on tables that I think I'll have some cheesecake."

"You've got it, Sweetheart. I'll tell your waitress. And if you need anything else, any of you, just give a yell."

"You look real nice in your gray pants and sweater, Boss," Juanika says. "Except from where you've been out in the rain."

Both laugh. I listen attentively, remembering that only yesterday Bob McNulty had told me Juanika was something special indeed. One of the best waitresses he had. Always busy, rushing here and there, carrying her share of the load and then some. The customers all loving her.

"I keep an eye on her," Bob had said. "Harry and Sue are two of my good friends and I'm not about to let that pretty little thing overwork if I can help it. Occasionally, I see her getting out of breath and I make her pause, go into the back room, and rest a moment. I've even insisted that she go into the meat cooler for a few moments, just to get her breath back. She has found that helpful and will sometimes do it on her own now."

"She's been working for me a year and a half. Came right after she turned sixteen, saying she wanted a job to help her mother and dad with the medical expenses."

"You heard she won runner-up last year in the high school beauty contest, didn't you? She was happy as could be but I told her runner-up wasn't good enough for me. That girl should have had first place in my book."

The manager wandered on back toward the front of the restaurant. The cheesecake arrived.

"You're a senior this year, Juanika?"

"Only a few more months to go."

"What then?"

"Georgia College. I'd like some premed courses and then maybe an opportunity for pharmacy school. Been around doctors and hospitals all my life, you know, so that seems a natural place for me."

Juanika sips hot tea. She coughs deeply and I hear the congestion. Her face flushes ever so slightly; and, as if knowing the cough will worsen, she excuses herself and walks primly off to the restroom.

My attention turns to her mother.

"When did you first discover your daughter was ill, Sue?"

"Within weeks of her birth. Perhaps six weeks. The doctors were very frank with Harry and me. They said she would never live to be six. Cystic Fibrosis. So far they've been wrong and we aren't giving up either. She's spent a lot of time in hospitals, an average of two or three times a year, but she's a fighter."

Sue pauses, as if in thought. When she speaks again there's a more serious tone to her voice.

"That girl is so unbelievable at times, Brother Stone, so full of faith and courage that I have difficulty believing she's mine. I know her strength comes from the Lord. Everyone loves her. She always makes friends with the other CF victims when she goes to Atlanta and, would you believe it, parents take her home with them so she can encourage their children. Some of them come to visit Juanika for comfort when their children pass away. One family did so just recently."

Juanika returns to the table.

"Sorry about that," she says. Then, with a flourish, she attacks the cheesecake.

* * *

Joe McCoy, pastor of the Cordele Church of God, first told me about Juanika. "A girl the readers of the *Lighted Pathway* would enjoy hearing about," he said.

"She lives every day, knowing her life may be short. She tells people, though, that she is too busy living to give much thought to dying. She's an honor student. Sometimes she has to do her work at home, because of her illness, but she won't give up. We love her here at our church and we pray for her constantly."

"That's not all. We still believe in miracles. Even now, Juanika is a miracle girl. God can do anything." □

Cystic Fibrosis

HOW COMMON IS CF?

CF affects approximately one in every 1,800 newborns, making it the most common, fatal genetic disease in the United States.

WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF CF?

Generally, three major symptoms are associated with CF:

Respiratory Problems: At some time during their lives, most patients with CF develop lung disease. The thick mucus produced in CF obstructs the airways of the lungs and respiratory system. This interferes with the normal breathing process, and eventually leads to damage of the lung tissue. Respiratory complications cause over 90 percent of all deaths of patients with CF. CF patients are also very susceptible to certain types of lung infections, particularly those caused by *Staphylococcus aureus* and *Pseudomonas aeruginosa* bacteria. These lung infections are often difficult to treat with drugs that are currently available.

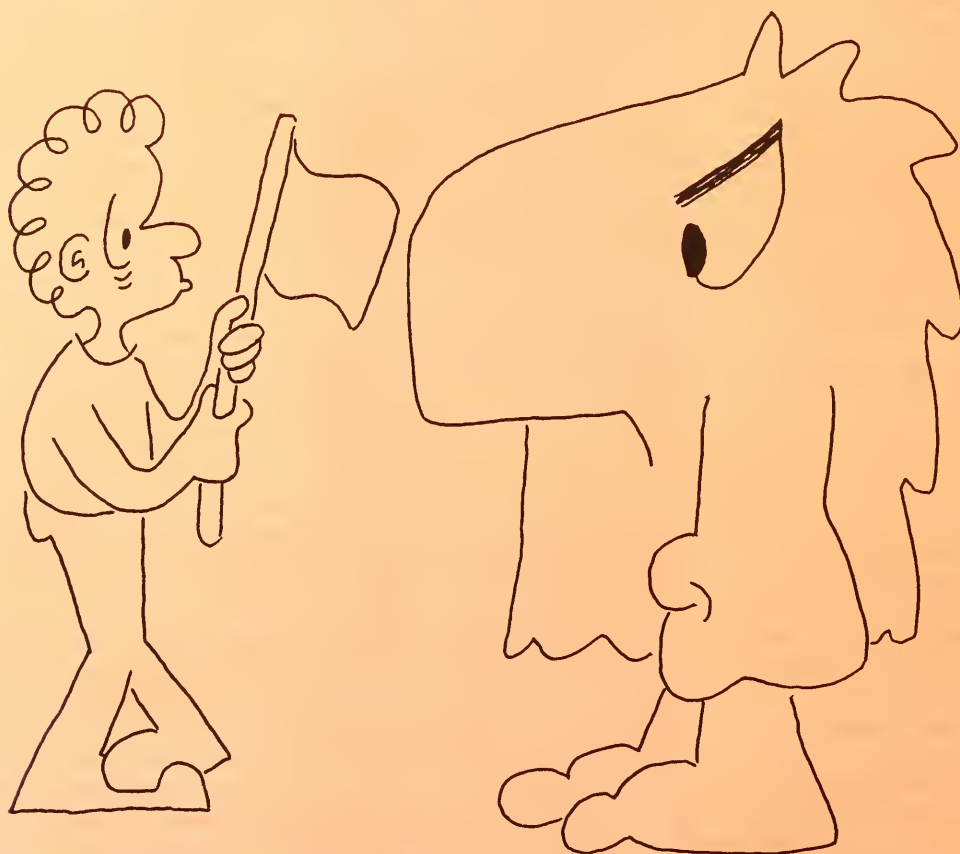
Digestive Problems: The pancreas and other organs of the digestive system secrete enzymes into the intestine where they help to break down food into the components which the body uses for energy, growth, and maintenance. In CF, thick, sticky mucus blocks the passageways that carry these enzymes to the intestine. This results in improper digestion so that much of the food consumed cannot be utilized by the body and is excreted. Because of the increased metabolic demands on the body by respiratory disease, coupled with malabsorption of food, the individual with CF often has a large appetite but still may appear malnourished.

Excessive Salt Loss: The effect of CF on the sweat glands results in a high concentration of salt in the perspiration of individuals with CF. In periods of increased sweating, such as during exercise, hot weather, or during febrile states (fever), this salt loss can place the patient at risk of heat exhaustion or dehydration. This potential exists in all CF patients. Excessive

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

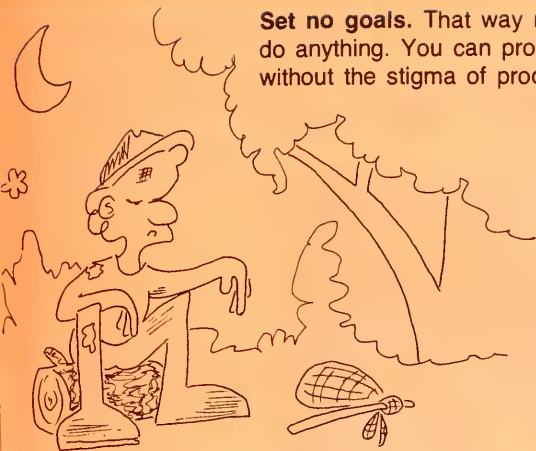
HOW TO PROCRASTINATE

Artist/Writer, LARRY E. NEAGLE



Begin by surrendering to your fears. You might fail. Or worse yet, you might succeed. Listen to these fears. They're there to protect you.

Set no goals. That way no one expects you to do anything. You can procrastinate then without the stigma of procrastination.



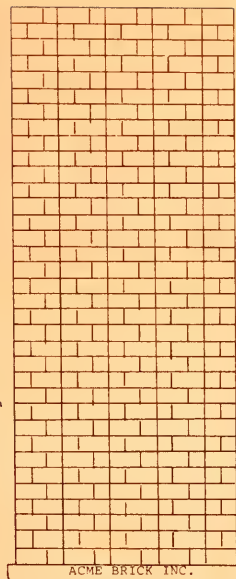
Set up a series of diversionary tactics. We all need extracurricular activities and flights of fancy. So what if they divert time, attention and energy from your real responsibilities.



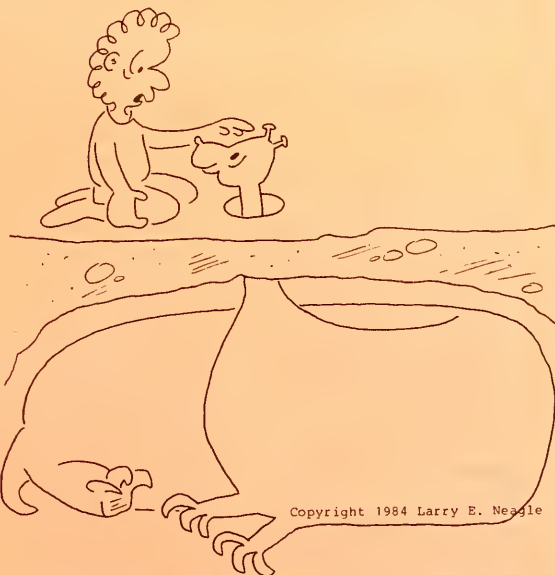
TODAY'S SCHEDULE:

9-10:45 Basic day-dreaming
10:45-11 Break
11-12 Build castles in the air
12-1:30 Lunch
1:30-3:30 Advanced day-dreaming
3:30-4 Break
4-5:30 Putter and piddle
Spend the rest of the day eating, napping, and vegetating in front of the tube.

Reward procrastination. Treat yourself to an ice cream cone. Rest. Take a nap. Recreate. Do something fun. After all it just makes good sense to congratulate yourself for behavior of which you approve.



Think big. Let yourself be overwhelmed by the job before you—you have all this to do; you need a whole day to do it; you have to do it really well; and all at once. You just don't have the time today for that kind of involvement.



Copyright 1984 Larry E. Neagle

Don't bother to pray about it. It's too little a thing to bother Him with.

SUDDEN PANTIC

by Eddie Vernon



On a lovely day in spring, Arnie Felts visited the local pharmacy in his hometown and handed a prescription to Dr. William Simpson.

"How you doing, Arnie?" Dr. Simpson knew most all his customers.

"Fine, thank you." Arnie fidgeted from one foot to another. He kept looking toward the door and he purposefully stood behind the card rack. Dr. Simpson didn't appear to notice.

"Your mother feeling better?"

"Yeah."

Dr. Simpson moved closer to the window of the little glassed-in cubicle where he filled prescriptions and looked down at Arnie.

"If she's better, Arnie, maybe I shouldn't double the prescription this time. This is powerful stuff, you know."

"She needs double," Arnie said nervously. "Sometimes has trouble at night."

Dr. Simpson hesitated a moment, pursed his lips in thought, and then continued counting pills into the bottle. He sealed the bottle, scribbled a

note, placed the prescription in a small paper container, and said, "Tell your mother to phone me, will you, Arnie. I'd like to talk with her."

"I'll tell her." Arnie took the prescription and handed Dr. Simpson a twenty dollar bill. "She's awful busy today, though. Planning a birthday party."

"Oh. Yours or Susan's?"

"Mine."

"Happy birthday."

"Well . . . eh . . . the party's tonight but the birthday really isn't till Sunday. Mother said it'd be better to go ahead on the weekend, when all the kids could come. They'll be over after the ball game."

Arnie accepted his change and turned to leave.

Dr. Simpson hesitated a moment, cleared his throat, and then spoke to Arnie, already

halfway down the aisle. "I'm sorry about the trouble, Arnie, and your getting kicked off the team. Personally I think it was a raw deal. Lots of others think the same thing. The Blazers are sure going to miss your hook shot . . ."

Arnie didn't stop. Dr. Simpson's voice rose perceptibly, following him right out the door. ". . . You've got friends, Arnie. Lots of friends in this town."

Arnie stuck the package into the saddlebag of his motorcycle, cranked up, and wound his way through the streets of Sedgfield and out into the Riveredge section where he had been born and had spent all sixteen years of his life. There were lots of memories along the way. Where he once swam in the creek. Where he and Billy built their tree house. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

The Responsibility of the Church to Its Youth.

A TIME FOR BREAD

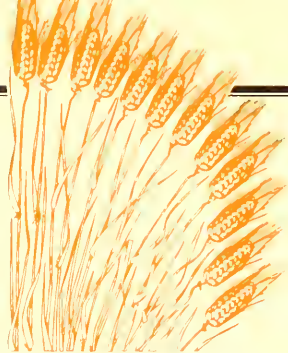
Jesus often used blunt words and probing insights which shocked those who heard Him. His words were not always soothing and tender; on occasion they were of such irony that they snapped the hearers to sober attention. One such time was when He spoke to the religious leaders and contrasted their spiritual insensitivity with care for their natural sons.

by CHARLES W. CONN

"ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU; SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND; KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU: FOR EVERY ONE THAT ASKETH RECEIVETH; AND HE THAT SEEKETH FINDETH; AND TO HIM THAT KNOCKETH IT SHALL BE OPENED. OR WHAT MAN IS THERE OF YOU, WHOM IF HIS SON ASK BREAD, WILL HE GIVE HIM A STONE? OR IF HE ASK A FISH, WILL HE GIVE HIM A SERPENT?" (Matthew 7:7-10).

If Jesus were on earth today, it is altogether likely He would use similar words to show the Church the great responsibility it has for its youth. In the instance of this scripture He dramatically encouraged asking of questions, searching for truth, and exercising human intelligence in spiritual matters. Those who heard Him would never forget the importance of what He said. Those who ask, He said, shall receive. Those who seek shall find. And those who knock shall have understanding opened to them.

It follows, then, that men should ask, search, and seek to open closed doors. Any father who would betray a son's search for truth would be doing the same as giving him a stone instead of life-sustaining bread. Worse still, he would be



like a father giving a son a serpent when he needs the nourishment of fish.

These are times when many in our church who are responsible for the welfare of the young do in effect respond in such fashion to the cry for bread. There are many young people today who are seeking, knocking, and asking for the bread of understanding and concern. They are searching for directions, for answers, and it is up to their elders to meet these needs.

PROTECTION AND PROVISION

The church has a double responsibility toward its youth, the same responsibilities that a father has toward his children. These are: 1. To *protect* the children from danger; 2. To *provide* for each child's individual needs.

In the matter of *protection*, the church should be a sanctuary that young people can turn to for strength, encouragement and shelter from the harmful influences they face in the world. It is particularly tragic when the church itself becomes a source of their hurt and offense.

YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE A RIGHT TO EXPECT THE CHURCH TO BE A PLACE WHERE DISILLUSIONMENT DOES NOT CONSTANTLY MEET THEM, AND NOT A REPETITION OF THE CYNICAL AND BITTER WORLD IN WHICH THEY MUST LIVE.

But they do become disillusioned when they see lax attitudes in their elders, carnal interests in their leaders, or a lack of faith and devotion in their church.

Concerning *provision*, the church is responsible to provide wholesome teaching for its young, and not wornout cliches and constant criticisms of them. In the world, youth daily face situations and influences that can destroy them and wreck their lives. So they come to church battered, lonely, confused, afraid, in need of supportive counsel and suitable associations to undergird and sustain them.

Within the framework of the church youth should be provided with spiritual and social activities that are conducive to personal growth and development. Where else can they find these things if not in their own churches? It is a happy circumstance when youth grow up in supportive congregations that accept them and nurture them with patience and a sharing of responsibility. It is lamentable, however, that in some cases they are met instead with stones of criticism, neglect and sometimes even rejection.

THE "GENERATION GAP"

One of the most useless things in the world is for older folks to tell young people, "I know how you feel. I was young once."

This is a futile gesture for two reasons: first, young people don't believe you ever were really young. During all the time they have known you, the same number of years have separated you from them. They cannot comprehend that you were ever really young in the way they are young. Second, they don't believe you because there really is a generation gap. No generations have ever been farther apart than those that exist side by side today.

A NOTED SOCIAL SCHOLAR HAS MADE THE POINT THAT THERE IS A GREATER DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TODAY'S OLDER GENERATION AND THE YOUNGER THAN THERE IS BETWEEN THE OLDER GENERATION AND THE RENAISSANCE.

In other words, my generation has more similarities to the Renaissance and to the Reformation than it has to the generation of my children and my grandchildren.

That statement really jolted me. I began to think about the obvious differences. When I was young the horse and buggy was still a popular mode of travel—just as it had been for hundreds of years. A steam-powered train was a very

sophisticated manner of travel.

What do young people today know of this? They are an advanced generation, accustomed to jet airplanes that can zip them to any place on earth within hours, rockets that can cross oceans in half an hour, and satellites that can circle the earth in an hour.

When the children of my generation played games, those games were marbles, or checkers, or chess, or dominoes, or horseshoes, or hopscotch. Renaissance people knew those games, too. The present generation, however, with its video game arcades, whizzing rockets, interplanetary warfare, and galactic adventure has no real association with what was important to me.

When my generation was young, news came to us by newspaper, usually a full day or more after the reported events had occurred. Then came crude crystal sets that carried voices through space, and finally that marvelous invention, the radio.

Today's generation is accustomed to hearing of world events as they happen. With the merger of television and communications satellites, events in the remotest part of the world, or even in outer space, can be brought to us in a moment's time, even as they happen. These events are not only heard: they are seen in living color.

Such are only some of the obvious examples of how the world was for one generation and how it is for another, both living side by side today. You can be sure that other differences go beyond technological contrivances and sink into the minds and lives of both generations.

DIFFICULT AS IT MAY BE, IT BECOMES THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE OLDER GENERATION TO COMPREHEND THE THOUGHTS AND THE FEELINGS OF THE YOUNGER.

If we do not, our youth are apt to grow beyond our reach as the generation gap continues to

widen. To think we can shove the younger generation back into our own is foolishness indeed.

Personally I still believe there are ways to bridge this gap and be worthy fathers to deserving children.

THE PERILOUS TIME

This generation of young people must contend with dangers and pressures unlike those of any young generation before them. It is therefore unfair for us to assume the attitude that this time is no worse than the time when we older people were young. To do so is to ignore the many scriptures that warn us of perilous times.

For example, when I was young, I could expect a normal, happy, and contented adulthood if I would only work hard, live decently, and do those things expected of me. This generation has no such assurance.

*** THE YOUTH OF TODAY HAVE BEEN ROBBED OF NORMAL PROSPECTS OF ADULTHOOD ENJOYED BY PREVIOUS GENERATIONS. INSTEAD, THEY LIVE UNDER A THREAT OF NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION, WITH UNWORTHY WORLD LEADERS WHO LACK THE WISDOM OR MORAL RESOLVE TO PREVENT IT.**

*** FURTHERMORE, THEY LIVE IN A WORLD OF FAMILY DISINTEGRATION, WHEN THE FAMILY UNIT HAS LOST ITS INTEGRITY AND ITS HOLD UPON THEIR LIVES. A SOUND HOME WAS A PART OF MY WORLD. THIS GENERATION HAS WATCHED THAT ASSURANCE SHATTERED BEFORE THEIR EYES.**

*** CONSIDER ALSO THAT THERE ARE THREE CRIMINALS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR EVERY COLLEGE STUDENT; ON TOP OF THAT, THERE ARE THREE BARMAIDS FOR EVERY COLLEGE COED IN THE NATION.**



* YOUTH LIVE IN A DAY SATURATED WITH SEXUAL PERMISSIVENESS AND PREOCCUPATION, WITH THIRTY MILLION SEX MAGAZINES SPEWING FROM THE PRESSES EVERY MONTH, AND WITH A GROWING SATURATION OF SEX IN TELEVISION, MOVIES AND CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. THEY HAVE IMMORALITY SHOVED IN THEIR FACES EVERY TIME THEY TURN AROUND.

* THIS IS A DAY WHEN THERE ARE MORE THAN SEVEN MILLION CONFIRMED ALCOHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND WHEN MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE MILLION LIVES HAVE BEEN DAMAGED BY ALCOHOLIC ABUSE.

* IT IS A DAY WHEN DRUGS OF EVERY SORT HAVE BECOME AN UNCONTROLLED PRESENCE IN SOCIETY; A DAY WHEN DRUG EXPERIMENTATION IS THE "IN" THING AMONG THEIR DAILY ASSOCIATIONS.

* EVERY MORAL VALUE WE KNOW IS UNDER ATTACK TODAY. WHEN OUR YOUNG PEOPLE STEP OUTSIDE THEIR HOMES, THEY FIND THAT THE MORAL TEACHINGS OF HOME AND CHURCH ARE ASSAULTED ON EVERY SIDE. THE WORLD ENCOURAGES THEM TO REBEL AND THE VERY AIR SEETHES WITH REBELLION AGAINST THE MORAL INFLUENCES OF A FORMER DAY.

* IN ADDITION TO ALL THIS, THIS GENERATION HAS GROWN UP IN A DAY WHEN TWO-THIRDS OF THE WORLD LIVES UNDER COMMUNISM AND ITS ATHEISTIC PHILOSOPHIES AND BRUTAL POLICIES.

It is no wonder that our young people look to the church for the bread of honesty and truth. Because of their need, we have a more pressing

responsibility for the welfare of our young people than we have ever had before. The Church of God must be honest enough to face this responsibility; if we do not, we will have the Reaper to pay.

If we fail to give positive response to the need, we will be like a scornful father who gives stones for bread and serpents for fish. A modern way of phrasing this grim truth could be: when your children look to you for answers and directions, do not respond with hard or critical attitudes (stones), and do not be dishonest with them, or so offend them, that they die (serpents).

Now let us look at several specific areas in which our young people are in need of bread.

1. THE BREAD OF EMPATHY, NOT THE STONE OF SCORNING

Young people today have a desperate need to be understood, to be comprehended, not merely coddled or indulged. Empathy is the placing of ourselves in their shoes and feeling as much as we can what they are going through. They need a people who will feel with them and share with them, lest they feel alone and be drawn down by the gravity of rebellion that swirls around them.

The need of empathy is a need to be recognized. Young people do not want to be merely tolerated—they want to be recognized as persons with values and opinions and rights. It is a slap in the face when we impress them that our only interest is to count them and to indulge them. They feel that they can be counted on in need, and not merely counted in some church tally. They reject scorn and resist regimentation just as they resent coddling and condescension. When they find only stones and serpents for their fare, they will gradually desert the church and may possibly be lost to it forever. If we think we can push them aside in order to care for other matters and persons in the church, then we are deceiving ourselves, as we will discover one day to our deep regret.

CONGREGATIONS AND LEADERS THAT TAKE THEIR ROLE OF SPIRITUAL FATHERS SERIOUSLY WILL RECOGNIZE THE CRY AND ESTABLISH DIALOGUE AND COMMUNICATION WITH THEIR YOUNG PEOPLE. THEY WILL ACCEPT THEM AS PARTNERS IN THE WORK OF THE KINGDOM AND GIVE THEM THE STATUS OF BRETHREN.

There is a need in the human heart to be recognized, to be accepted, to be known and to be understood. The discontent that we hear so much about today is in reality the youthful heart calling out to us: "Hey, look at me! I am here; pay some attention to me."

2. THE BREAD OF LEADERSHIP, NOT THE STONE OF OPPRESSION

Our young people need the bread of spiritual leadership but can do without the stone of oppressive dictatorship. Leadership involves more than just whipping people into a desired direction. It means leading them along the right way. This is a time of confused directions, when many elders run in circles, so it must be a baffling time for young people indeed. They need to see that we know the right direction and that we follow it ourselves. Youth are willing to follow leadership that understands and shares.

Leadership means being a responsible leader in the issues of life, not merely being the victim of forces and influences that come into our lives. Like the airplane pilot who lost his directions, we sometimes feel that we have a tail wind to nowhere. If we adults are drifters we cannot expect the young to follow us with confidence. Neither will they follow in good faith when they see leaders bend to what seems to be popular, or to what those "leaders" believe will benefit them personally.

Our young people are living in a day of science and exactness. It is a day of computers,

satellites, space probes, instant communication, and medical marvels. They are accustomed to asking why and having the whys explained to them. It is only natural that they will ask questions of the church.

YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE A RIGHT TO ASK US FOR ANSWERS AND FOR REASONS: WE HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO GIVE ASSURANCES FOR THE MESSAGE WE PREACH.

In times past too many among us have demanded unquestioning allegiance and have not accepted the raising of questions. But questions denote involvement. If our young people did not care about us and the church, they would not ask questions, neither would they become partners of good conscience in our cause. It is not fair to put down as disloyal those who have questioning minds. Far better it is to have honest, searching questions than to have passive, unthinking agreement.

THERE ARE SOME WHO FANCY THEMSELVES LEADERS, BUT WHO IN REALITY CHERISH THE HOLLOW SOUND OF AN ECHO MORE THAN THE HONEST EXPRESSION OF AN OPINION.

These persons prefer the glassy reflection in a mirror to the true presence of a person who may differ with them. But bear in mind, both the echo and the image in the mirror are nothing more than the reflection of self. Such people look, listen, and are fascinated by their own egos. Dialogue is impossible with an echo: it keeps repeating only what one has said. Companionship is impossible with a mirrored image: it keeps reflecting only the appearance of one who cast it.

So-called leaders who squash all opinions other than their own are not real leaders. They may exercise something akin to dictatorship, but they have no honest followers, only underlings who echo



them, or mirror them, because they dread them. In the end, such followers will inevitably disdain them.

THE TRUE AND GREAT SPIRITUAL LEADERS AMONG US ARE THE TREASURES OF GOD. WITH PATIENCE AND CARE AND AN HONEST LOVE FOR OTHERS, THEY SEEK TO FIND THE GOOD POINTS OF OTHERS AND THEN WORK TO DEVELOP THAT POTENTIAL INTO STRENGTH AND WORTHINESS.

3. THE BREAD OF SINCERITY, NOT THE STONE OF SHAM

The best leadership is rendered through sincerity and example. Young people are quick to recognize sincerity. They know when we genuinely care for them. But they recognize sham just as quickly. Pretending to care for them does not persuade them. Real caring does.

Many times young people are more perceptive and sensitive than their elders. Their emotions and responses have not yet become subdued to the extent that older men's have. They feel and see and react with little hesitation. Therefore they are quick to recognize phonies, fakes, shams, imitations, hypocrites, and crocodile tears.

Young people know when the preacher really believes what he is preaching and when he is playing to the galleries, giving lip service to something that he thinks is the popular thing. If you have a genuine conviction, they want to hear it; and they want to know that it is a sincere point of view. They can tell whether your concern is genuine or pretended, whether you really care about them or merely exploit them.

In its motivations, the church should provide a clearly seen contrast to the motivations of the world.

There are four things that dominate the world in our day: money, sex, pleasure and power. When young people come to church, they need to see a

contrast to those obsessions, instead of an echo of them under a pious guise. At least let them see these matters in their true perspective.

How can young people believe in our sincerity about worldliness when they see signs of worldliness in us?

HOW CAN YOUNG PEOPLE MAKE THE DEDICATION TO CHRIST THAT THE CHURCH ASKS IF THEY DETECT IN THE ACTIONS AND DECISIONS OF THEIR ELDERS A CARNAL CONSIDERATION OF MONEY OR THE DESIRE FOR POWER, POSITION, AND AUTHORITY?

When and if they see this in the church they can appropriately say, "What you *are* speaks so loudly I cannot hear what you *say*."

4. THE BREAD OF DISCIPLINE, NOT THE STONE OF PROHIBITION

Young people want the bread of discipline, restriction for a purpose, but they resist mere prohibition. Unfortunately, many good Christians think of discipline only in the sense of prohibition, restriction, and taboo. That is unfortunate because *discipline* is a spiritual requirement that means discipleship. It is the making of one into a well-honed, finely-tuned vessel for the service of the Lord. Discipline teaches and makes men whole, fit for the Master's use.

This brings us to a consideration of our standards. I believe all of us, including our young people, are opposed to lowering the standard of the Church of God. But we do need to know what we mean when we refer to the standard.

Many people think of a standard as a hurdle that can be lowered or raised. That is completely untrue. A standard is a banner or a flag. Our standard is the banner of Christ: it identifies us as His followers. It is the color under which we live and move and do our service.

The standard of the church is the message of

truth contained in God's Word, not a capricious thing, a hurdle, an obstacle in an obstacle race. We do not leap over standards, but we rally to them. Our standards are set by the Lord and there is nothing we can do other than to honor and declare them with all our hearts.

FURTHERMORE, IF WE ARE GOING TO HAVE DISCIPLINED LIVES AMONG OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, WE MUST BE HONEST ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN SOCIAL WRONGS AND DEADLY SINS.

Now hear me carefully on this point. There are some things that are wrong because they violate social precepts of our day. There are other things that are wrong because they violate the eternal Word of God. It is wrong of me to offend the social mores of our time: it is a sin for me to violate God's Word.

We should be honest enough with ourselves to distinguish between the two and to acknowledge that one can be socially wrong without being spiritually wrong. In the same way, one can be socially correct but spiritually wrong. We need to recognize the difference between these two and not give them equal status when we teach our youth.

We undermine our credibility when we insist that social practices condemned by the church are just as evil and damnable as practices that are condemned in Scripture. We may with good reason have requirements that are not specifically set forth in Scripture, but it would be wrong to pretend that violating them is equal to violating the mandates of Scripture.

If we are to have discipline, (that is if we are to make disciples) among our young people, then we must be honest and consistent in our purpose. We must preach the Word of God honestly, sincerely, and consistently. Even when we must

change our methods, we must take care not to change the message. We must change the approach as needs arise without changing the objective. Keep in mind that in the matter of discipline it is the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ that remains our greatest responsibility.

We are also responsible to see that programs which supplement the gospel do not supplant it. Such programs as social activities and education may assist in spreading the gospel but they cannot replace it.

THE CHURCH CANNOT ENTERTAIN YOUTH INTO THE KINGDOM OF GOD. WE CANNOT EDUCATE THEM INTO A POSITION OF GRACE. BUT IT IS ALWAYS THE CHURCH'S RESPONSIBILITY TO KEEP PRIORITIES IN ORDER, LEST THE YOUNG BE CONFUSED AND LOSE THEIR WAY.

5. THE BREAD OF PATIENCE, NOT THE STONE OF RASHNESS

Patience is always a virtue and it is an absolute necessity when it comes to dealing with young people. The church must not expect its young people to grow up overnight or to become adults as soon as they come to Christ. Adulthood cannot be put on like a garment. One must grow into it.

Although they may be the best of Christians, young people will still think like young people, feel like young people, and be young people until they are no longer young.

In the matter of patience, we adults should follow the example of the shepherd and his lost sheep. When the sheep was lost somewhere in the mountain, the shepherd went after it and searched until he found it, even though it was not his fault that the sheep was lost. It was the sheep's own wandering and careless nature that caused it to be lost. Yet, when the shepherd found it, he did not berate or punish the sheep. He



simply took it, put it on his shoulder, and returned to the sheepfold rejoicing.

In manifesting patience the church must especially remind itself of its family relationship.

NO TRUE PARENT WILL DISCARD OR PUNISH AN INFIRM OR LAME CHILD SIMPLY BECAUSE IT DOES NOT WALK OR GROW AS WELL AS THE PARENT WOULD LIKE.

He will bear with him and love him and help him and rejoice in even the smallest sign of progress. When there are weak ones in the church, the church must likewise assume the role of burden bearer. It is the bread of patience and not the stone of rashness that will bring about a suitable and expedient correction of the most difficult spiritual lameness.

6. THE BREAD OF OPPORTUNITY, NOT THE STONE OF NEGLECT

No group of young people can live in a void or vacuum and yet grow. Youth need to develop. In order to develop they need opportunity to mature in faith and knowledge and experience. The church must give the bread of confidence by urging responsibility upon its young. Opportunity gives birth to experience and experience brings reliability.

In the Church of God today, it is the time for bread. The Church should make sure of a paternal attitude toward its young and it should fulfill its role as protector and provider.

The young people are asking: let us give them bread. They are seeking: let us show them the way. They are knocking: let us open the door unto them.

If children are a heritage of the Lord—and they are, according to the Psalmist David—then the Church of God is beneficiary to a very rich heritage. My experience and observation convince me we have one of the finest communities of

young people to be found anyplace today and of any period of time in the past. Children are the arrows in the hand of the church, our promise and our hope. ☐

The above article is excerpted by permission from Dr. Charles W. Conn's forthcoming book, *The Conscience of a Church*, due to be published by Pathway Press, summer of this year. ☐



SUDDEN PANIC

Continued from page 11

little back porch there at the Houstons where he had kissed his first girl.

Memories. *Yeah, Arnie thought, lots of good memories. All past. Wonder why things couldn't stay nice? Why did they have to go sour all at once? And in such fashion? I was playing hard in the game, like always, but I didn't mean to break the kid's arm.*

The Felts' residence was a two-story brick, on a corner lot, swimming pool out back. The lawn was green. Hedges trimmed. Mr. Felts insisted on that. He wasn't about to shame his neighbors. Every week or so, when he was home from his travels as an insurance adjuster, he reminded Arnie how important it was to keep up appearances.

"Folks judge you by what they see, Arnie." Those were his exact words, repeated over and over. "Your clothes, your car, your home, and your lawn. I can drive through the residential neighborhood of any city in this country and, right off, I can tell those clients who will make good insurance customers and those who will be poor risks. It's the same with us. We can't have folks driving by here and finding the grass long and the hedges looking like something over on East Side."

Rounding the corner of Maple and Pine, from where he could see his house, Arnie had a momentary note of joy. A blue Cadillac sat in the driveway and Arnie thought, *Dad's home. He decided to come after all.* Then Arnie remembered. His dad had driven his mother's

car this week. The Cadillac needed tuning up.

Arnie pushed his motorcycle into the garage, took his algebra book from the saddlebags and walked into the kitchen. His mother was making cookies.

"Hi, Baby," Joyce Felts said. "Want a chocolate chip? They're hot."

Arnie passed hurriedly on through. "No thanks. Guess I'd better do my algebra early."

"Arnie . . ." There was concern in Joyce Felts voice. "You do plan on going to the game tonight, don't you?"

"Naw."

"Oh, Arnie, I so hoped you would. I believe it would help matters. Susan is going. Lots of the kids have promised to come to your party afterwards. Don't you think it would look better if you were there?"

"Mother, I don't care how it looks. I'm not going to any more basketball games. It wouldn't help anything. And besides, I've other things to do."

"But Arnie, think how it's going to look. And Susan is going to be heartbroken. She's told everyone you'll be there tonight and I've told some of the mothers. Please, Arnie."

"I'm not going, Mother. That's final. And I couldn't care less how Susan feels about the matter. She's got her Johnny and her friends and her little gang. Tell her to go on out with them and leave me alone. If this party thing was your idea of how to make me forget all that's happened, then you were wrong. Dead wrong."

Arnie took the stairs two at a time, went into his room and slammed the door. Now totally exasperated, Joyce Felts followed. Arnie's door was locked

and, even as she spoke, she heard the stereo come on loud.

"Arnie, open this door. That's no way for you to act or for you to talk about your sister. Open the door, Arnie."

There was no answer. The door remained locked.

"All right, Arnie, when your dad comes, he's going to hear of this. You hear me!"

The stereo stopped.

"Open up, Arnie." Joyce Felts' voice was calmer now. "Let's talk, Arnie. I'm sorry I got angry."

"Just leave me alone, Mother. There's nothing to talk about. What's done is done. Neither of us can change it. There's no need talking."

Joyce Felts stood a moment at the door. She sighed. "All right, Arnie. I think I'll go on to the game with Susan. Do you mind?"

"No, I don't mind."

"I think the kids will still come to the party. We should be here by ten. Okay?"

"I'll be all right, Mother. You and Susan go on."

There was a pause. Joyce heard Arnie say something else, his voice low. She couldn't quite make it out. She moved back to the door.

The stereo came on again. Joyce Felts shrugged her shoulders and went back to the kitchen.

Yes, Mother, I do love you, Arnie thought. I love you and Dad both. Even Susan, though I can't figure why she's become so mean lately. Fact is, I love you too much to go on talking about something that's over and done. It will be better soon, though. Then you'll understand.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Update



'IF I'VE BEEN WRONG, PLEASE FORGIVE ME'

Making things right is a difficult task. The business of righting wrongs takes strength from the Lord. Some have neglected salvation by saying, "I must make things right before I give my heart to God." The proper sequence is to make things right with God and He will help you straighten out your life.

A number of Christians lack spiritual victory because they are hesitant to make wrongs right. They are defeated spiritually because of a guilty conscience. A clear conscience involves that inner freedom of spirit toward God and others that comes by knowing that God's holiness is not offended by one's thoughts or action. It comes from knowing that no one can point a finger at you and say, "You've offended me, and you've never asked for my forgiveness."

Let's seek direction from Matthew 5:23, 24: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

When you remember that a friend has something against you, go apologize and be reconciled to him. When the Holy Spirit reminds you of stolen goods, harsh words, untrue statements, and angry actions, the believer in Christ must respond by asking the offended person for forgiveness.

The offering of our bodies as a living sacrifice will not work until we sincerely ask the offended one to forgive us. But be careful how you ask. "If I've been wrong, please forgive me." This is most people's favorite! It is really saying, "If my personality (for which I'm not responsible) has offended you, there must be something wrong with your ability to get along with others. But I'll be big-hearted about this and assume that maybe it's my fault (which I'm not fully convinced it is) and ask you to forgive me—if you still think I'm wrong, that is."

You will feel a lot better if you will just get to the heart of the matter. A better wording when asking forgiveness would be, "God has convicted me of how wrong I've been in (fill in the blank). Will you forgive me?"

Your relationship with God is diminished by strained relationships with others. Clear your conscience. Make things right. And God will cause His blessings to flow abundantly in your life. □

W.A. Davis

*Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education*

SUDDEN PANIC

Continued from page 19

The basketball team. The grades. Everything. Then you'll understand. I do love you, Mother. I truly do.

Arnie turned the light on over his desk. He flipped through the pages of the algebra book, listlessly. He wasn't planning on doing any studying tonight. Not at all. Arnie had made a decision, a big decision. He now merely waited for his mother to get gone so he could proceed with his plan.

Joyce Felts drove to the game alone. It took her but a few moments, though, to find Susan and her boyfriend Johnny

Burgess. Johnny already had a bag of popcorn and a Coke.

"Hi, Mrs. Felts. Care for a Coke? There's still time for me to run get you one before the buzzer."

"No thanks, Johnny."

Johnny was really all right, Joyce Felts admitted to herself, but he wasn't exactly the kind of boy she wanted Susan seriously involved with. Just not enough class. Still, she couldn't tell Susan that. Kids were so touchy these days.

Just as the game was about to start, Dr. Simpson and his wife Evelyn came in and seated themselves on the bleachers just below. Dr.
CONTINUED PAGE 23

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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Leadership Development Coordinator

RUNAWAYS

Runaways affect about one out of every two families in the country, according to the executive director of Teen Challenge, Wayne Keyton.

"One of the biggest problems families face today is not that there is a generation gap but there is a communication gap."

He continues, "There is no problem too big to not work out through communication."

According to Mr. Keyton, runaway girls usually end up in prostitution while guys tend to become involved in stealing, drugs and alcohol.

"Eventually if they can get back on track, they can continue to live normal lives," he expressed. "But too many times it leads to petty larceny, shoplifting, or other offenses. Usually, they are tried and prosecuted by the juvenile court system."

Mr. Keyton explained five ways for a parent to prevent young people from running away from home.

- * Don't overreact if a child announces that he's leaving.
- * Next, ask yourself, "Is there a legitimate reason to run away?"
- * Don't be afraid to admit that you have made a mistake.
- * Have good, conducive things to do at home, and make the home a happy place to be together.
- * Lastly, "Kids that have a personal experience with Christ seem to be able to make it anywhere," he said. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) ☐

* * *

1. Are you surprised that one out of every two families in the country is affected by runaways?
2. What problems do you see as a cause of runaway children and teenagers?
3. Have you ever wanted to run away or had a friend who did?
4. Could you add anything to the advice Mr. Keyton would give to parents? ☐

THE GAMBLING WOES

Reno, Nevada—The jangling, clanking sounds of prosperity are growing louder in Nevada's casinos as they rebound from a cold streak caused by the recession and competition from gambling in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

"There are surface indications that the gaming industry is healthier than it has been for quite a while," said University of Nevada-Reno economist Bill Eadington. "But the rate of growth

for the industry is probably never going to hit its 1978 levels again."

Taking inflation into account, revenues actually declined in fiscal 1982-83.

But George Swarts, a partner with Laventhol and Horwath accountants in Las Vegas, predicted a strong final quarter of 1983 for southern Nevada casinos. (*Chattanooga Times*) ☐

* * *

1. What motivates a person to gamble?
2. Is it a sin to gamble? On what Scripture references do you base your conviction? (Research Christ's attitude toward the love of money.)
3. How should Christians respond to gambling? ☐

FAMILY ABUSE

New York—"A marriage license functions as 'a kind of hitting license,' and spanking starts an unbroken cycle of domestic violence," a sociologist told a federal task force investigating brutality in the home.

"Violence is part of the system of child rearing in our society," Murray Straus, head of the family research center at the University of New Hampshire, said. "That starts the whole cycle that ends up in wife beating."

Straus spoke at the first of a series of hearings being held by a task force created by Attorney General William French Smith, who called family violence "criminal behavior" that "has never received the kind of national attention it deserves."

According to conservative estimates, 2 million wives, 1 million children and 5 percent of elderly people are abused by members of their families each year, Smith said. True figures probably are at least twice as high, Straus added. (*Chattanooga Times*) ☐

* * *

1. What kind of action can government take (or should government take) that will prevent family violence? Is it a problem that can be solved by legislation of laws?
2. What action can the church take to help with the problem?
3. If the source of the problem were found, what do you think it would be?
4. Is there violence in your family? If so, what could solve the problem?
5. How could you help someone who is in the midst of a violent family situation? ☐

SUDDEN PANIC

Continued from page 21

Simpson nodded recognition and Evelyn waved. The game got underway.

Almost immediately Joyce Felts noticed Dr. Simpson standing and making his way up through the bleachers. She did not at first realize he was headed for her.

"How are you feeling, Joyce?"

"Just fine, William. Why would you ask that?" Joyce Felts laughed. She had been friends with William Simpson since her own high school days. Always something of a shy man, she was amused now at his uneasiness.

"Well . . . eh . . ." William Simpson looked around and then nodded toward the exit. "There's something I need to ask you. Private. Can you come over here a moment?"

It was awkward getting out of the bleachers.

Johnny, in typical fashion, dropped his box of popcorn. It spilled out and fell to the floor beneath.

"I'm sorry, Johnny."

"That's okay, Mrs. Felts. Weren't your fault. Just clumsy ole Johnny here. I'll get some more at halftime."

William Simpson waited just outside the gym door.

"You haven't been feeling worse this week?"

"Why no, William. Fact is, I've been feeling better than I've felt in months. Other than my little run-in with Arnie, over his getting kicked off the team."

"Did Arnie tell you to phone me this afternoon?"

"No. Why?"

"Well . . . eh . . . that's

just it. Arnie came by the drugstore this afternoon and got your old prescription filled. Said you wanted it doubled. That you weren't feeling well lately. He even gave me a note which I thought was from you, though it was typed."

Joyce Felts reached up and pushed hair back from her brow. "I don't understand that. And I certainly didn't send him."

Suddenly, mouth open and eyes wide, fear registered on Joyce Felts' face. "Oh my God! You . . . you don't think . . ."

"Now take it easy, Joyce. Let's not jump to conclusions. Is Arnie home?"

"Yes he's home. And alone."

"Come on." William Simpson took Joyce's arm and they half ran together out into the parking lot. "My car's in the second row."

William Simpson drove recklessly, belying the calmness of his voice.

"Are those pills strong?"

"Strong enough. If he takes them all."

"Oh my God, now I remember what he said. The words through the door. I heard them and I didn't hear them. Oh, William." Unable to control herself further, Joyce Felts burst into tears.

"Get hold of yourself, Joyce. We have time. It's not going to be a pretty sight but, even at its worst, I think we'll make it."

"He's been moody all week. Listless. Moping around and asking why his dad wasn't home for his birthday. But I never dreamed he'd do something like this. And know what he said through the door,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

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Books

APPROACHING HOOFEATS by Billy Graham

"There is something ominous in the air," he concluded, "and my bones vibrate with the horror and the hope of it."

Graham is speaking of the troubling signs that the very existence of planet earth is threatened—signs that show have climbed out of evangelistic pulpits and thrust themselves onto the lead spot in the daily news. He describes them in his latest book, *Approaching Hoofbeats*, which compares the Book of Revelation with world conditions.

"I hear the approaching hoofbeats of the distant horsemen," Graham says, referring to the four horsemen of the Apocalypse. "I hear their warnings and I have no choice but to deliver them."

The four horsemen, Graham says, "are ancient symbols of the modern terrors that pursue us: war, violence, deception, economic chaos, unemployment, poverty, hunger, disease, despair and death. These are God's judgments against His creation for our disobedience." (Word Books, Waco, TX 76796) □

DROPPING YOUR GUARD by Charles R. Swindoll

In a world of excessive and out-of-balance individualism, here is a book that builds a powerful case for people—with people involvement.

Doing that is not always easy, the author acknowledges—sometimes it's downright scary. But he maintains that it's the only really satisfying way to live, the only path to authentic, meaningful friendships and genuine fellowship. And in this book he shares some of the essential principles for building such relationships and keeping them healthy:

Assimilation—being absorbed in relationships as a participant, not an observer

Risk-taking—and sustaining the courage to keep on risking

Unity—being one without being "frozen together"

Authentic love—overcoming indifference and building close, deep, caring relationships

Tolerance and compassion—and what to do when fellowship breaks down

Resistance to the enemies of growth—snares like legalism, pressure tactics, and hypocrisy

Choosing—making the decision to be involved in others' lives

A spirit of hope—hope for God's people living in relationships. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76796) □

LOVE MUST BE TOUGH by Dr. James C. Dobson

Having written a spate of best selling books on subjects of marriage and parenthood, Dr. James Dobson now turns his attention to the most serious and destructive causes of family breakup. *Love Must Be Tough* is addressed squarely to the phenomenon of disrespect in marital relationships, describing its role in the gradual drift toward divorce for millions of couples. Specifically, Dr. Dobson examines the most devastating conflicts occurring between husbands and wives—infidelity, alcoholism, wife beating, emotional indifference, and other such conflicts—and offers practical advice for the partner who wants desperately to hold the marriage together. What emerges is a principle of *loving toughness* that is applicable not only to families in crisis, but to healthy marriages as well. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76796) □

FIRST WE HAVE COFFEE by Margaret Jensen

"For 68 years Papa preached to the Scandinavian settlers while Mama put on the coffee pot and taught 'the living' through her wonderful stories and songs."

You will experience the highly entertaining, true story of an immigrant family told with romance, mystery, tragedy and comedy. This unique treasure trove of character building stories of faith and humor from the life of Margaret Jensen's parents will bless and benefit you.

The Jensen family's stubborn courage and unshakeable faith, mingled with humor and strumming guitars, will bring renewed hope to people today whose families are disintegrating and who are facing troubled times. (Here's Life Publishers, San Bernardino, CA 92402) □

SUDDEN PANIC

Continued from page 23

those words I didn't exactly recognize? He said, 'I love you, Mother.' Sure as the world that's what he said, William. And I didn't hear it. I didn't believe it because it's so unlike Arnie to say such a thing."

Both were remembering the O'Neal boy, Larry. His parents had found him in the workshop. He had never shown any suicidal tendency either.

William Simpson reached over and took Joyce Felts hand. "We'll make it."

The house was lighted up, including the outside spots. William and Joyce went through the kitchen door running. They heard the stereo, loud. Every light in the house was burning. The kitchen table was spread with cookies, napkins, little party cups. On the work table was a bowl of punch, with six now empty Ginger Ale bottles.

"Arnie!" Joyce Felts saw nothing. She was near hysteria. "Arnie! Where are you, Arnie?"

She was through the kitchen, the hall, and halfway up the stairs when Arnie stepped out of the bathroom and spoke, "What's wrong, Mother?"

Joyce Felts turned on the stairs, saw her son, and broke into tears. Then she sat down. Arnie wore an apron. He had a red bonnet on his head.



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Seeing Dr. Simpson's expression, he jerked off the bonnet.

"Oh, forgive the hat, Dr. Simpson. Mother wears it to keep hairs out of the food when she works in the kitchen. Thought I'd do the same. What are you two doing here anyway? You've spoiled my surprise, Mother, and I know the game can't be over this early."

There was a long silence.

"Why did you lie about the prescription, Arnie?"

"Oh, that. I'm sorry, Dr. Simpson. Really I am. Fact is, I had decided to bring the prescription back. I found the prescription in mother's bedroom and I wanted it for a lab experiment. It was going to take at least two weeks to order the same chemicals from the school's regular supplier. I was going to try it on some mice and I really wasn't thinking about the trouble it could get you in. The professor and I . . . we've been doing these neat experiments and he's recommended me for a medical scholarship to U.T. That was part of the surprise tonight. We . . ."

Arnie stopped, his eyes wide. He looked first at his mother, still sitting on the stairs with tears coursing down her cheeks, and then at Dr. Simpson.

"You . . . you thought . . ."

Joyce Felts just looked at her son and slowly nodded.

"Oh, Mother!" Arnie ran to her. For a few moments he was a little boy all over again but he was also a young man growing up.

William Simpson picked up a chocolate chip cookie, popped it into his mouth and heaved a big sigh.

Kids, he thought, you can't ever take them for granted. ☐

FIGHTING SPIRIT

Continued from page 7

amounts of salt in the sweat can result in infants tasting salty when kissed—often one of the first indications that a child may have CF.

The symptoms and effects of CF vary from patient to patient, and are sometimes similar to symptoms of other childhood disorders. This often complicates quick and accurate diagnosis of the disease.

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Patients with CF receive comprehensive treatment which is based on their condition. Treatment generally includes:

* **Bronchial Drainage** (postural drainage)—a form of chest physical therapy which helps loosen mucus from the lungs and keep lung passages open;

* **Antibiotic Therapy**—drugs which help fight respiratory infections;

* **Dietary Management**—which includes vitamins, enzyme replacements, and nutritional supplements, in addition to a well-balanced diet with extra quantities of food.

Some CF patients take as many as 40 to 60 pills a day. The individual cost of CF treatment and care can range from \$6,000 to \$12,000 per year. ☐

—Cystic Fibrosis Foundation

* Juanika's deep voice is attributable to CF, according to her pastor and her employer.

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I Wish That I Had Known You Then

by Charles W. Conn

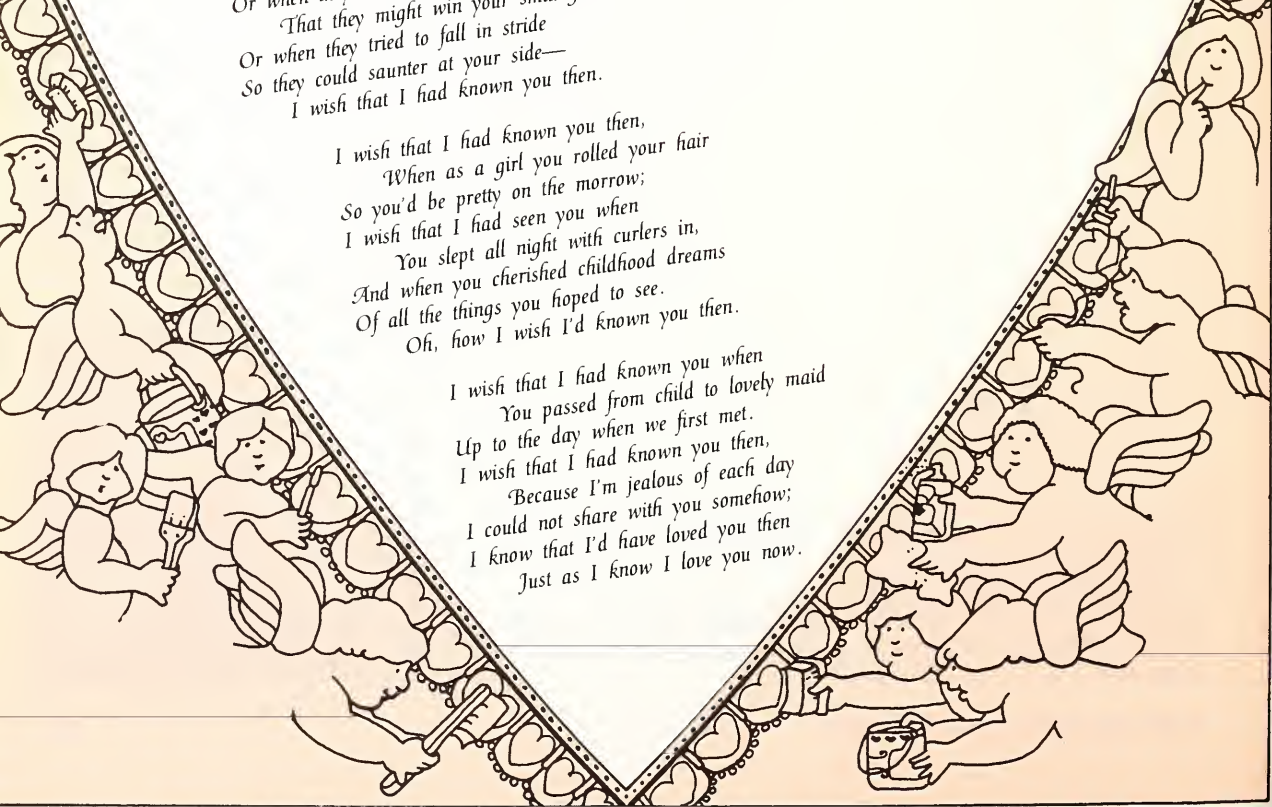
I wish that I had known you then,
When you were just a gangling girl
With page-boy bob and tousled bangs
And skinny legs for climbing trees
And running faster than your brothers.
I wish I could have seen you when
You beat them at their games and then
Beguiled them with your crooked grin.



I wish I could have known you when
You sauntered on your way to school
And tossed your head when boys got fresh,
Or when they took your books in hope
That they might win your smiling thanks,
Or when they tried to fall in stride
So they could saunter at your side—
I wish that I had known you then.

I wish that I had known you then,
When as a girl you rolled your hair
So you'd be pretty on the morrow;
I wish that I had seen you when
You slept all night with curlers in,
And when you cherished childhood dreams
Of all the things you hoped to see.
Oh, how I wish I'd known you then.

I wish that I had known you when
You passed from child to lovely maid
Up to the day when we first met.
I wish that I had known you then,
Because I'm jealous of each day
I could not share with you somehow;
I know that I'd have loved you then
Just as I know I love you now.





An Unchanging Value

Most of us spend lots of time coping with change and we no sooner get through one crisis than we plunge into another.

There are, of course, some changeless values: we just tend to forget them, or to ignore them. We get caught up in our own "Winter of Discontent" and, like Steinbeck's chief protagonist in the book of that same name, we are tempted on the spur of the moment to compromise and throw away our most precious treasures.

One doesn't see this short-range, or by looking only at immediate happenings, but a longer view focuses on a society that reflects deeper values in spite of itself. Society's value pendulum oscillates between the real and the sham, reflecting the perennial conflict between light and darkness.

Many barometers reflect the state of a society's health, one being reading materials such as books and magazines. What sober-minded, Christian adult has not felt shame during recent years because of the filth littering our newsstands?

At long last, hopefully, and thanks to Christian moms and

dads and to young crusaders all across the nation, there seems some sign that light once again penetrates the darkness of our publishing world.

This small but hopeful sign comes through revised interest in romance novels, stories which emphasize what this month (Valentine's Day) represents: clean, wholesome love between man and woman. In these young adult or teenage romances, language is clean and sex is not mentioned, much less erotically described.

There is such market demand for this type reading that at least seven major publishers have established romance novel divisions—not just religious publishers either, but some big secular names—concentrating on the human need to be loved, to be accepted, and to relate to the world about us without compromising our values.

Obviously, love is the deeper value, the unchanging value, reflected in such a trend. Jesus spoke often of love. He came to reveal God's love. And just as she has done in the past, the Church

perseveres in transmitting love's message to this generation.

Perhaps romantic love—that natural and beautiful union of two human hearts—only faintly reflects divine nature; but it is an important guidepost on our way to better understanding the heart of God. It is a stepping stone toward maturity, one which no parent wishes a child to bypass. And it is a value preserved among us through God's marvelous grace alone.

"Being in love" doesn't solve all the problems of twentieth-century living; but, divine or human, it's a state of mind which can brighten any day and make life tolerable under the worst of circumstances.

Being loved is no small thing.

So let's say it with flowers . . . with candy . . . maybe with poetry, as Charles says it to Edna on the opposite page . . . but let's not ignore it.

Even the world knows better than that. □

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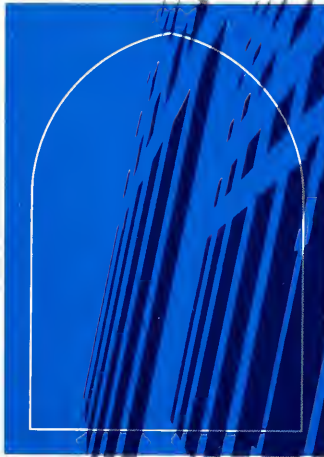
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VOLUME 55, NUMBER 3

Christian Rock?



Mark
Matthews
Argues
Yes.

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Stone Photo

TELL ME something, Mark," I said, as things grew ominously quiet in my office, "how do you really think readers of the *Lighted Pathway* are going to respond when I feature a rock musician?"

"Christian rock," the tall young man corrected.

"So you say. But really, isn't that a rather fine distinction? How many Church of God preachers or leaders could tell you what that means? I can't. My teenage son, perhaps. But to me rock music smacks of just about everything I dislike. It's loud. It's vulgar and suggestive. It's unstructured. And it's promoted by an immoral crowd whose lifestyle is totally opposite to everything the church traditionally teaches and believes. Frankly, I don't see where there's much good I can say about either you or the group you sing with."

"Why don't you hear me out? Why not listen to my story first? Rather than automatically assuming I fall into a certain category? You talk about being Christian, then shouldn't the Christian, of all people, have an open mind?"

"Okay. Let's hear it. Your father is a Church of God preacher. You were raised

ROCK MUSIC! We've raised a generation on it. We've deployed it and condemned it! Maybe we've misunderstood it! But it's still with us! Why? Mark Matthews has some answers.



right. You participated in local church programs, grew up in Teen Talent competition, even blew your sax one year at the General Assembly. I'll give you your chance. You tell me why rock music isn't of the devil, something straight out of hell. That's what the vast majority of my readers think and I've not seen much to make me disagree with them."

Mark Matthews just sort of grinned. A cool guy. For age twenty-four, he didn't scare easily. But I had been burned rather badly over a recent feature article in my magazine and I wasn't in the mood for taking unnecessary chances.

"I'm not going to sit here and defend the lifestyle of what is generally recognized as the rock music cult, Mr. Stone. Not for a moment. But I am saying that evil is in what people do with music, not in music itself. It doesn't upset me that you don't like loud, rhythmic music. That's a matter of taste. Nor does it bother me that the church cautions young people to beware of a lifestyle which glorifies fleshly passions and mocks decency. What bothers me is tagging those evils to a poorly defined concept and concluding, often without investigation, that every sound called rock is evil."

I saw a little fire in Mark's eyes. He went on.

"Let me ask you a question. What's the best-loved, most often sung song in the Christian church today?"

"Oh, I don't know. There are lots of favorites."

"Well, wouldn't you agree that 'Amazing Grace' would rank close to the top of the list. People all over this country, and the world, sing 'Amazing Grace.'"

Of course I agreed with that, though I felt Mark was really getting at something else.

Mark leaned forward in his chair. "Do you know the origin of that tune? Where it came from originally?"

I didn't.

"It was a bar tune, sung in the pubs of England. All that English beer and all the evils of the saloon didn't make the tune evil. The church took the tune and used it to convey the greatest message of the universe.

"And I'll tell you something else, Mr. Stone. Whether you and others like it or not, the church is doing the same with rock music. Using it. Adapting it. Putting the gospel message within the context of a new medium.

"Just look at music today, in your average church. Even I can remember when some people thought it terrible to use anything other than the organ for sanctuary worship. How many of those same churches, today, use string music, brass, and even drums? They are doing it because the young people like the strong forcefulness of this type rhythm. They are doing it because, fortunately, not all are as obstinate as you.

"They realize this generation has the same right to choose music style as did that generation of the war years, the depression years, or the roaring twenties. In short,

they're doing what the church has always done, putting the message of Christ into language young people understand; and those who do it well, as I think 'Eternity Express' does, are finding an audience. They are winning and holding young people for Christ."

Mark sort of paused for breath. After some awkward silence, I picked up the conversation.

"Mark, give me a straightforward, simple definition for rock music. Can you?"

"No. Not a simple one. And not one which will take in all the facets of what is referred to as rock. Basically, as we know it today, the heritage of rock music comes from all styles and all categories of music. In rock you have a little bit of rhythm and blues, a bit of jazz, some country, and now a rather marked classical influence. Rock music is really a blend of every other music style but supported primarily by the back beat. The rhythm in rock is usually steady, flowing, driving. Rock is aggressive. It has a cutting edge. It is also developing it's own categories, and that's why we feel it is legitimate to now speak of Christian rock. In this sense we are speaking of music with a beat, yet music with an age-old message."

"You grew up in our church?"

"My father is Jack Matthews. He pastors in Lindale, Georgia, just out of Rome."

"Have you always been into music?"

"From childhood when my parents first put me onto a piano stool to sing. I did the whole music route—saxophone,

guitar, piano. Then I got it in my head that I wanted to make money. That seemed more important. Planned to be a dentist. Enrolled in college. Started my own business and found I could make more money there than I'd probably ever make as a dentist."

"What kind of business?"

"Sales. Mark's Art. I soon had a growing sales force and the money began to pour in. Problem was, though, I really wasn't happy. It was as if I had to get away from music to find myself and to realize music was me, not something being forced on me.

"God began to deal with me at that time, too, about a new dedication of my life. I had the idea that if I worked faithfully in the church, if I paid my tithes and did those things I'd been taught, then I could live happily. But God kept coming to me, privately, and telling me He didn't want the things I could give or do: He wanted me, Mark Matthews. There's a big difference you know.

"Things came to a head shortly after that, when I attended a revival and God used an evangelist to give me a direct message. The message boiled down to the fact that God wanted my life and that He would use me for His glory. That was four years ago now and I've had that message confirmed time and time again as I've witnessed our group leading young men and women to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. It's great to serve Him."

"Did you know you were going to go with 'Eternity Express' when the revival ended?"

"No. I didn't have the faintest idea what I would do. All I knew was that God wanted my life and I was willing to give it to Him. I was willing to do anything, even scrub toilets.

"Oddly, though, my story is similar to that of others. When I got willing to obey God, He opened the door of opportunity. I had known Ken Gaub and his family for six years. Had met them while we were still living in Florida and had maintained something of a relationship with one of the sons, Nathan. Out of the blue, so to speak, Nathan phoned and asked if I would be interested in joining the group. They needed a bass player. Nathan was going full time on the keyboard.

"That's how it all began. Four years ago now. As you know, our headquarters is in Yakima, Washington. We travel constantly, using two large buses. We do all types of performances . . . in schools, auditoriums, churches. Some of our best work is done in prisons.

"I think we have a real advantage when it comes to prison ministry. Usually we are billed as a band, not as a Christian group. That means we have a full house rather than a few stragglers. When we get into our program and Ken Gaub begins to tell about Christ and we sing of His grace and goodness, revival breaks out.

"We do a great variety of performances. Since I've been with the group we've been before a crowd of 25,000 at one of the Jesus Festivals and we've done lots of small audience performances as well.

"One of the most exciting

prospects for us this coming year is the cutting of a new record at the Osmond Studios in Provo, Utah. Our music is very commercial, a popular style rather than hard rock. There are some Christian groups who specialize in hard rock sounds—some admirable groups, in my opinion—but 'Eternity Express' does not.

"We have songs which speak to current needs of teenagers and young adults. Such subjects as teenage suicide, divorce, teenage pregnancy, loneliness, bitterness. It's a wide-ranging field.

"I like to tell young people involved in music today, don't give up your talent just because you can't have your own way at the moment. God knows what you can do and He will make you ready for the day when opportunity knocks. First you've got to give Him your will. That's the secret to surviving. So hang in there." □



NO ALARM CLOCK ever worked better!

At 5 a.m. the shrill crowing of a rooster only a few feet away and the sleeping Americans and Canadians catapult from their beds. In the Philippine dawn the youth STEPers struggle to recover from their initial shock.

"I'm going to kill that stupid chicken," someone mutters. Others heartily endorse the suggestion.

A few days earlier, this STEP team had left the United States for a thirty-two-hour

airplane trip that took them halfway around the world. After several days in Manila, some of the team had come to work in a convention on the island of Mindora.

The trip wasn't easy. Early in the morning they rode for two hours on a public bus—Philippine style—to Batangas. A three-hour ferry ride, across the Mindora Straits, took them to Calapan. Another two and a half hours on a public bus and they arrived in Bongabong. After a brief lunch they traveled to Roxas, fording the Bongabong River

along the way. At Roxas they had an interesting encounter with Mangyans, a mountain tribal people.

Finally, an hour's ride in a jeep delivered them to Subandaga, their destination. They took a welcome bath in the nearby river and ate supper.

The STEPers soon learned that their bed was a split bamboo mat on the ground. The mosquito nets helped. They were too exhausted to complain. After devotions, they fell asleep quickly.

Only to be rudely awakened by the crowing of an



STEP

Opportunities of a Lifetime!

obnoxious oriental cock. They threaten the audacious rooster with "fowl" retribution. Not for long, however. They have to prepare for the day's activities and for the convention.

Imagine their chagrin on Sunday when they learn that the delicious looking dinner in front of them is . . . the old rooster. They are eating their alarm clock!

Unforgettable? You'd better believe it.

Delta Sanders of Benton, Illinois, says, "Although we had no running water or electricity in Subandaga, this was the highlight of my trip. Our baths were taken in a nearby river we all fell in love with. The evening services were lighted by small kerosene lanterns."

This was one of many experiences STEP teams encountered last summer. STEP is Summer Training and Evangelism Partners. It is a summer youth mission that takes Church of God young people to countries and continents around the world. STEPers have been to twenty-seven countries on five continents, sharing their faith in witness and work.

During Easter a STEP team will travel to Mexico. These young people will give up their Easter vacations in order to work in a youth camp near Guadalajara and share in fellowship and worship with Mexican young people. The team will work with Superintendent Cornelio Castelo and be led by Fidencio Burgueno, Hispanic Coordinator in the General Department of Youth and Christian Education.

While young people of the world make annual pilgrimages to Fort Lauderdale to drink, freak out on drugs, and get in trouble with the police, Christian youth will spend their holidays in sunny Mexico, working for God.

During June teams will go



By MARCUS V. HAND

to the Netherlands, Haiti, the Dominican Republic and Ecuador. In July teams will go to South Africa and to Gallup, New Mexico.

A special STEP mission will be the 1984 STEP Outreach to the Summer Olympics in Los Angeles. Young people will do all types of witnessing. There will be bi-language teams as well as regular English speaking teams.

Local churches are encouraged to send entire youth groups and special teams for this special mission. STEPers will distribute 150,000 pieces of literature during these eighteen days. They will have outstanding opportunities to share their faith with the thousands of people who will be in Los Angeles for this event. They will also have opportunities to share in worship and fellowship with their brothers and sisters in the greater Los Angeles area.

Interested? STEP has a place for you on all of these teams. Contact: STEP, P.O. Box 2430, Cleveland, Tennessee 37320-2430. □

WHAT DOES

THE BIBLE SAY

SUICIDE

IS SUICIDE always a disease? Can it always be described as the slow deterioration of one's mental faculties? The final cry for help by one eaten up with depression? Or is suicide often, if not always, a conscious, rational choice made by men or women who prefer death rather than present circumstances?

These are difficult questions.

If we opt for the former conclusion, then we remove some of the moral restraint, leaving ourselves open for a spate of suicides; and perhaps encouraging others to choose the same escape. If we adopt the latter position, then we have difficulty squaring reality with theological truths, especially when trying to cope with the suicide of one who for years gave every indication of being secure in both Christian faith and practice.

What does the Bible say?

Some think they know perfectly what the Bible says and they quickly refer to the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill" (Genesis 20:13), which can probably be applied to the killing of one's self, or the pitiful circumstances of King Saul's death (1 Samuel 31:4, 5), or even to the death of Samson (Judges 16:28-31) or Judas (Matthew 27:5).

However, upon examination of each of these passages, one finds that King Saul was

condemned for many wrongs but not actually for his suicide. Samson was proclaimed a national hero for his willingness to self-destruct in a noble cause. And there seems little reason to question but what the correct interpretation of the commandment is, "thou shalt not commit murder," rather than a total prohibition of killing under any and all circumstances (notable exceptions being self-defense, defense of one's family, and defense of one's nation).

Truth of the matter is, the Bible seems rather silent on the matter of suicide. There are no precise and exact answers, no direct references which make it easy for us either to condemn or to condone. What the Bible tells us on this subject must be discovered in principles and in precepts.

First, let us remember that the Bible clearly establishes the sanctity of human life. God alone is the author of life. He loves life and He both gives and sustains life in miraculous and marvelous ways (Acts 17:28). It thus follows that men ought never to take life casually or to think life worthless, even under the worst of circumstances.

Second, it seems noteworthy that human experience confirms the Bible's emphasis on the sanctity of life. All about us are examples of human suffering, people who struggle with handicaps but people who yet

force life into an acceptable mold. These are persons who not only survive but who actually triumph over tremendous odds.

It is this sanctity-of-life principle, this concept that life somehow glorifies the Creator under all circumstances, that permits hope for the aged, the infirm, the poverty-stricken, the persecuted, and the incurably ill. Such a concept also helps us make sense of the sufferings and martyrdoms described in the Book of Hebrews (Hebrews 11).

Jesus himself is the perfect example of how men and women are to endure in spite of difficulty, abuse, and a future of pain and death. In all His teachings Jesus glorified faith, endurance, hope, and perseverance. Thus, suicide must be viewed as an aberration, a flaw, a failure of Christian faith rather than a viable choice.

However, this does not necessarily mean that all who take their own lives are arbitrarily lost and without hope of eternal salvation. Depression is recognized as a mental disorder. So is shock. Either can impair normal functioning of the human will, slowly destroying the spirit just as cancer or other physical diseases destroy the body. People have also been known to act irrationally from a number of ailments with roots in physical deterioration of the human brain. All of which make it

humanly impossible to place suicide in a neat little pigeon hole.

When a Christian commits suicide, it seems quite obvious that the church has failed. This failure is on the part of all believers in the fellowship, as well as that of the victim. It may be that we have abandoned a brother or sister—in either a real or an imaginary sense—when moral support and presence were most desperately needed. It may even be that we did all that was possible but that our human efforts were just not adequate for the task.

Of all institutions on earth, the church is best equipped to cope with human weakness and failure, but this does not make the church infallible. Though we fail, we keep trying.

We do not abandon the adulterer, the murderer, or the criminal; we always offer hope and forgiveness, though the offer is not always received. Nor is it right for the church to abandon the depressed who fall victim to the irrevocable act known as suicide.

The Bible says, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John 13:35). "Love never fails" (1 Corinthians 13:8; *NIV*). □

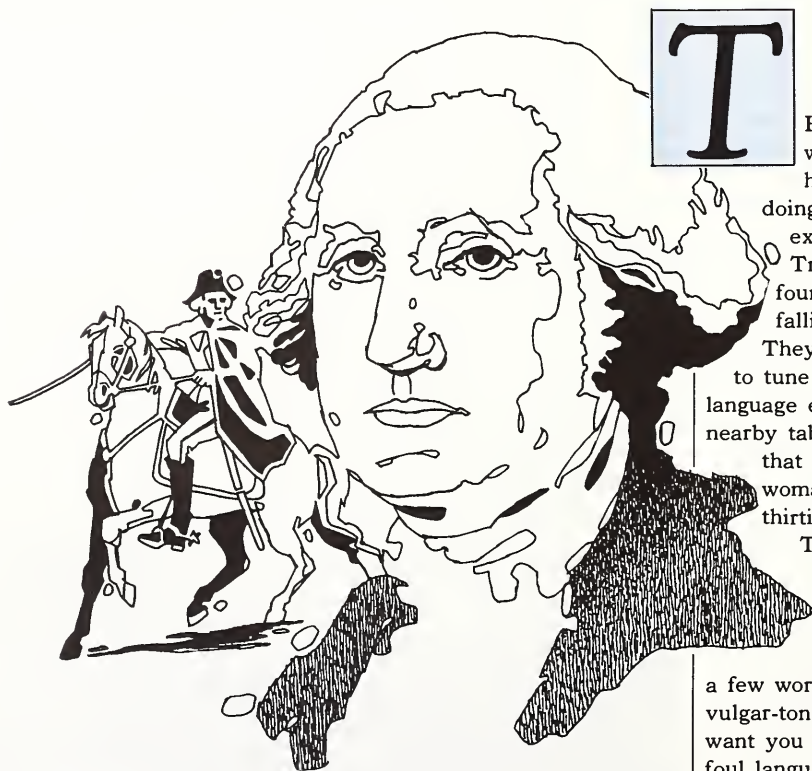
Rohn Engh Photo



DIRTY LANGUAGE—

The Curse of Our Age

By HENRY N. FERGUSON



T

HE RESTAURANT was crowded and a husband and wife were doing their best to enjoy an excellent dinner.

Trouble was, dirty, four-letter words kept falling into their soup. They found it impossible to tune out the obnoxious language emanating from a nearby table of eight, especially that of a rather attractive woman in her early thirties.

The couple finished their meal in strained silence, and left.

But the man stopped long enough to have a few words with the vulgar-tongued woman: "I just want you to know that your foul language is disgusting—it ruined our dinner." It was his way of confronting the national epidemic of impious language. Unfortunately, it did no good. As

the man moved on he heard the woman say, "He must be some kind of nut."

Profanity has become an addiction of our society and a provoking irritation to those who despise its use. Recently a Cambridge, Massachusetts, citizen decided to do something about it. He set up a 24-hour telephone service for anybody who wanted to break the swearing habit, calling his creation "Curseaholics Anonymous."

It was a noble thought because many experts have concluded that swearing now dominates most all casual conversation. It's common in the classroom, on the playgrounds, at sporting events, on TV and movie screens, in the halls of Congress, and in the corner bar.

People of all ages use it. A day-care teacher says that many of her three-to-six-year-old youngsters can toss out a barrage of epithets when angry. One toddler entertains classmates with off-color jokes that "can melt the nails in the walls."

Why do people use profanity? Experts in the matter of swearing say that the reason most people cuss is because they suffer from an inferiority complex and feel they are unable to satisfactorily express themselves without the aid of blasphemy. Using cuss words makes a youngster feel he is one of the boys. A pungent vocabulary is often considered necessary for social acceptance among his peers.

Swearing is often a symbol of youths' antagonism for the establishment, for law and order, for the recognized decencies of society. Profanity

has always been a kind of aggression; youngsters may get angry, or frustrated, and begin shouting something dirty as a means of striking back. Today, however, repetition is destroying the shock effect of profanity. Just as dope addicts need ever increasing amounts of drugs, so do profanity addicts need something stronger than words. Gradually violence takes the place of cursing, and tragedy often results.

On a school bus the other day there was a sudden outburst of obscenities, a scream, a boy dead—stabbed through the heart by a classmate. A week later, in the corridor of the same school there was an abrupt exchange of filthy name-calling between two students. Then one sagged to the floor—a knife in his throat. Perhaps in both cases, had there been an absence of swearing, the boys might not have been infuriated to tragic violence.

How do you know when you have crossed the boundary of impropriety in your speech? Probably the best rule to go by is this: If you use language that might be offensive, you can be pretty certain that someone is going to be offended. On the other hand, if you are being offended by someone in this situation, how do you handle it? There are many ways.

One day General Robert E. Lee and a number of other men were engaged in a general conversation. Suddenly a man lowered his voice and said, "Did you hear the story about . . .?" He paused, glanced around, and asked with a sly smirk, "There aren't any ladies present are there?"

Whereupon General Lee replied, "No, but there is a gentleman present." And turning his back, he walked away.

Then there was the driver of a city bus who was afflicted one day with a passenger who unleashed a continuous blast of profanity as they rolled along the street. Finally the bus reached his getting-off corner. As he descended the steps the driver called after him, "You left something, mister!"

"What?" growled the profaner.

"You left a bad impression!"

Swearing has probably been a part of the human language for as long as mankind has been able to communicate by speech. Freud used to say that the first individual—probably a cave man—who used a curse rather than a weapon was the founder of civilization. Ancient Romans would not allow their children to swear by Hercules while indoors. "Cursed dog" was once a deadly insult, although this amiable creature has always been regarded as man's best friend. In those days the expression denoted a person of lowest esteem.

In earlier days in this country profanity simply was not tolerated. An old-time Maryland law, for instance, decreed that first offenders would have a hole bored through their tongues with a hot iron, second-timers got a "B" (for blasphemy) branded onto their foreheads, and anyone foolhardy enough to be caught the third time suffered death without benefit of clergy.

Such laws have been
CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



TOOL BOX ANSWERS

FLASHING LIGHTS had been visible for some distance as our family auto sped down the long, flat Florida highway. Visibility of the accident increased as our car drew closer.

We were separated, however, from the actual scene by a long line of detained motorists who had spread themselves and their vehicles the width of the two-lane road. Most appeared to have been waiting for some time. People were on the grass, on top of cars, some laughing, some scowling.

As our car slowed to a stop, one idle motorist pointed to my left front tire and yelled, "Your tire is going flat."

Within minutes, my husband and eleven-year-old son

evaluated the situation and began unpacking a week's worth of vacation luggage to reach the "little spare" stored in the trunk.

We had never changed a tire on this new car with all its modern equipment and those beautiful spoked hubcaps. Out came the instruction booklet! "The wrench may be found in the glove compartment to unlock the hubcaps" the instructions read. The search is made. Twice. No wrench. The locked hubcap seemed to grin at us. We wondered how we would ever figure our way out of this one.

A friend and his family joined the waiting line a few cars behind us. He immediately came to offer assistance.

"For some reason the Lord put it in my heart to pack my toolbox before I left home," he said.

Within minutes the formidable hubcap lay dismantled. The little spare was mounted and we were ready to ride.

How many times in life have I sought answers to apparently insurmountable difficulties! With my head buried in the pain of the problem, I couldn't see God's toolbox, just lying there . . . waiting . . . available to me.

God has equipped each of His saints for life and the work of ministry. He has a tool for every situation needing "fixing."

Our responsibility is to keep the tools sharpened, available, ready for the testing time. □

We welcome as our devotional writer, Mrs. Sherry Beech Lee,
of Juno Isles, Florida. She and her husband Wayne
pastor the Lake Park Church of God.

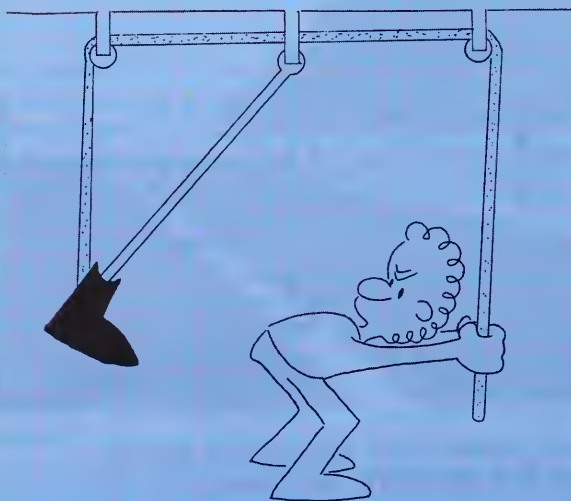


**"AND HE GAVE . . . FOR THE PERFECTING (EQUIPPING) OF THE
SAINTS, FOR THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY" (Ephesians 4:11, 12).**

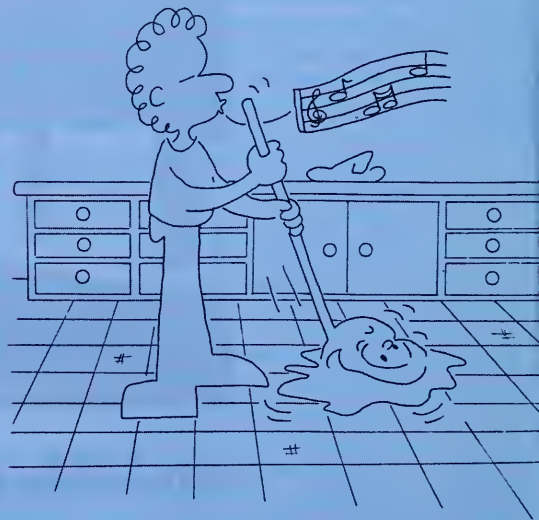
Satan's Sex Swindle: Six Deceptions

Artist/Writer, LARRY E. NEAGLE

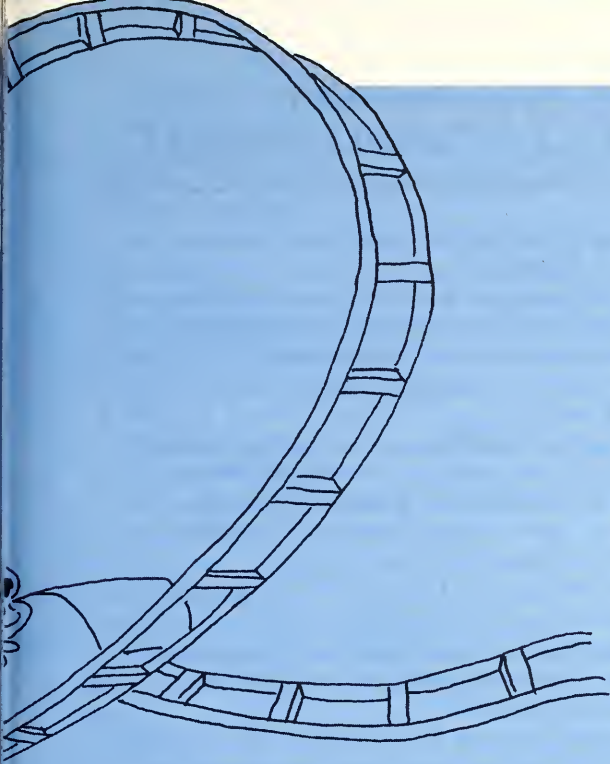
Lie #1. "It's all right to play around as long as you don't go all the way." Actually playing around usually leads to more playing around to more playing around to disaster. It's easier to control if it's stopped before it's started.



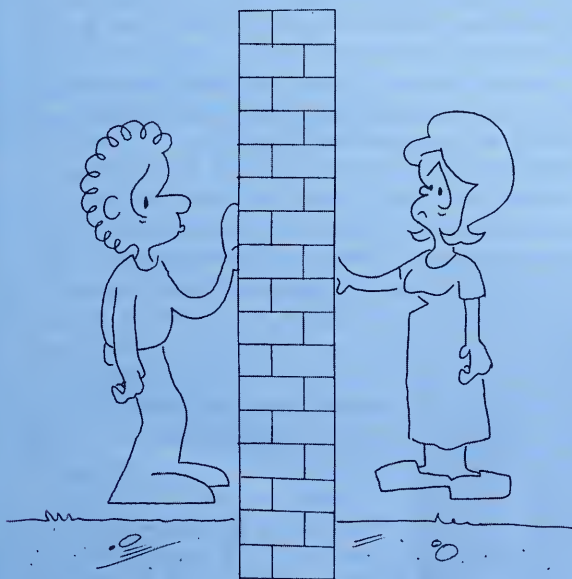
Lie #3. "All sex is good." Sex outside God's boundary lines is anything but good. It's more like self-mutilation.



Lie #4. "The best sex doesn't involve any personal responsibility for one another's larger lives." Except that in most situations this is called using one another.



Lie #2. "All sex is dirty." Sex within God's boundary lines is good and wonderful.



Lie #5. "Sex is the best way to get to know someone." Actually it's the worst. Outside God's guidelines, sex always builds walls of separation.



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Lie #6. "Sex is strictly biological and anatomical. There isn't anything more." Sex is biological. It is also emotional, mental, and (to an amazing extent) spiritual.

CAR EXCHANGE

By BETTY
STEELE EVERETT

WHEN MY TWIN brother Jon was ten he started saving for a car.

"I'm never going to drive a heap! You can bet on that, Karla! By the time I'm sixteen I'll have enough to buy a good car! No junk for Jon! And no one else will drive it!"

He did it, too. The day after he got his driver's license, Jon was the proud owner of a very slightly used red Escort. He spent all his time and money on it, and we told him if he could he would have stayed all night with it in the garage. He loved that car!

About a month ago Jon came home and drove into the garage as usual. I was studying so it was a half hour before I realized he was still out there.

Probably polishing the whole car! I thought. But I decided to check. Ten minutes was Jon's usual time to wipe off spots and brush out the car. It was never really dirty.

He came in, though, as I was going out.

"Took you pretty long to say 'goodnight.'" I grinned to show him I was kidding. But when I saw his face in the light, I was scared. "Jon, what happened? Were you in an accident?"

"No! Nothing happened!" Jon pushed past me to his room and didn't come out 'til morning.

For a week Jon spent more time than ever in the garage. Then one night Mom sent me to call him for dinner. He was sitting in the car, reading. When he heard me, he shoved the book behind the seat.

"Hey, that looked like a Bible!"

Jon's face got red. "It was. I . . . I was talking to some of

the guys at school who go to church and they gave it to me. . . ."

"Those religious fanatics?" I couldn't believe my brother would have anything to do with them. Not one of them even owned a car!

"They're not fanatics! They just believe . . . Never mind."

I watched Jon closely the next couple of days. He really was spending time with the religious gang my friends and I laughed at. Then one Sunday night Jon came home and told me he'd been to church with them.

"You've flipped!" I snapped. "They probably want your car!"

But it was too late to stop Jon. The next Sunday he told me he'd "accepted the Lord," whatever that meant!

I didn't see much change in Jon, which was a relief. He kept his car as clean and polished as ever, and still never let anyone else drive it. I was sure those religious kids would beg to use it, so I was glad Jon had said "No."

I was just starting to relax about Jon and all this religious stuff when he drove home one night in the worst looking car I'd ever seen! A self-respecting junk yard would have refused it!

"What's that?" I demanded. It made so much noise I had to yell. "And where's your car?"

"I lent it." Jon didn't yell, so I had to lean forward to hear him, and he wasn't looking at me.

"I knew it! Those religious kids finally got what they wanted—your car! And you fell for it!"

"It wasn't the kids." Jon turned off the car and was looking at me. "It was Pastor. He had a chance to go to this super great conference but it's fifteen hundred miles round trip, and he knew this car would never make it."

"This is a preacher's car? I thought they had new cars!"



Alan Cliburn Photo

"He doesn't earn much money. I guess he doesn't like cars like I do; other things are more important to him. Anyway, he was going to give up going 'til I told him he could take my car and I'd use his this week."

Believe me, I'm not often speechless, but it took me at least thirty seconds to digest that news. "You mean your beautiful car that you love and won't let anyone else hardly touch is on its way to some conference that'll put fifteen hundred miles on it? And you're going to drive this—this pile of junk—for a whole week?"

"He needed it," Jon muttered. "He'd been praying. . . ."

"Praying? For a car?" That sounded plain stupid to me.

"Not for a car—just a way to get to the conference."

I shook my head. "So now you think you're the answer to prayer!" I went back into the house. I still couldn't imagine Jon giving anyone his car.

Jon didn't drive the junk pile, as I called it, to school. That didn't surprise me; I hadn't expected him to want to be seen in it. But it meant I had to ride the school bus again, which I didn't appreciate.

I thought Jon would worry about his car all week, but he didn't seem to even think about it. He went over the "junk pile" carefully and put in some new stuff, but I don't know what it was. He swept it out and washed and polished it, too. By the end of the week it didn't look quite so bad. Not good—just not completely awful.

Friday night I was home alone when the doorbell rang. When I looked out a strange man stood there, but Jon's car was in the drive, so I opened the door.

"You must be Karla." The man smiled. "I'm Pastor Kornish. Is Jon here?"

"No, he'll be late. How did you know my name?"

Pastor Kornish laughed. "You're not identical twins, but you look a lot like Jon. Besides, he talks about you. I brought his car back, but I don't have time to stay. Would it be all right if I took my car and put his in the garage?"

"I guess so."

When Pastor Kornish saw his car, he whistled. "That brother of yours is something else! That car never looked that good!"

When he got in and started the engine he whistled again. "He's a genius! It hasn't sounded that good for years, either!"

Eventually Pastor Kornish left and I studied Jon's car. It was dusty, but it didn't look like it had been hurt at all. I decided to do Jon a favor and clean it up.

"I'll start inside," I thought. I dragged out Mom's old sweeper that Jon kept out there. When I opened the door, though, I sighed. Pastor Kornish had left a folder lying on the back seat.

"Now Jon'll have to take it to him." As I pulled it out, it fell open and several sheets of paper fluttered to the floor. I started to pick them up, then stopped. My name was on one of them!

"What's this all about?" I read the paper. It was headed "Prayer List." There were a couple other names on it, with notes about the people and their needs. Then came my name. "Karla Anderson—Jon's twin sister—Jon asks prayer for her—not a Christian—wants her to see change in him, but can't talk to her about it." There was a date on it—just after John had started going to that church.

"Praying for me? What right does that preacher who doesn't even know me have to pray for me?"

I turned on the vacuum, but noise can't drown out thoughts. "And Jon asked him to!" It was impossible to picture my twin asking anyone to pray for anything or anybody. But he had. "That's a change!"

I tried to concentrate on sweeping out Jon's car, but I couldn't stop thinking about him and how he'd asked that pastor to pray for me. He was really taking this church stuff seriously!

I hadn't wanted to admit that before, I realized, even though I'd seen him reading his Bible and seen him lend his precious car to someone who needed it. It was the first time anyone but Jon had driven it; he hardly let anyone else touch it! And he had lent it for a fifteen hundred mile trip. I wouldn't have believed that a few weeks ago.

"But he did it now." I was wiping the dashboard with a damp cloth. "And he asked that preacher to pray for me! He never worried about me like that before! Or asked anyone to help. Why did he do it? Doesn't he think I'm okay the way I am?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

SOME SAID IT was the pressure of the big city and working long hours—too much for any young man. Some said it was the shock of my father's sudden death after suffering a heart attack. They were all wrong. But I never told them so.

I never told them the real reason a young man, a third-year medical student at that, would suddenly drop the pursuit of a career in medicine and go

home to pull a plow instead. And I never told them what I saw that day when I walked into the cold, steel-plated test room at the University Research Center. It wrenched the very soul from my body as I stood there. The essence of all emotion came to light and then exploded on my brain, like a match on a rough surface bursting into flame. And then I was a child again.

I saw three small children riding on the back of a big black

and white collie dog. He had three brown spots which fell down the back of his head like a ribbon. The children were laughing and chattering as they went, and hot winds blew fine dust into little whirlpools that swirled around their dangling bare feet. An older boy walked on ahead. He carried a big stick and every now and then he would swat at the tall grasses and send grasshoppers jumping off in every direction.

It was Tom and James

The Winged Lion

By Cheryl A. Mell

Everett C. Johnson Photo



Robert (Robby as we called him) and Leenie and myself, Jack. We were going up the lane to open the pasture gate and let the cows down as we always did. We were on the farm where we grew up, on the outskirts of everywhere, just this side of someplace. There the certainty of the cycle of life was all around you—in the barn, in the fields, in the woods. It was uniqueness in itself. But even as a child, I sensed there was more. It always seemed like one of the few places on earth where it didn't matter why things were or what they were—only that they were.

My brothers have families of their own now and live in another part of the country. My little sister, Leenie, married a hometown boy and stayed right there.

The collie was the family dog, Hannibal. Actually, he was a collie mix, but we never really knew what he was mixed with and we didn't care. He had been in the family forever it seemed. My father had brought him home one day when he was just a few weeks old. He named him that same day as we watched the puppy trying to climb that hill to the pasture on his short little legs. He said it reminded him of the story

of the great Hannibal crossing the Alps. My father was a big, laughing man who always said, "All children should have a dog." And he was right.

Whenever I think of my childhood, I think of Hannibal. He was always there. He was part of everything we did. Every morning he walked down the long driveway and waited with us until our school bus came. Every afternoon, at precisely the same time, he would be back, waiting patiently for the bus to drop us off again. We could always see him sitting there watching, his tail beginning to wag as the bus came into view. And I remember sometimes when I rode my bicycle too far and it was getting dark, there would be Hannibal bounding up the road to find me and bring me home.

Hannibal never complained—not when four children decided to give him a bath in the milkhouse and eight little hands eagerly lathered and scrubbed his coat, his eyes, and his mouth. Not even when they rode around the fields on his back and he became their winged lion, flying above the tops of the tall grasses and prickly wildflowers that grew along the fencelines.

He always protected us where strangers were involved, and more than once he chased away a rabid skunk or coon when it came from the woods and got too near the barn. He was our alarm, licking our faces in the morning to wake us up. And every night he did something that will always stay with me. After we had all been in bed a while, and it was full dark, he would quietly pad through all of the rooms and

put his nose over the side of each bed and sniff to make sure that each of us was there. Then, after satisfying himself that all was as should be, he would go back downstairs to sleep on a small braided rug in front of the door. A sentinel in the night.

Then one day we were suddenly all grown up. Hannibal and the farm didn't seem to matter so much. We still loved them as we loved each other, but other things became more important, as they do when children aren't children anymore, and we all went our separate ways. I didn't even get too upset when my mother called a long time later and said that Hannibal went out one day on one of his daily excursions around the country and never came back.

I wish now that I had never left. I never wanted to, but I wouldn't admit it to myself. I realize now that I didn't really want big things and I really didn't want to "go far." I just wanted to *want* those things. I couldn't let everyone think that I actually wanted to do nothing more than stay out on that backwater farm and be a "tiller of the soil"—even though I did. I wanted everyone

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23



TALK TO YOUR PARENTS

One mother said, "The only time my son talks with me is when he wants something to eat or some spending money. The rest of the time he just grunts when I ask a question or say anything."

It is not illegal for young people to talk with their parents. Silence is not always golden, especially in parent-teen relationships. Communication is the basis on which a relationship is built. Talking brings understanding.

If communication is so important, let's outline some guiding principles:

1. A young person should be free to say anything to his parent, including, "I don't like what you did, Dad," or "You weren't fair with me, Mom." Expressions of true feelings should not be suppressed.
2. All expressions must be stated in a respectful manner. Do not interrupt when someone else is speaking.
3. There should be no name-calling and open rebellion.
4. Keep your cool and don't raise your voice. If you raise your voice, your parents will probably raise theirs and things will get loud.
5. After you have had your say, be ready to listen.
6. Keep your discussion balanced by expressing positive points too. Parents do many things right.
7. Watch your timing. Late at night or when everyone is tired can bring disaster to family harmony.
8. Write down your true

feelings. Try to understand your feelings before verbalizing them.

9. Always be big enough to apologize if you are wrong or to forgive if you are right.

10. Above all, talk it out. If you don't, a problem may become too big for you to handle.

Parents are not perfect and neither are you. Respect your mother and dad. Listen to what they say. And if a problem arises, talk it out. Talking it out in a caring and responsive manner will allow love to continue to grow at your house. □

DIRTY LANGUAGE

Continued from page 11

softened in recent times. Nevertheless, in 1969, a truck driver got into a fight in Westminster, Maryland. He told the arresting officer to "Get your G---D--- hands off me!" Hauled up before a Magistrate, he was sentenced to thirty days in jail and fined \$25 for disorderly conduct. Then the culprit was hit with an additional thirty day sentence and another \$25 fine for violation of Maryland's 320-year-old blasphemy law—"unlawfully using profanity by taking the Lord's name in vain in a public place."

Profanity has probably always been a problem of sorts with the military. General George Washington, during the early days of the Revolutionary War, felt impelled to write the following letter:

New York
October, 1776

The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in our American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example, as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessings of Heaven on our army, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean, and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.

Signed,

G. Washington

In today's world Italy is probably the nation most

noted for its obscenities. In spite of the fact that those who practice such are liable to heavy fines, blasphemy is an Italian pastime. According to estimates by that nation's National Union Against Blasphemy, Italians hurl more than a billion curses a day toward God. It is believed that this large number results from the belief that a blasphemer does not sin unless he really believes in God and intends personal abuse.

However, some observers are predicting a decline in that nation's foul language practice. Their reason is a rather sad commentary on our own country. Says literary critic Paolo Milano, "Following the example of Americans, our young people now prefer to use just plain dirty words."

How does an addict stop swearing? It is not ordinarily accomplished by mass resolution. Rather, it almost has to be a personal accomplishment. I well remember how one young lad did it.

I grew up on a farm in the Missouri Ozarks. A neighbor boy, about my age, had quite a reputation in the community for the facility with which he used cuss words. One morning he was plowing a field. It was a hot summer day and as he reached the end of a row he vented his frustration and discomfort by loosing a string of loud, foul-mouthed expletives. Directly in front of him, across a small creek, was a high bluff. Suddenly the echo of his words came back to him and he heard in all its strident fury the soul-searing words he had become so adept at uttering. Ashamed and repentant, he never cursed again.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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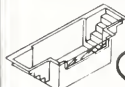
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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Current Happenings With Questions for Christian Reflection



'OX HUNGER'

Bulimia is an eating disorder which in Greek means "ox hunger" according to *Discover Yourself* a magazine for teens. It is characterized by a person bingeing (consuming huge quantities of food) and then purging (self-induced vomiting or the use of large amounts of laxatives or diuretics).

Those who suffer from bulimia often lose control, and the "binge-and-purge" behavior becomes an addiction. Bulimics can and do suffer serious physical effects from their problem—erosion of teeth (caused by stomach acids passing over the enamel while vomiting), heart difficulties, kidney damage, ruptured stomachs. Psychologically, people with bulimic behavior often have perfectionistic natures (though not all "perfectionists" are bulimic) or have overwhelming feelings of guilt and low self-esteem. To halt the dangerous behavior, such emotions which trigger it must be understood and dealt with. ("Bulimia: The Diet Danger," *Discover Yourself*) □

* * * *

1. How much is your opinion of yourself—too fat, too thin, too short, too tall—dictated by your peers?

2. What does Scripture say about eating habits and the maintenance of the body? □

MAKING NEW FRIENDS

Making friends doesn't come easy for most of us. Especially when we're "the new kid on the block" or the new student at school. *Seventeen Magazine* (August 1983) offered several suggestions for making friends. See if you agree with them:

Do . . .

1. Select two or three people you want to be friends with.
2. Be the first to make a friendly gesture.
3. Be yourself.
4. Get involved. Join groups that interest you, and participate in after school activities.
5. Keep in touch with old friends.

DON'T . . .

1. Expect too much of people. They will probably act a little reserved toward you at first.
2. Don't try too hard to impress others. In a new situation it's best to try to be modest about your previous achievements.
3. Don't concentrate on wanting to be popular. □

* * * *

Read Proverbs 16:28; 17:9; 18:24; 19:4; 22:24 and John 15:13 to see what the Scriptures say about friends and friendship. □

SOUTHEASTERNS DRINK LESS

People in the Southeast misuse alcohol less frequently than other Americans, researchers say.

Those conclusions are contained in figures released from the National Center for Disease Control's third quarterly survey of health risk factors.

The conclusions were based on general observations and mapping from the District of Columbia and the twenty states surveyed thus far, not by plotting regional percentages, said CDC researcher Dennis Tolsma.

The researchers said that alcohol misuse is at consistently lower levels in the Southeast, except in Florida.

The CDC said other risk factors it surveys—including smoking and seat belt use—do not appear to vary significantly according to geography. (Cleveland Banner) □

* * * *

1. Do you believe peer pressure to begin drinking is greater or less in a particular part of the country? Why or why not?

2. What is your personal conviction concerning alcohol?

3. Have you prayerfully formed your conviction? List several Scripture references you have used. □

LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

When Arifah and Abdul Khabeer wanted to adopt children, they found private adoption too expensive and decided to check with their local Department of Family and Children Services, a part of the Department of Human Resources.

They were shown pictures of two boys who were then sixteen months old. Nadir and Nasir were not walking or crawling or doing any of the things children of their age normally do. The doctor who examined them called their problem "a lack of love."

Today the boys are healthy, outgoing two-year-olds, with enough energy to stay on the go for twenty-four hours a day, according to their father. Looking at the lively twins today, one would never guess that a little over a year ago they were silent, solemn little boys diagnosed as slow to develop and possibly mentally retarded. (Chattanooga News-Free Press) □

* * * *

1. What would happen to a newborn baby if he received no love and attention (beyond physical necessities)?

2. What difference does love make in your life?

3. What are the two greatest commandments, according to Jesus? □

DIRTY LANGUAGE

Continued from page 21

When an adult cautions a youngster about his swearing the reminder is likely to go unheeded. Probably the best thing a man can do is set a good example, and keep praying—it's amazing what the Holy Spirit can do when set in motion.

It might help, also, to remind the culprit that blasphemy is the ultimate sin; pointing out what the Scriptures say about an evil tongue. For example, in his letter to the Ephesians the Apostle Paul wrote: "No bad language must pass your lips, but only what is good and helpful to the occasion, so that it brings a blessing to those who hear it" (Ephesians 4:29, *The New English Bible*).

Then there is the warning found in the twelfth chapter of Matthew which will likely get the attention of most any individual: "Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit shall never be forgiven, either in this world or in the world to come" (31, 32; Paraphrased). "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." (36, 37). It's a sobering thought.

Unfortunately, fighting blasphemy is almost like fighting a wraith in the dark—there is no victory in sight. Consider the man who started the Curseaholic Anonymous program, mentioned at the beginning of this piece. He is no longer seeking publicity for his organization. Why? He's received so many threats from the

public. He has had to cancel his telephone hotline service because the line was continually tied up by obscene calls.

It's a sad commentary on the maturity of this generation. □

CAR EXCHANGE

Continued from page 17

I closed the car door and started washing the windows. I was on the third one when I knew I had to ask Jon about all this. I couldn't figure it out.

Maybe if I don't work too fast, I thought, he'll have time to explain it to me while we finish cleaning the car—together. □

THE WINGED LION

Continued from page 19

to be impressed with me and with what I knew I could achieve. I know now that there is a very big distinction between getting what you want and wanting what you get.

Learning always came quite easy to me, and so I rolled through the years of college and on into medical school without too much trouble. And everyone was proud of me. And everyone was impressed—except me. Something deep inside of me wasn't satisfied. But it was too late. I couldn't go back. They would all shake their heads and click their tongues as people do. "What a shame about Jack," they would all say. So I convinced myself that I was just tired. I was being silly and I really did want to be a doctor.

Until the day I walked into the test room. Some fellow students and I had been doing some work with tissue degeneration. Our papers were due a week before, but we had needed an additional test

animal to complete the experiment, so we had to wait for our request to be approved by the experimental station. Now we were hoping that, with an early start, we could wrap up that day.

When I arrived, the others were already grouped around the table snorting derisively about a not-too-popular professor who had lectured to us earlier that morning. Wanting to add my witticism to the banter, I sidled up to the table. To this day, I cannot remember what
CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

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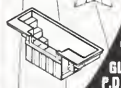

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SINGLES, SEX AND MARRIAGE by Herbert J. Miles

The grave and critical sexual disorder of our time and the over-emphasis on personal freedom have gradually undermined, demoralized, and corrupted the institution of marriage and have placed a halo over singleness. This trend is nationwide and even worldwide. So excessive and distorted is this abrupt moral twist and wrench that the very foundations of the kingdom of God, and, as a result, the social order, are threatened. I believe this rash change in the relationships of male and female demands a biblical reinterpretation of the nature of love and marriage in terms of personal relationships and a consequent reorientation of our attitudes and ideas concerning singles, sex, and marriage. Needed is a clearer definition of what God intended male and female to be—a clear description of male uniqueness and female uniqueness. We need to know how this uniqueness of the two sexes cooperates in the biblical one-flesh union. In a word, we need to know what this union is all about, and certainly we need Christian guidelines to help singles handle sexuality before marriage. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76796) □

LIVING WITH ADULT CHILDREN Monica Lauen O'Kane

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"This exceptionally well-written guide for parents and their grown children who live at home beyond 'the expected time' is . . . invaluable for parents as well as professionals." (Diction Books, St. Paul, MN 55117) □

PRESCRIPTION FOR LIVING by Robert G. Wells, M.D.

From the perspective of a leading obstetrician, this book presents a disarming approach to one of the great events in human experience—the birth of a child—and the greatest experience a person can have—the new birth in Christ. Dr. Wells draws on his years of medical practice to inform and delight in this very personal treatment of new life. (Here's Life Publishers, San Bernardino, CA 92402) □

CONCISE GUIDE TO THE BIBLE by Charles C. Ryrie

- * What makes the Bible the same authority for millions of Christians in totally different cultures?
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The answers to these questions, plus an unusual question-and-answer approach to each book of the Bible, makes this book a unique contribution to an understanding of the Bible by the author of the notes in the popular *Ryrie Study Bible*. (Here's Life Publishers, San Bernardino, CA 92402) □

GETTING MORE FROM YOUR BIBLE by Terry Hall

Want to get more from the all-time bestseller?

It's possible to own a gold mine, but have no gold. Unless we know how to mine the gold, we can't benefit from the rich deposits. Between the covers of the Bible are God's resources for us; yet many of us hardly begin to tap all that's available. We may read here and there, memorize a verse occasionally, start to study a book—only to reach a difficult-to-understand spot and quit.

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(Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

THE NOT SO GOLDEN YEARS by Marilyn Fanning

If you face parent-care decisions now—or down the road—here is help. Marilyn Fanning tells how she handled the care of her parents during their dependent years. She shares what she learned and gives practical suggestions and spiritual insights which you can apply to your particular circumstances. Author Fanning is sensitive to the needs of the elderly and to the problems family members face. She recognizes that no one solution is right for all families, realistically considers options, and deals with guilt feelings and other emotions that sometimes are a part of parent-care decision-making. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

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THE WINGED LION

Continued from page 23

it was I was going to say. I was so struck by the impossibility of what I was seeing that the words froze in some uncharted recess in my brain.

There, strapped to a shiny, stainless-steel work table, with his side slit neatly open and his organs pumping in full view, lay the mighty Hannibal. He was very old now and I hadn't seen him in years, but he knew it was me just the same. His eyes lit up with recognition as I stood over him. But there was no hatred there. No malice as there should have been; just the purest love and affection—as always. His tail thumped the table weakly in a feeble attempt to wag.

I could have felt no more compassion or devastation had it been my brother lying there. I wanted to touch him, hold him. But I could only stare in mute horror. It was my childhood lying there splayed open and ripped apart before me. A brutal mockery of all that I respected and loved. My home, the farm, the land—my beginning. And then, in that first clearing moment that comes after shock, I realized that it had to be my end also.

The crocuses are in full bloom now, and every now and then just a faint wisp of their earthy smell arrives on the wind. I sow the sod again and I am happy. A new little puppy, on short, churning legs runs with my children up the hill to let the cows down. Maybe one day, when he is grown, they will ride him.

Hannibal rests now under a big tree at the top of the hill

near the pasture gate. He has climbed it for the last time. But his work is done and I know now why he was there that day. I had ridden my bicycle too far again and Hannibal had come to bring me home. □



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Paul came to Corinth, fleeing fears,
With taunts of Athens in his ears.
He saw the wild Corinthian throng;
And heard their ribald pagan song.
He found Aquila, brave and strong—
And Priscilla.

With friends behind in Macedon,
Paul entered Corinth all alone.
He stood within the sinful place
And faced alone the rowdy race—
Then saw Aquila's friendly face
With Priscilla.

They heard, and cast their lot with him;
And Paul, refreshed, abode with them.
They stood together and they shared;
Aquila stood because he dared
While Prisca stood because she cared—
Ah, Priscilla.

The worker was no longer one,
But three, by whom the work was done.
The church in Corinth grew apace,
An orchid in a desert place,
And everywhere was seen the grace
Of Priscilla.

Dear Prisca proved of noble breed,
With valor meet for every need.
She strengthened Paul with heart and hand—
A mother's heart, a colleague's hand—
She occupied the place God planned
For Priscilla.

Priscilla helped Apollos see
The way of Christ more perfectly.
She saw the dark and struck a light,
She saw the wrong and made it right,
She ably joined the Christian fight—
Did Priscilla.

Long years the loyal lady blessed
The Way with succor and with rest.
In Ephesus and far-off Rome
Evangelists found the warmth of home,
Found strength and friendship in the home
Of Priscilla.

So let us now still sing the praise
Of dear Priscilla and her ways—
Of how she lived in purity
And showed the way with clarity
By living Christian charity—
Ah, Priscilla.

AH, PRISCILLA

BY CHARLES W. CONN



WHY YOUNG PEOPLE SMOKE

THE PUBLIC HEALTH Services still identifies cigarette smoking as "the most important health issue of our time."

When the Surgeon General's report was released twenty years ago, I was attending college classes at a Lutheran school. I had one professor who was a chain smoker and who walked into the classroom every day with a cigarette even though there was a "No Smoking" sign hanging in full view. The professor was in his fifties at that time, distinguished looking, a clergyman. He taught philosophy and came to class one day with the Surgeon General's report in hand.

"I've been a fool," the man said. "All these years I've argued smoking cigarettes wasn't really harmful and now I want you to look at this."

He read the Surgeon General's report. He made it a matter for classroom discussion. He vowed then and there he would never smoke another cigarette. So far as I know, the man kept his promise, though he did admit later that same year that his son and daughter refused to follow his example.



Paul M. Schrock Photo

Recently, according to the physician who released that first Surgeon General's report, it was publicly admitted that the anti-smoking campaign hasn't been as successful as the authorities had hoped. The American tobacco industry still maintains there isn't a proven cause-and-effect relationship between smoking and a variety of illnesses. All too many people, especially the young, still choose to believe them.

There has, however, been some progress. In 1963, the peak year for cigarette consumption in the U.S., more

than half of all adult males and about one third of all adult females were smokers. Consumption of cigarettes that year reached 4,345 for each man, woman, boy, and girl in the country. Today, 37.9 percent of American men smoke, and 29.8 percent of all women. Consumption has fallen to 3,512 for each person. Still, in all, about 53 million Americans yet smoke.

The most alarming statistics, of course, are those for young smokers, and especially young women. The warnings seem to go unheeded. The lie continues to be heard. Damage to health goes on.

Why?

Is there something of a suicidal tendency in this generation raised in the shadow of the bomb? Is there a deafness to what older folks say? Or is it the same old tendency to do what Mom and Dad do rather than what Mom and Dad say?

Interesting, isn't it?

Nonetheless, the day of judgment comes shortly. Wise youth think more of themselves. Life is too valuable to knowingly cripple and snuff out. □

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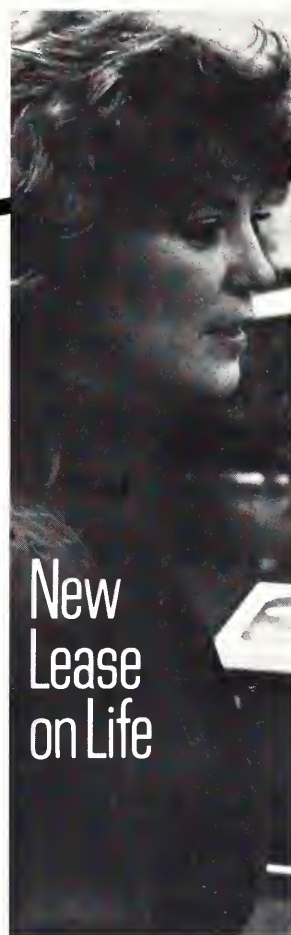
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Vince Photo



JULIA'S New Lease on Life

MARANATHA:
"He is risen! He is risen indeed!"

THE GLEAM in her eyes, the flush on her cheeks, the lilt of her voice, the melody of her laughter—these tell one better than words that Julia Bailey Walker is back. Back from the pain, back from the depression, back from the valley of the shadow of death.

How? How has she done it?

She was young, very young, and had been married only a year and three months when, on a tragic November night (1980), she lost her husband in an auto accident and found herself physically mangled and emotionally scarred.

How has she managed to survive? What has been her secret?

"I cried a lot," Julia will tell you.

She will look at you with those hazel eyes and you'll know she isn't



Vince Photo

kidding. Nor is she being flippant.

"That may sound rather silly but it's the truth. I don't mean that I went around boohooing and feeling sorry for myself all the time but there was a pain in me, a hurt that demanded emotional release. So I cried. I cried like a baby and I'm not ashamed of it. I cried sometimes in the presence of others but mostly I cried in the privacy of my own prayers. Before God. I let it all out. In doing so I found both relief and strength. Some people refuse to do this, or else they're incapable of doing it."

There's a scar on Julia's chin. Not a bad scar, and one which almost totally disappears when she smiles, but it's a reminder of the accident and you'll notice it more when she becomes pensive and bites her lower lip in thought.

"With the crying, I also responded to love. A loving

family and also a host of church and college friends.

"Today I realize how fortunate I was in that respect. I lived with my in-laws, the Reverend and Mrs. Paul L. Walker, for a year after the accident. There's no way I could have been treated better. My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd L. Bailey, also, and friends—they never ceased to express and act out their love for me.

"I was devastated by the accident. I was hurt. At times in despair. But they kept assuring me of how much they cared. Eventually I began to hope again and to care for myself.

"I was in a wheelchair for three months, you know. Then I began to get involved in church again, teaching a Sunday school class and working with a youth group. I returned to school in Atlanta, to the National Center for Para-Legal Training, thinking I'd become a lawyer's assistant.

"I also broadened my circle of friends and began to travel. Visited with Paul and Darla Conn, up in Boston. Took a trip with Dr. Walker and the Lee College President's Council to the Holy Land. Visited New York. Chicago.

"ALL that activity helped. Time. And friends.

"Having met Paul Dana after his graduation from Lee, while he was evangelizing, I had never been a student at Lee and really didn't know all that much about Lee as a college. I was raised Baptist, discovering Mt. Paran and the Church of God at nineteen. Had attended DeKalb Junior College, near home. And had been working in Public Relations at the Coca Cola Company when Paul and I met.

"This may explain why I was surprised when Dr. Paul Conn mentioned that the Lee College Athletic Department wanted to give me the first scholarship set up in Paul Dana's name. I chose a major in psychology, a discipline I've had an interest in since high school. Ron Harvard, Bill Balzano, Bob Fisher, other professors in the Psychology Department—they've all proven tremendously helpful, not to mention the psychology courses themselves, which have profiled Julia Walker a little better."

Julia will occasionally pause in the dialogue. Thinking.

"Many people know about the loss of my husband, but fewer understand that, following Christmas of last year, I lost my brother Chip (Floyd Lee Bailey)."

Julia will smile bravely. Look closely and you'll see the momentary shadow as she remembers.

Knowing her brother's death had to send her into something of a new emotional tailspin, one may be hesitant to pursue the thought. Julia will talk.

"I suppose what bothered me most, or what was different in terms of Chip's death, was the fear. The nightmare of realizing tragedy can strike more than once. Maybe I had gotten to the place where I believed I had paid the price, I had suffered enough, and that nothing else **COULD** or **WOULD** happen. But that's not how life is. We must never become presumptuous. We ought never become insensitive to life's big moments, either joy or pain."

Ask her to explain the fear.

"Paralyzing. I didn't think I could get out of the house again. Go anywhere. Or do anything. I knew the Lord had brought me so far and I did not want to go back.

"I also felt a new and strong desire to discover what God had to say about such matters in the Bible. I had always believed the Bible, and studied it. Some, anyway. But I began looking more and more into the Word for personal guidance.

"Also, my friends would not abandon me. They would not leave me to my grief. They insisted I get back to Lee, back into the more normal patterns of my life.

"As I found a little

strength—and this may be where God's Holy Spirit helped me most—I began to share my strength and my faith with others. As a result, my little strength became all the stronger. I now teach a youth group on Wednesday nights at North Cleveland. I assist with a Sunday school class. I'm also involved with Agape Fellowship, not to mention that I do a great deal of personal counseling on the college campus.

"My friends—Evaline Echols and her daughter Sharon, Thomas Cooley, the Reverend and Mrs. A. V. Howell, the young people at Lee, and the kids at church—all of them, they've been so wonderful! I've told them, and I've told others, that they have literally *loved me back to life*.

"You may feel sorry for yourself a few hours but, with people like that around you, with a real church family shoring you up, you can't just sit down and die. No way."

There's that smile again. Lips tightly determined.

To hear Julia speak so glowingly of her friends, and of all the people who have helped her, just may cause one to remember tragedy usually brings out the best and the worst in people. Ask Julia if anyone has ever disappointed her.

"Yes. I don't think of it too often, because most people don't really intend to be cruel, but I've had people tell me some horrible things. That's another reason I kept turning to God's Word. The truth itself."

Give her time. She'll explain.

"Well . . . cruel as it sounds, I've been told that God let my husband die because he had sinned. He had done something wrong. I was also told by one person that the accident and my being in a wheelchair was because I lost faith. They said if I had faith, the real kind, I'd get right up and life would be back to normal again.

"Many people said they knew what I was going through. They didn't, of course, though I suppose they thought they did."

And what's ahead for Julia?

"Life." She'll tell you, laughing.

Press her for something a little more specific.

"Well . . . first there's graduation in May. I hope to work on a master's degree, though I don't know where yet . . . and . . ."

Wait her out. Smile. Let her know you are her friend. You really would like to know her plans.

"Maybe I'll tell you a secret. There's also my friend Dave. He's been so nice. He's helped me do things I thought I'd never do again. Like play golf, or throw a football, or play tennis. Until just recently, though I had lots of friends, both male and female, there was a part of me still frozen up, still closed off, and I couldn't permit anyone to enter that room of my heart.

"Only a few months ago, after three years, did I realize what I'd been doing. I also saw the uselessness of it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

New Emphasis for

YWEA

Excerpts from an Interview with Lamar Vest, Marcus Hand and

A TRIBUTE TO YWEA

by Mary Margaret Morris,
Missionary to Kenya

The Dandora Church of God in Nairobi, Kenya, is a special church. It is a YWEA church and it is very nice.

Oh, you may not consider it so outstanding. It doesn't have carpeting. Nor padded pews. Nor classrooms. Its floor and walls are concrete. Its benches are plain hard wood. Its toilets are in a separate building.

But the people come. They sit in the church building for three hours during a single service.

I teach children at this church. We meet outside, between the back of the church and the toilets. About 170 children come. They sing, memorize Scripture verses, and pray. Of course, many of them come just to see the puppets. But they hear the Word of God.

Frequently I think, "Our young people in the states are wonderful!" I can see them cutting grass, washing cars, having fund raisers—all for YWEA, to evangelize different parts of the world.

If only you knew how you are touching people. YWEA is a ministry—a great ministry. Some youth groups may be small and feel that they don't contribute much. But every penny is a gift from God.

Bless you, young people of America! Our hearts will always be grateful to you. □

NOTE: Mary Margaret Morris' husband, Jack, is missionary-overseer to Kenya.



THIS YEAR'S YWEA project has been titled, World Evangelism Action Centers. If that doesn't excite you, then it's surely because you haven't grasped the concept, at least not the way Marcus Hand sees the matter. Marcus waxes warm quickly, just talking about the potential of this project.

"One of these training centers will be in Seoul, South Korea," Marcus said. "This center will train young men and women for oriental missions.

"We will have a center in Sao Paulo, Brazil, and another in Manila, the Philippines. Our emphasis in these two centers will be on urban missions. And, in terms of the work of Gerald Holloway, we will be tapping into one of the most unique revivals to have come along in years.

"Another will be at Las Mangas, Honduras, one of the present hot spots of Central America. There we will train

Herbert Walker, Jr.



workers for rural missions throughout Latin America.

"Last but not least, we plan a training center in England, to emphasize European missions.

"Other locations may be chosen, or it may be that these will have to be changed, in time; but we've found that a lot of Church of God young people are truly interested in missions.

"Such young people are willing to give a block of their time, a part of their life to the Lord and the church before choosing a career. Some wish very much to know what God wants with them and they are willing to train and to work at least temporarily on a foreign field in order to make sure.

"This is one of the beautiful things about our training concept. Some young people will discover their calling; others will discover they are not really called to missions work at all. In both cases the church benefits. We develop a channel for locating those truly called of God: those not called settle into local churches and, with greater respect for those on foreign soil, become our best missions supporters.

"Our World Evangelism Action Centers will be just one other method by which we move this concept along."

Not all young people trained in the World Action Centers will be from the continental United States. Some will be from Central and South America, from Europe, and from the Far East. There will be strong emphasis on cross-cultural exchange, on trying to better understand the people we minister to, and less emphasis on changing them to a prescribed social or cultural pattern.

"This year's Youth World Evangelism Action project marks a historic turning point for Church of God young people," general youth and Christian education director Lamar Vest noted. "Our emphasis has shifted. We're moving from tangibles such as the purchase of land, churches, clinics, and Bible schools toward emphasis on people, the training of personnel for actual missions involvement.

"This shift in emphasis is in keeping with YWEA's broad goals since the beginning. After all, though we raise money, YWEA has always been a project aimed at missions education and missions involvement of local young people. We wish our young men and women to know what missions is all about, we wish them to pray and give money for missionaries, we wish them to acquaint themselves with

missions work, and we also want them to obey God's call to personal missionary endeavors. World Evangelism Action Centers will help many of them do just that."

J. Herbert Walker, assistant director of World Missions, and speaking for the absent director, Jim O. McClain, was equally enthusiastic.

"YWEA has brought something of a new dimension to world missions ministries," Dr. Walker said. "It has permitted the department to take on projects we never could have gone into otherwise. That's why world missions views each annual YWEA project as a vital partner in our global outreach.

"We in world missions are excited about the World Evangelism Action Centers precisely because they promise to put us into a new dimension in terms of personnel.

"The bottom line for missions always has been and will always remain those dedicated people willing to sacrifice and to suffer for the gospel of Christ. On many of our missions fields we have third and fourth generation Pentecostals who are themselves missionaries of the gospel. So, when I speak of a missionary I am not limiting that term to U.S. citizens alone.

"During recent years, here in the States, we no longer have a large pool of young
CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

EVER had an experience you didn't fully comprehend at the time?

You knew something important had happened, that you had been changed, but you couldn't understand the exact nature of it.

After a period of reflection, the full significance of the experience became clearer. You realized that the time, the events, and the places were not the important things: rather, the true value was how you were changed personally.

The European Summer School of Missions (ESSM) is just such an experience. This year's program is full of new places, people, and opportunities. It consists of class lectures as well as sharing the Gospel in West Germany, France, and Switzerland. So much happens, so fast, that its true significance can be realized only after a time of reflection.

As previous students shared their impressions with us, it was clear they had a greater burden for foreign missions.

Cheri Schwartz of Blairsville, Georgia, wrote, "When I left, I had such a burden for Europe

to see lost souls born again." Cheri especially enjoyed the integration of the classroom lectures and the practical ministry. She expressed it this way, "I really got to use what I learned in Mission Methods on the streets. We went out every day singing and sharing Jesus. At night, we had tent meetings."

One cannot visit the various European churches without receiving a broader understanding of the church. Cheri went on to say, "It is so good to know that you have family all over the world and I just praise God that I had the opportunity to meet part of that family."

Cheri enjoyed ESSM so much that she returned to Europe and enrolled in the European Bible Seminary as a full-time student!

Dana Reed, of Byron, Georgia, wrote, "I have also come to the realization that we spend far too much time worrying about petty insignificant things, when we should be thinking of ways we can lead souls to Christ."

EUROPEAN SUMMER SCHOOL



Lighted Pathway, April, 1984

Dana found Europe a place of many cultures, traditions, and languages. In Europe, one must truly become "all things to all men" in order to save souls.

She went on to say, "I think coming up with new ways to bring others to Christ is a never ending job. I feel there is a place for all of us in missions. Now that I have been made aware of the need for missions, I hope I too can make others aware of that need."

The way in which God faithfully assembles the ESSM team never ceases to amaze us. Every participant has unique gifts and talents that God uses in a special way. Thus, discovering one's gifts and place in the body of Christ is a very vital part of the ESSM program.

Libby Wilkinson of Petersburg, West Virginia, was greatly used of the Lord while in Europe last summer. She simply allowed God to anoint the talents which He had given her. She writes, "I can never tell you how much the Lord blessed and how He used my own uniqueness! I don't think I'll ever be the same again. I learned so much!"

Libby not only came for the regular session of

ESSM, but she also chose to take part in our "Practicum Extension Program." This allowed her to spend much of the summer in England where she joined regular EBS students on their summer practicum.

This year's Practicum Extension Program is scheduled for June 15-July 22. Exciting ministries are being planned for England, Germany, and possibly Yugoslavia.

Have you decided what you'd like to do this summer? The seventh annual European Summer School of Missions promises to be a rich and rewarding experience. Its full significance will require a lifetime of reflection.

A student may obtain up to six hours of college credit for the program. For further information contact: William A. Simmons, ESSM Coordinator, European Bible Seminary, Rudersberg, West Germany. Or write to one of the regional coordinators: the Reverend Sammy Oxendine, East Coast Bible College; the Reverend Phil Morris, Lee College; the Reverend Dennis Dupont, International Bible College; the Reverend Don Walker, Northwest Bible College; the Reverend William Henry, West Coast Christian College. □

SCHOOL OF MISSIONS

May 21-June 15, 1984,
Rudersberg, West Germany]



By WILLIAM A. SIMMONS





WORSHIP THROUGH
THE NEW

FAMILY TRAINING HOUR.

WORSHIPING GOD is an important part of youth ministry. In Family Training Hour youth should be encouraged to express thanksgiving and praise to God. Biblical worship should be emphasized by involving them in worship as a means of cultivating an authentic Christlike lifestyle.

Our new Life in Action for Teens material will help motivate youth to a new awareness of harmony in the body and happiness in life through God-exalting worship. Youth will be encouraged to place worship at the center of every pursuit and practice in church and homelife.

These youth ministry materials will help youth leaders accentuate the urgency of recognizing the intervention of God in all of life's affairs as youth respond to Him through worship. As young people assemble during Family Training Hour they will be given an

opportunity to honor God through worship, which brings repentance, renewal, and victorious rejoicing.

A key word which can be used to describe Family Training Hour is *flexibility*. Because of this flexibility, changes can easily be made to meet the needs of youth. Young people need stability and this is ministered to through the structure, organization, and Bible study of the Sunday school.

Youth need flexibility to help them as they adapt to the many stages of their teen years. Family Training Hour provides an ideal setting from which to minister to these changing needs. It is with this in mind that we are creating a new Life in Action for Teens' Family Training Hour curricula. Although this material is curricula, it is also a youth ministry package.

An effective youth ministry goes far beyond a classroom setting and curricula. With these new materials the Family Training Hour youth class will

become an integral part of the local church youth ministry, and the materials will provide resources for not only the midweek meeting, but also for other aspects of the youth program.

STUDENT MATERIALS

Individual learners' booklets which contain worksheets will be available. These worksheets can easily be removed from the booklet for classroom use each week. The artwork will be attractive and laid out in a manner appealing to youth.

CURRICULUM

By LARRY BENZ



SPONSOR'S MATERIALS

The new Family Training Hour youth materials will be formatted into quarterly topical studies. Each quarter the sponsor will be provided with a packet that contains two different studies in a leader's manual. Usually, there will be five lessons in each study. Therefore, each leader's guide will contain ten lessons.

The lessons and activities will be easily understood, concise, and easy to carry out. The content will aim at quality rather than quantity. You will be able to help the learners discover God's truth without becoming bogged down in massive amounts of material impossible to cover within your time frame.

YOUTH LEADERS RESOURCES

In addition to the curricula materials for the sponsor and

the learner, each youth leader will be provided with several resources. First, there will be an eight-page resource booklet for not only the midweek service but also for other aspects of the youth program. Second, there will be two different promotional posters. Third, a preprinted letterhead will be provided that can be used for a youth newsletter. This will enable all of our churches to provide a professionally prepared youth newsletter at a cost far below what it would be if each church printed their own. Fourth, several pages of professionally prepared clip-art will be included.

We are confident these new materials for Family Training Hour and youth ministry will help local churches to minister more effectively to the needs of their youth. The first of these materials will be available to order this summer for use beginning the first week in September 1984. They also will be on display and available for sale at the General Assembly. □



WHAT'S CHASING YOU?

"Mom, I feel like something is . . . well . . . you know, kind of following me sometimes."

My son, Wayne Jr., spoke through the doorway of my bedroom, showing only his troubled face.

"Something *is* following you, Honey," I said. "Get your Bible and I'll show you what it is."

He was soon sitting on my bed, Bible in hand. We began reading in Psalm 23, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life . . ."

Next, we read a scripture in Proverbs 12, "Evil pursueth sinners; but to the righteous good shall be repayed." *The Living Bible* renders this verse, "Curses chase sinners; while blessings chase the righteous."

Many persons, chased by sin and its dreadful consequences, seek safety in the body of Christ. Over a period of six years my husband and I have witnessed some of the most illustrative

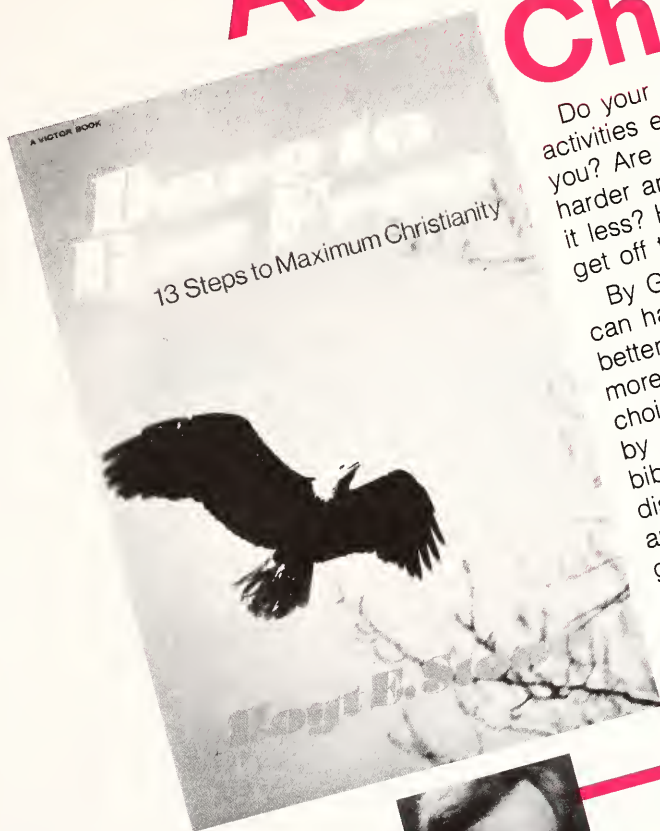
examples of God's complete salvation work. How faith building it is to observe as the miracle power of God takes broken, bruised lives, which have fallen prey to unbelievable adversity, and turns them into joyful, serving, blessed vessels of the Holy Spirit.

Spiritual and physical blessings immediately begin to follow those whose lives have been, literally, turned around. The whole person benefits from the abundant salvation which God gives. New jobs, clear direction, family restoration, stronger relationships, ministries, gifts, new songs of praise—these are but a few of the blessings which begin to "chase the righteous."

Believers, and especially my dear son, if you are ever in a quiet place, and if you think you hear a noise behind you, do not fear. It is the abundant blessings of the Most High God which are always following those who believe. □

Accept the Challenge

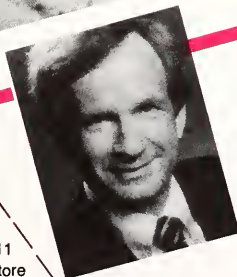
13 Steps to Maximum Christianity



Do your daily activities enslave you? Are you living life harder and enjoying it less? How can you get off the treadmill?

By God's grace, you can handle life better and enjoy it more, but the choice is *yours*. Begin by modeling the 13 biblically based steps discussed by the author in this practical guidebook. Then you'll understand what the Apostle Paul meant when he wrote, "Godliness with contentment is great gain" (1 Tim. 6:6). Indeed, you'll know the delight of living free!

Hoyt E. Stone is editor of youth and Christian education literature for Pathway Press, Cleveland, Tennessee. A former pastor and author of five books, he has learned through God's Word and the experiences of life the freedom only Christians can enjoy.



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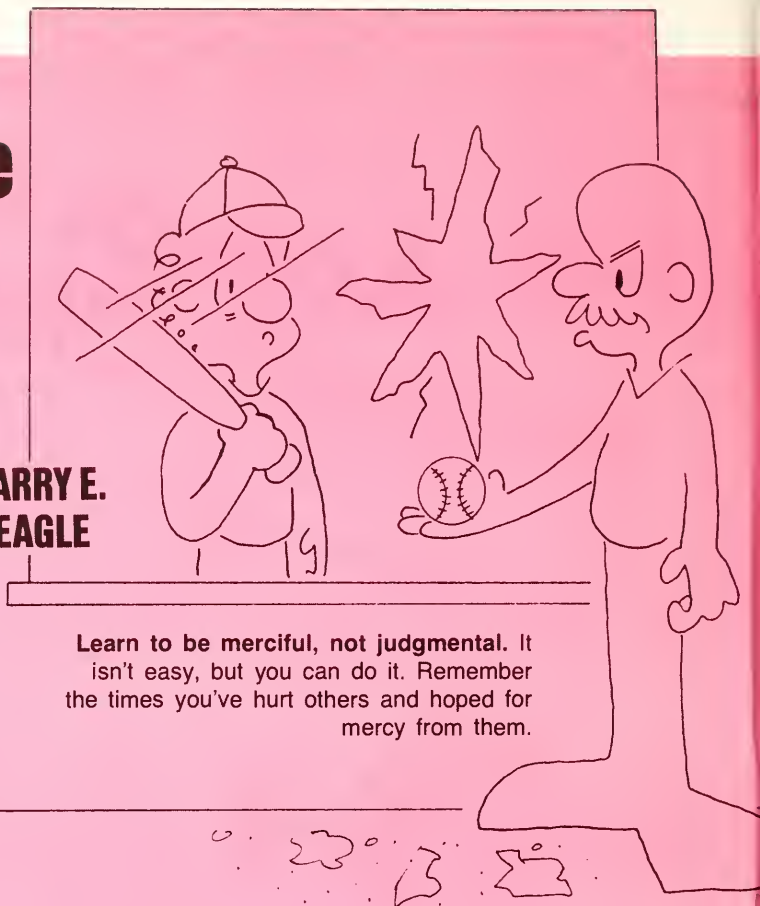
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When You've Been Hurt: HOW TO FORGIVE OTHERS

Artist/Writer, **LARRY E. NEAGLE**

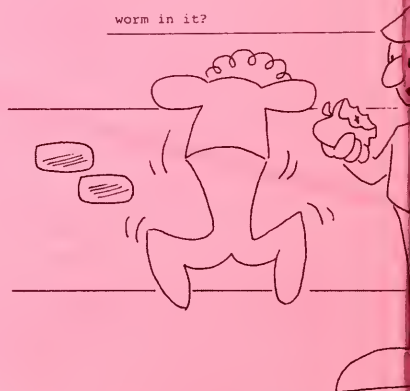


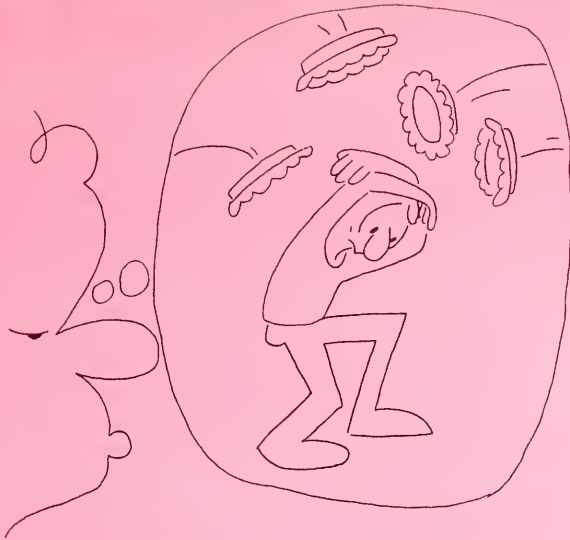
Learn to be merciful, not judgmental. It isn't easy, but you can do it. Remember the times you've hurt others and hoped for mercy from them.



Step aside from your own rights. Yes, you have a right to justice. But abandon it. An eye for an eye works like a splinter in your mind—swelling, festering, poisoning your whole body, until you are totally consumed.

Hey, did you know that this apple you were eating has only half a worm in it?

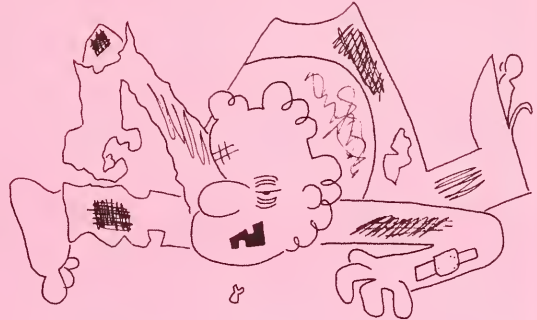




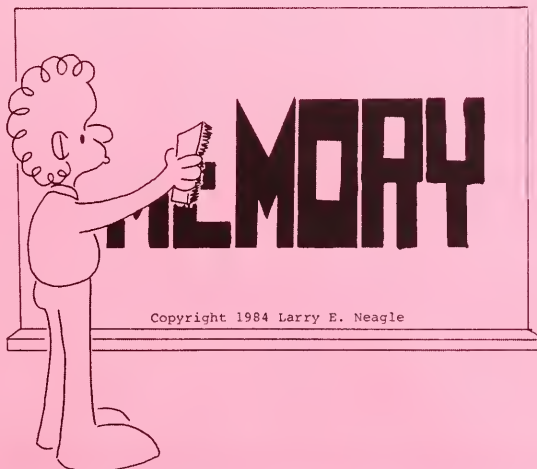
Visualize the broken relationship healed. The natural urge of your mental television will be to show scenes of projected revenge—telling him or her off, to things far worse. Reject such fantasies. Image instead a healed relationship, a new and stronger friendship, a wholeness such as never has existed before.

Father, forgive him. He didn't know
what he was doing. . . . I hope.

Pray for the person who has offended you. This is difficult but God will help. Establish the fact that you do forgive. And ask God to forgive him too.



Choose to forgive. Do it deliberately. Oh, the wrong can be merely overlooked. And the relationship like an apple will look good. But until you actively deal with forgiveness a hidden imperfection remains that will ruin the whole fruit.



Copyright 1984 Larry E. Neagle

Deal decisively with the memories. Satan will see that memories of this wrong are mentally replayed at appropriate times in the future. When such prodding comes, remember that the offense was forgiven and cast away. Erase the memory. Turn from it to the power of God.

MY INCREDIBLE SISTER

By ALAN CLIBURN

My sister Judy has to be the cleverest—and sneakiest—girl around.

The other night, for example, her date got here an hour too early, thanks to Daylight Saving Time. Judy and I were in the kitchen finishing up the dishes when the doorbell rang. We kept right on working.

"Honey!" Dad called. "Frank's here."

"Frank!" Judy hissed. "Already? He's not due till eight!"

I went and peeked through a crack in the door. "It's him, all right. What are you going to do?"

Ordinarily Judy would have dried her hands and marched right into the living room. But this was different. She was wearing her old robe (the moth-eaten one with ragged edges), her hair was on rollers, and she had pimple cream smeared all over her face. Also, this was to be her first date with Frank. There was no way for her to get past him without being seen, either.

Most girls would've panicked. Not Judy. She frowned for a second, then leaned over and took off a slipper. Just one. "Go out the back door and take this around to the front lawn, Mike."

"Don't argue. Just be a good little brother and do it. And hurry!"

I shrugged, took the fluffy pink slipper, tore out the back door and around front. I

placed the slipper right in the middle of the lawn and raced back to the kitchen. I didn't want to miss anything. Judy was standing behind the dining room door and gave me a "Did you do it?" look. I nodded.

"Oh, Frank!" she sang out suddenly. "Would you get that pink slipper off the front lawn, please?"

"Sure thing," Frank's voice replied. "Don't think I saw one when I came in, though," he added.

Judy waited until she heard the front door open, then she made a mad dash through the living room and up the staircase.

"What's a slipper doing out front?" I heard Dad ask. "I'll explain later," she promised. Her bedroom door slammed shut.

Fifteen minutes passed and Judy came floating down. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Frank," she said sweetly.

"That's okay," he told her. "Here's your slipper."

"Oh, that's not mine," she replied with a smile. "It belongs to Mike!"

They roared with laughter, Frank threw that dumb slipper to me, and then he and Judy waved bye-bye, leaving me with a pink slipper and a red face.

She did things like that all the time: making awkward situations come out right by diverting attention to something—or someone—else.

It may sound like she only used this rare talent to get herself out of uncomfortable predicaments, but that isn't true.

Nobody will ever forget the time Judy kept Eloise Kenyon's surprise party a surprise.

And it wasn't easy. There's this girl at church—Blanche Reeder by name—who can't keep a secret. We call her the fastest mouth in the East. Somehow she found out about the surprise we were planning for Eloise's birthday. "Now remember," Judy told her, "don't say a thing about the party to anyone."

"Wild horses couldn't drag it out of me," Blanche announced smugly.

We all smiled weakly and just hoped that Blanche wouldn't run into Eloise before the party. But suddenly Eloise walked right into the burger shop and headed for our booth.

Everything was okay at first, but then Blanche said, "By the way, Ellie, I hear you have a birth—"

We all froze the moment Blanche began talking. All except my sister.

"—mark," Judy interrupted. "Yes, Eloise, tell Blanche about that cloverleaf birthmark you have on your back."

"Birthmark?" Eloise repeated. "I don't have a birthmark, cloverleaf or otherwise. What are you talking about?"

"Oh, that's right," Judy nodded. "It's me. I have a birthmark." She held up her arm and revealed the tiny little birthmark on her wrist, which was usually a freckle. "Eloise has never had a birthmark, Blanche. Whatever gave you the idea that she did?"

"But I—" Blanche sputtered.

"Oh, look!" Judy exclaimed, pointing toward the counter. "Isn't that Kirby Norris, the famous bronc buster?"

Everyone—including me, who should have known better—looked. And of course it wasn't Kirby Norris, whoever he is. It was old Mr. Wilson from the post office, who looks less like a bronc buster than anybody else in town. They all laughed at Judy for making such a silly mistake, not even realizing that she had accomplished her mission of completely changing the subject. We must have

talked about horses and rodeos for an hour after that.

Sometimes she even helped me, her own brother, with that amazing mind. Dad had warned me about staying out past midnight, but this one time I forgot my watch and it was pretty close to one before I got home. Unfortunately we have the noisiest front door in history and it's impossible to sneak in without Dad hearing it.

There was a light in Judy's room, so I threw a pebble against the window. I had to throw about three before she

opened the window. "Mike, are you just getting home?" she whispered.

"Never mind that," I hissed. "What should I do? Dad will ground me for a month if he catches me!"

"Don't worry," she replied. "Count to sixty, then go around to the front door. Once you get inside, hurry straight to your room. Don't stop for anything."

I followed her instructions exactly as given, and when I inserted my key in the lock—with the usual noisy accompaniment—an explosion



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

seemed to go off upstairs. It sounded like boxes crashing to the floor, followed by a blood-curdling scream.

I went right on in and headed for my room. The racket was coming from Judy's room, of course, and I heard Mom and Dad's voices in there, too. Whatever she had done certainly provided ample distraction.

By the time everything quieted down, I was in bed with the lights off and my door closed.

"When did Mike come in?" Dad asked as they passed my room.

"I don't know," Mom replied. "Didn't hear him."

"Odd that all those boxes should suddenly fall off the shelf in Judy's closet," Dad went on. Must have been twenty of them."

That was my sister, all right. I grinned and went to sleep. I would tell Dad about my late arrival another time, when he was in a good mood.

Judy never dated anyone she didn't want to, the way some girls do.

Lloyd Metcalf was one guy who really had it bad for Judy. She's not bad looking at all when she's fixed up, by the way. But Judy couldn't stand Lloyd and vowed that she would never go out with him.

Most guys will take the hint when a girl turns them down a few times. Not Lloyd. And he was sneaky, too. He got his little sister Melanie to casually ask Judy what she was doing a particular Friday night. We were at the library when it happened and Lloyd was nowhere in sight.

"Nothing," Judy told her. "Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," Melanie answered. Then she disappeared.

Seconds later Lloyd leaped out from behind a bookshelf. "Hi, Judy," he hissed. "I hear you aren't doing anything Friday night!"

Most girls would've been trapped, but not my sister.

"What?" she asked, frowning.

"I hear you aren't doing anything Friday night," Lloyd repeated, slightly louder. "How about—"

"Speak up, Lloyd," Judy requested. "I can barely hear you."

She kept up that routine until Lloyd was practically yelling. Eventually, of course, the librarian came over and forcibly ejected Lloyd from the building, suspending his library card for a month. Judy just shrugged helplessly when he looked back at her. I nearly fell off my chair laughing.

That's how Judy is—always able to avoid anything she might find unpleasant, and usually without the other person even knowing what happened.

Up until last Sunday I thought it was really something.

We were just sort of milling around like everyone does after church when Janie Mason tapped Judy on the shoulder.

"We're having youth group visitation Tuesday. Can you come?"

"Janie, what a gorgeous dress!" Judy exclaimed. "Did you make it yourself?"

The conversation switched immediately to clothes and never did get back to visitation. Judy smiled at me

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

DWIGHT MASON awakened with first light peeping through the cabin window and, as one just coming from a happy dream, he thought for a moment everything was right and normal with his world. It was cold enough for his breath to fog the air but he still had that euphoric feeling that winter was about over.

Only for a moment.

His wife Patricia moaned as if in pain. Her thin body jerked nervously, as she had so often done since that terrible day last fall. Reaching to comfort her, the instinctive result of five years marriage, he felt her draw away.

Dwight lay a while longer, trying once more to figure how their promising venture into the Appalachian wilderness could have turned so sour. He felt a wave of bitterness, blaming Patricia; followed by an equally frustrating wave of guilt, blaming himself.

"Oh, Lord," Dwight prayed silently into the empty morning, "what am I going to do?"

It had been an accident. Patricia wasn't to blame. Nor was Dwight. It just happened. One minute little Melissa was toddling around in the back yard, laughing and cooing and brightening up the whole universe. Next minute she was lying there like a cabbage patch doll. Smiling. Lifeless. She hadn't fallen three feet, just over a tiny outcropping of rock, but she had gone off backwards. A broken neck.

Dwight slipped jeans on over his thermal underwear, pulled on his insulated boots and red flannel shirt and went over to stoke the fire. The original rock

fireplace had been sealed and into an opening now ran pipe from the flat top stove which furnished heat and a place for cooking. It was a one-room cabin, normally used by park rangers, furnished with a bed, a table, a cupboard and two chairs. Dwight and Patricia had brought their own ice chest and porta-pottie.

There was a heavy door, barred on the inside, and two small end windows for ventilation. The floor was wood and one corner of the room, where Melissa's baby bed had been, was conspicuously empty. Dwight had taken the bed to his mother's on his last trip down out of the mountains into Roanoke.

Patricia and Dwight had leased the cabin for a year, something they had planned since they met in their senior year at the University of Virginia. Dwight wanted to complete some geological studies for a doctorate. Patricia had thought the mountain retreat ideal for finishing her thesis on early childhood education.

Within a few moments the fire was roaring. Dwight carried water from the creek just back of the cabin. Washed up. Put on coffee. Mixed batter for the pancakes. Then he read his manuscript notes until a strange sensation on the back of his neck told him Patricia was awake.

"Ready for breakfast, Dear?"

Patricia didn't answer. Just stared at him from those big brown eyes. He poured coffee, creamed just as she liked it, and went over to the bed.

Patricia wouldn't take the



coffee. When she blinked her eyes, Dwight saw the tears.

"Sweetheart, you've got to eat. Here, try the coffee. I'll finish the pancakes. Even warm the syrup. It's going to be as good as what we used to get up at the lodge. Remember?"

No answer. Patricia swallowed and turned away.

Dwight poured out her coffee and ate alone. A big calendar on the wall, with a picture of a Collie he thought of as Lassie, told Dwight it was April 1, 1984. April Fools' Day, he thought ironically.

Sundays were worse than other days for Patricia. Maybe because Melissa had been buried on a Sunday. For months now Dwight had been thinking it might help if he and Patricia started back to church. He had even had one of the local pastors up for a visit. But Patricia wouldn't hear to it. It was as if something in her had died along with Melissa. All his efforts to snap her out of it had proved useless.

Dwight tired of the reading

by 10 a.m. and told Patricia he was going for a walk, maybe over toward the north ridge. She only nodded.

For the first mile he walked briskly through two inches of fresh snow, reveling in the warmth of muscle movement and looking for deer and turkey tracks. The old logging trail followed the creek. He was on the shady side of the mountain. There were patches of ice on the edge of the creek but he could see through the trees that the sun was spring bright over on the other ridge.

The sudden flushing of a pheasant from laurel to his right startled Dwight. Then he laughed, remembering younger days when he hunted. His best friend used to say, "The trick to shooting a pheasant, Dwight, is to pull the trigger a fraction of a second before you see or hear it."

The logging trail widened. Dwight crossed the creek, now rushing nosily toward the valley below and started working his way up through a grove of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23



WAKE UP AND LIVE! (A Study of Romans 13:11-14)

And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed
(Romans 13:11).

The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light
(Romans 13:12).

Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying
(Romans 13:13).

But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof
(Romans 13:14).

Why all this stress about behavior? The stress is placed on behavior because the Son of God is coming soon . . . very soon. Some people live in the past and some are always saying wait until tomorrow but today is the most important day of your life. It is time to wake up to reality. You can't redo yesterday and you have to wait for tomorrow so why not utilize the time you have today to glorify God with your life. God's salvation is nearer than ever before.

The night of life is nearly over. The day of the Lord is dawning. Prepare for the Lord's return. Throw away the things that men do in the dark because they think the darkness hides their deeds from God. God sees all. Cast aside evil and spiritually arm yourself for a *daily* life of holy living.

There is a call to live clean lives. We are not to delight in getting drunk or playing with sex. Stop quarrelling and put away jealousies because we belong to Christ.

Let us be clothed with the spirit of Christ from head to foot. We belong to Him and therefore should give no chances to the flesh to have its fling.

Write your insights: _____

JULIA'S NEW LEASE ON LIFE

Continued from page 5

"I was home praying one day, looking at myself in the mirror, and I asked God to give me peace, peace in my heart, over Chip and over Paul Dana. I had accepted Paul Dana's death but I still needed peace. I suddenly experienced the most wonderful presence of the Lord. Sure enough, a gentle peace settled into my heart. It came in whispered words, 'Paul and Chip are with the Lord.'"

"I've no reason to fear for them. Or to weep. They've entered the place of all human victory. I've yet to make it and I can only do so by living my life as God directs and His Spirit leads. That's when I made my decision, when I decided it was all right for me to date, if asked. When I opened the last room of my heart."

Ask if that's when she first met Dave?

Again the laughter.

"Not exactly. But that's when I prepared myself, or when I got the inner strength to be open for another deeply human relationship."

And this Dave?

"He's really a neat guy. Understands me. Doesn't push things."

If you're really curious, maybe nosy, ask if the relationship is serious.

"Maybe . . ."

There will be some shyness at this point but Julia will get over it.

"Maybe not. Who knows? Anyway, I feel like I'm alive again. Like everyone else, I'll have to take life a day at a time." □

by Hoyt E. Stone

NEW EMPHASIS FOR YWEA

Continued from page 7

applicants coming before the Missions Board.

"The situation may not be critical at the moment, but World Evangelism Action Centers promise to be an important first step in addressing this problem.

"Some people have the idea that missionaries are no longer needed as they once were. That is wrong. Just as always the church needs people to carry the gospel. The nature of the work has changed, of course. Through our missions Bible schools and other on-site training programs, we have done a great job of getting native workers, preachers, and administrators. Today, we do not need U.S. personnel to supervise—often, natives will do a far better job than some outsider sent into the culture—but we do need dedicated Bible teachers and people willing to love and to work in training others.

"On some missions fields we are growing so rapidly it's impossible to train and equip enough workers. Take Guatemala for example. Last year alone, in Guatemala, we organized one hundred new churches. In just twelve months. Such growth required one hundred new pastors, many of them good laymen who still need training and further education. We must get on with some sort of training program, and soon.

"We're praying and believing God that through YWEA, through STEP, and through these World Evangelism Action Centers, God will help

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE



Current Happenings With Questions for Christian Reflection

WHAT PRICE GAMBLING?

A recent study by the Twentieth Century Fund, an independent research foundation, reveals that casino gambling in Atlantic City, New Jersey, has failed to improve the lot of those who need it most—the old, the handicapped, and the minorities.

In 1976, supporters of the referendum to legalize gambling promised residents of that run-down city to build new, low-cost housing, eradicate the slums and provide jobs.

"Atlantic City," the report continues, "may not have been the best of all refuges for the elderly before (gambling) legalization, but now even the dismal comforts that it afforded are being swept away."

In terms of urban renewal, Atlantic City is a disaster. Its casinos have fostered crime, corruption, and prostitution but done nothing of consequence for the needy and aged.

"In our view," the study concludes, "the cost of New Jersey's style of casino gambling as a means of revitalization far outweighs its virtues." (*Parade Magazine*) ☐

* * * *

1. Does Scripture speak concerning gambling? Do the following apply? Matthew 6:19; 1 Timothy 6:8-12.

2. How should Christians respond to efforts to legalize gambling? ☐

"The gap between rich and poor nations will continue to widen as we approach the end of the century," according to Tom Sine, author of *The Mustard Seed Conspiracy*.

This will not only place "the party," as he calls America's spectacular consumer extravaganza, beyond the reach of the poor; it will also seriously undermine their ability to even survive.

Sine continues: "This new reality brings us to a very serious theological question. Did God goof? Did He fail to place enough resource on spaceship earth for the growing number of passengers?"

"The answer is no. God placed enough resources on this planet for everyone to live decently, but not for everyone to live like Americans. . . . not even Americans.

"We are only 5 percent of the world's population, and yet we consume over 40 percent of the world's resources." (*The Mustard Seed Conspiracy*; 1981; Word, Inc.) ☐

* * * *

1. Some do not believe that our lifestyles as Americans affect the lifestyles of others around the world. What do you think?

2. Could you survive on less than what you now have (fewer clothes, fewer records, and so forth)? Are you satisfied with what you have, or do you find that you keep wanting more and more things?

3. Read Luke 12:13-21. ☐

NCC'S BISEXUAL LECTIONARY BRINGS MORE PROBLEMS

A new inclusive-language lectionary, funded by a division of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the USA (NCC), is encountering a storm of protest.

The lectionary—Scripture readings for use in public worship—attempts to eliminate what translation committee members call "male bias" in Scripture.

Much of the controversy revolves around such references to God as "Father (and Mother)"; the substitution of "Sovereign One" for "Lord"; and "the Human One" for "the Son of Man."

Committee member Burton Throckmorton, Jr., professor of New Testament at the Bangor (Maine) Theological Seminary, and a minister in the Presbyterian Church (USA), expressed a view that departs even further from traditional understandings of the written Word of God. "The Scripture is the church's book. It was written by the church [and] for the church," Throckmorton said. "There's no reason . . . that I can see why the church can't add to its Scripture—delete from its Scripture. I think the church can do with its Scripture what it wants to [do] with its Scripture."

The lectionary includes readings for "Year A" of a three-year cycle. Two more editions—for years B and C—are being prepared. By 1984, some 95 percent of the New Testament and 60 percent of the Old Testament will have been retranslated. (*Christianity Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. Do you agree with Mr. Throckmorton that there's no reason why the church can't add or delete from its Scripture? Read Revelation 22:18-19 for an example of God's actions concerning this.

2. Since we know that God is a Spirit (John 4:24), can we say that God is either male or female?

3. Why do you think the men who wrote the Scriptures were inspired to refer to God as father and not mother? ☐

NEW EMPHASIS FOR YWEA

Continued from page 21

us find the dedicated workers we so desperately need."

"What I think of," *Lamar Vest concluded*, "is that for years we have been sowing gospel seed around this world. God has smiled upon us. That seed is now ripe for harvesting and we need workers willing to go forth and harvest souls.

"World Evangelism Action Centers is our department's effort to help prepare for that last day revival. We believe God is going to draw many souls into His Kingdom.

"Your support for YWEA will certainly hasten that day." □



"Could we borrow the adding machine from the church office? We'd like to count our blessings."

SPRING THAW

Continued from page 17

oaks and maples toward a clearing where he remembered another old homestead. Might find some turnips in the garden, he thought. As he entered the clearing he walked right up on a doe and her fawn. Dwight froze. The deer stared at him for what seemed like a full minute. Then bounded off with giant leaps.

The roof on the cabin was caved in but the walls were still intact. So was the front porch stoop. Dwight sat on the stoop, back to the wall, letting the sun warm him. To his left, perhaps five miles off, reaching heavenward like two giant fists, were the Peaks of Otter. Somewhere between ran the Blueridge Parkway, now closed for the winter but soon to be opened to spring and summer tourists. It gave Dwight a sense of history to know George Washington and Thomas Jefferson had both reveled in the beauty of the same little valley.

He remembered a passage from the Bible, a leftover from Sunday school he supposed, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills. My help cometh from the Lord."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

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BOOKS

SPRING THAW

Continued from page 23

HOW TO DEAL WITH DEPRESSION by Dr. Timothy Foster

Christians are not immune . . .

The author of this biblically based book explodes the fallacy that "good" Christians never get depressed. In fact, many believers are depression-prone because they feel it's unspiritual to express their emotions, despite the scriptural record that even Christ himself showed His emotions. (A Victor Books Elective, Scripture Press) ☐

DISCIPLESHIP: THE PRICE AND THE PRIZE by Jack Mayhall

What price the prize? Want to be a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ? A true follower, one who doesn't quit when the going gets tough? You do? And you're willing to pay the cost, including time? Then Jack Mayhall's *Discipleship: The Price and the Prize* is for you. Gifted at discipling others, the author details the cost of being a real disciple. He points out discipleship is a matter of choice. Your will must be involved. You must choose to train yourself in godliness, to sanctify and humble yourself. (A Victor Books Elective, Scripture Press) ☐

THE MYSTERIOUS PROWLER by Frances Carli Matranga

"Strange things are going on here!" That's what Janice Oliver tells twelve-year-old Nina Cristina and her eleven-year-old brother, Tony. Nina and Tony are spending their vacation at the Olivers' mansion in the Catskill mountains. Janice asks them to help her catch a thief that no one has seen.

But Nina and Tony have their doubts. Could Janice be the one who makes things "disappear"? After all, she told Nina and Tony that she likes to pull tricks on people.

Nina, also known as Lady Sherlock Holmes, decides to solve the mystery herself. Is there really a prowler? If there is, where is he hiding? Why does he steal something from the Olivers' house every day? And how does he get in and out without unlocking the windows and doors?

Join Nina Cristina as she finds *The Mysterious Prowler*. (Victor Books, Scripture Press) ☐

LET'S MAKE A MEMORY by Gloria Gaither and Shirley Dobson

These two well-known Christian wives and mothers share how-to suggestions for family activities and projects. This book brings excitement and warmth to family life, and shows how creating memorable traditions can bind family members together long after time and distance separate them. Many books offer hope for family unity, but this one offers practical ways to bring that hope to reality. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76796) ☐

THE JOHN WESLEY READER Compiled by Al Bryant

John Wesley met the needs of his day and generation through the masses of people who were defeated. He declared the availability of God's grace for all people—that every person is a child of God. To the churches he proclaimed a salvation that would make religion a power instead of a burden, and that would lift religion from drudgery to joyful fellowship with God. The gospel that John Wesley preached was "good news" to the people of his day. His translation of Christ into terms which promised the man of his century salvation literally became a translation that transformed a century. . . . As we read carefully selected passages from John Wesley's writings (in this book) we are reading the words of one of the most extraordinary Christian geniuses who ever lived on this earth. (From the Foreword by Dr. Charles L. Allen, Houston, TX; Word Books, Waco, TX 76797) ☐

TWO JENNIFER GREY MYSTERIES by Jerry Jenkins

1. Gateway
2. Too Late to Tell

(Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) ☐

Eventually Dwight dozed. The sun climbed and started its descent. On the edge of the clearing, the doe and her fawn came back to feed, deciding Dwight was harmless enough. The snow had melted in the clearing and, when Dwight walked back of the house where someone once had a family garden he was startled to notice a patch of small yellow flowers. It was simply too early for flowers, he thought, but apparently the clearing had received so much sun the little blossoms had come early.

Dwight picked a small bouquet, carrying them back to Patricia.

She was sitting by the fire, having attempted to eat. Dwight noticed the half-empty cup of coffee and the hardly touched pancake.

"Warming up," he said.

Patricia didn't answer. Turning, though, Dwight noticed her staring at him.

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It was the flowers.

He handed them to her. Patricia took them almost reverently and put them to her cheek.

"Melissa liked the flowers," she said. "You remember?"

"Yeah."

Holding the flowers, slowly turning them in her hands, Patricia bit into her lower lip and then wiped her right hand down over her face.

"Dwight?"

"Yes, Dear."

"Maybe we should go to church."

"All right. We'll go next Sunday. I'll tell the Richardsons so we'll have someone to sit with."

"Let's go tonight."

"Tonight?"

Dwight turned to look at his wife. She still held the flowers. There were tears on her cheeks and somehow, in that moment, Dwight knew the spring thaw had finally come.

Kneeling, he embraced her, patting her shoulder affectionately as she sobbed on his chest. □

MY INCREDIBLE SISTER

Continued from page 18

triumphantly when Janie left.

I didn't return the smile, however. This wasn't an awkward situation that required Judy's expert verbal maneuverability. Janie simply wanted her to help out with visitation. It was a chance to serve the Lord, but Judy took it as the latest challenge.

And this wasn't the first time, I remembered. Only a week earlier Judy had been asked to work in the church nursery because someone was sick. As usual she didn't give a definite answer and actually had poor Mrs. Bennett discussing the other kind of nursery and some rare tropical plants.

I couldn't recall one time when she had agreed to sing in the choir, give a devotion in Sunday school, or do anything that could be classified as Christian service. She always talked her way out of it.

"I want to have a little chat with you," I told her on the way to the car. "It's about this 'gift' of yours."

"What gift?" she said. "By the way, speaking of gifts, you'll never guess what Hank gave Claudia for—"

I was curious, but I wouldn't let myself become Judy's latest victim. "Never mind that," I replied. "Just listen for a change. You may be able to trick everybody else into changing subjects—even me sometimes—but you can't fool God."

For once she kept quiet.

"He knows what's going on every minute," I continued. "Nobody fools Him. And you

might try using your so-called talent to serve Christ instead of yourself once in a while."

"How old are you, Mike?" she asked.

"See, there you go again!"

"No, I mean it. Are you really only fourteen?"

"Well, sure. Why?"

"I feel so dumb, having a little brother who's smarter than I am," she explained. "Tell Mom and Dad I'll be right there."

"Where are you going?" I called after her.

"To find Janie. Maybe I can still sign up for visitation."

I looked after her, shook my head, and continued across the parking lot, grinning. She had actually listened to what I said. Unbelievable!

Of course not every guy has a sister like Judy! □

By Charles W. Conn

I wandered lonely through the night,
Within a dark and solemn place,
I saw the silent clouds go by,
The dim and distant stars in space.

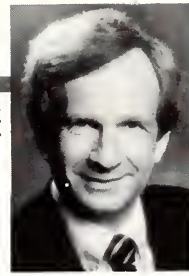
But all the host was far from me—
Too cold and faint and far away
To lift me from my reverie
Or take my lonely mood away.

When all at once I chanced to see
A brilliant star with plume of light
That streaked along majestically
And brightened up the night.

It seemed the brightest star on high;
With long, extended train behind,
It carved a pattern in the sky
And etched itself upon my mind.

The shooting star then fell from sight
And left the darkness darker still;
But for a moment it gave light—
And in my heart it always will.

SHOOTING STAR



Helping Hands



NOT ONE of us is so sure of self, so blessed with talent and ability, that we never need the help of others.

When young, we are especially in need.

I was just out of college, pastoring my first church. A new father. Struggling to relate my romantic dreams to the realities of everyday existence.

Fortunately—perhaps it would be more correct to say through God's grace and mercy—I was assigned to work under the supervision of the Reverend E. P. Burrow, a kind and gentle man who was my district overseer.

E. P. Burrow wasn't a hard, intransigent individual. Wasn't

one to make demands, or to insist on conformity to rules and regulations, just for the sake of showing his authority. Never would he have reminded me he was the district overseer. That I should respect him. Should mind my business. Leave district affairs to him.

No, that wasn't Brother Burrow's way. He would listen quietly even when I made wild suggestions based on youthful optimism rather than fact. He never raised his voice, never let his face cloud, never indicated with the slightest flutter of his eyes that I was out of order.

When it came time for business at my church, he officiated with dignity. He understood he lost nothing by pushing me forward as a leader. He wanted the people to hear and follow me as pastor. He also knew a man in his twenties isn't as brilliant as he thinks; but he appreciated the fact that time would alter my attitudes and balance my thoughts. If I could survive.

A day came when I moved from his supervision and had opportunity to work with him out of the state office. E. P. Burrow remained the same easygoing, reliable, steady friend.

I could sit in his home, comfortable enough to nap in the living room chair.

I could hear him ask, "How

are you?" and believe he truly wanted to know.

I could rely on him for advice.

Depend on him for support.

All of which he gave freely, without demand, and without the slightest hint I owed him something in return, a character blemish found often in lesser men.

E. P. Burrow died a few weeks ago, at age 79. Rather quietly. Without fanfare. His memorial service was on a Tuesday. He was buried in the rain.

His living . . . and his dying . . . both prod me.

Most of God's children spend their days without drums, without fanfare, without front-page headlines, or the applause of this world.

Being a real Christian, walking in true faith, extending a helping hand . . .

These are significant laurels.

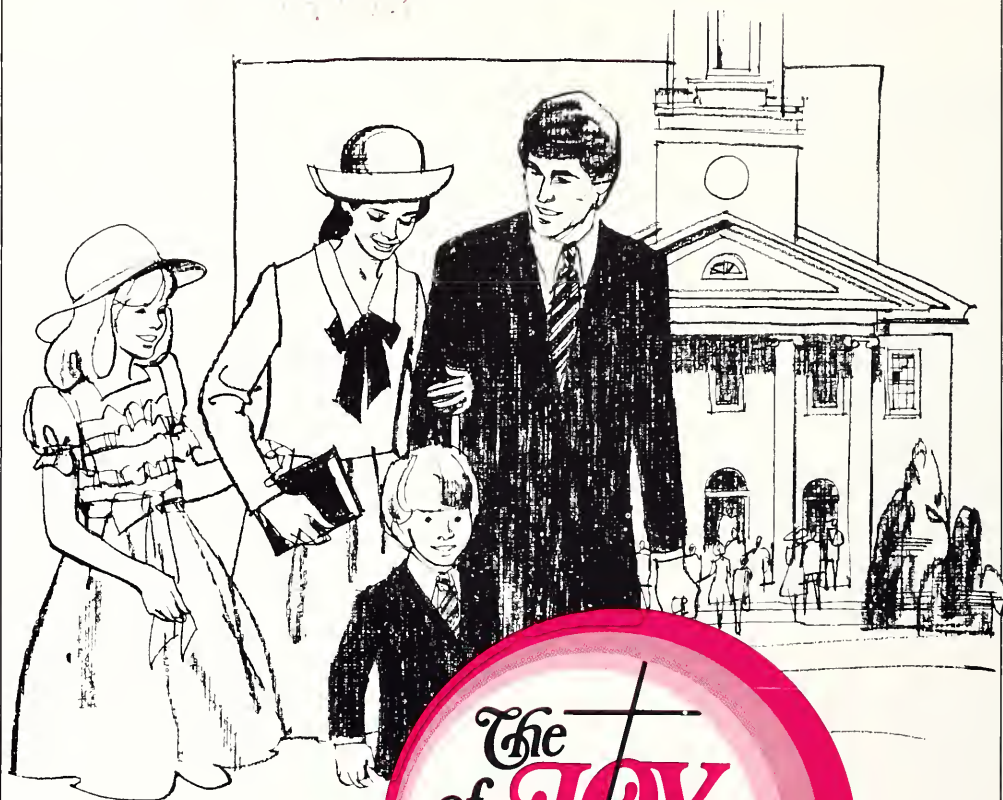
I've no way of knowing all the others he helped but I believe there's a host who agree God ministered grace through the life of E. P. Burrow.

It saddens me to realize and to confess, belatedly, how much I owe him.

It gladdens me to know God put an E. P. Burrow on this earth, a man who never did, and who never would, bill me for the favor of those helping hands. □

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VOLUME 55, NUMBER 5

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Murl and Carolyn
Dirksen

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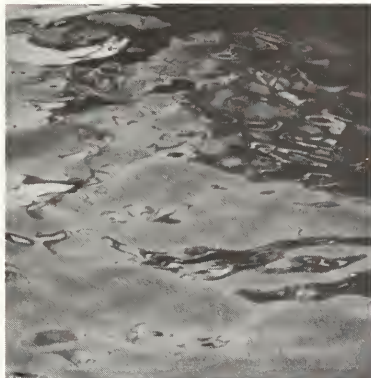
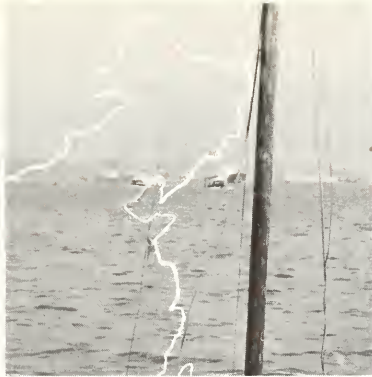
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Murl and Carolyn Dirksen,

by Hoyt E. Stone

BOTH TEACHERS AT LEE COLLEGE, will bid farewell to home and friends this summer and head for the largest (in terms of people) and probably the least known nation on the face of the earth.

Theirs will not be a vacation. They will not be returning within weeks. These two Christian educators have decided to give a full year to a project they believe God has helped arrange; and they view themselves as modern emissaries to China for a unique

and exciting venture. Carolyn Dirksen began her teaching career at Lee in 1968, the English Department. Murl joined the faculty at Lee a year later, his major social anthropology. Both have since earned Doctor of Philosophy degrees in their respective fields. Both are loved and respected on campus and by those hundreds of students who have passed through their classes during the past fifteen years.

For this new adventure they each had to first request and receive a year's leave of absence from their duties at Lee. With this in hand they applied to the English Language Institute of China, a non-profit organization headquartered in San Dimas, California, for appointment consideration. Traditionally, China has not been a very open society. This was true even before World War II but the nation became less penetrable with the rise of Communism and war with Korea and North Vietnam. In recent years there have been renewed



efforts to establish better communications between east and west and there seems a difference of opinion as to how well these efforts are succeeding (see sidebar update).

The English Language Institute of China is dedicated to improving relations between China and the west. It has as a specific goal of sending teachers into China's heartland. Not missionaries, understand, but teachers.

The institute is careful to point out, and Carolyn and Murl are equally careful to affirm, that theirs is a professional teaching assignment. Nevertheless, the Institute looks favorably upon Evangelical Christians. They find such people willing to bridge the cultural gap, willing to endure the rigors of life in a totally different society; and they also find the Communist leaders open to such people so long as they perform the tasks assigned.

Murl and Carolyn, both from Arizona, both having been on a number of excursions outside the continental United States, and both considering themselves first of all Christian witnesses to the grace of God, view this as a God-ordained opportunity to broaden their perspectives and to share their faith.

"We're going to be working in what we would call here a state teacher's college," Carolyn points out. "There will be approximately thirty students in my classes. I will probably be the only U.S. citizen, the only born-again Christian, these young people will ever see. I find that an awesome responsibility and at the same time a challenging idea."

Carolyn will supervise three to six other English teachers and Murl will lecture on social customs and life in the United States. They will live on campus, most likely in one of the school's dormitories; but, according to Murl, it will be a living arrangement which permits interaction with the people and their ordinary pursuits. "We will not be segregated, set off, and kept from the people."

As of now, the Dirksens have been assigned to what they call a rural area of China, the city of Chengdu, in Sichuan Province. Chengdu is a city of over two million, southwest of Peking and inland by twelve hundred miles. It is on the edge of what *National Geographic* (March issue, 1984) refers to as China's rugged outlands.

As an anthropologist Murl is especially fascinated by this assignment, though he doubts he'll be

able to do any anthropological research during this particular time. What he does hope to do is travel into some of that rugged country, meet native people, see the natural habitat of the world-famous panda, and return to the States better informed and able to translate that knowledge to his students.

The year will allow some time for touring and seeing the country, the English Language Institute assures the Dirksens: Also a one month holiday during which time they will ride a train all the way cross-country to Hong Kong. Best I can figure that out, on a map, that's a journey of more than fifteen hundred miles one way, over rugged terrain. Should be exciting, to say the least.

According to Carolyn the Chinese are highly interested in learning the English language. Last year alone, Radio Peking distributed more than a million English correspondence courses. In much of China at least once a day the news is broadcast in both Chinese and English. The teachers Carolyn will instruct will be young professionals, those already employed and knowing English, but who have returned to the campus in order to understand the language better, especially in terms of pronunciation.

Carolyn seems totally awed that the Chinese feel this way about English. To use her words, "How many students here in the U.S. are trying to learn Chinese? Or, for that matter, any other language? The percentage is very low."

The Dirksens will teach in English. They will not have to use an interpreter since those with whom they will work know English already, but they feel obligated to sort of return the favor. They are both taking a crash course in the Mandarin language. They feel this will open doors and give them better opportunity to communicate with the common people.

When school ends this month, Carolyn and Murl will first pack their things and take a month's vacation back to Arizona. Then in August they will be at the California Polytechnic Institute for a month of orientation before boarding that plane which will take them almost exactly halfway round the globe. The climate in Chengdu, from all they know at the moment, ought to be similar to that of Cleveland.

How did this all come about?

Well . . . first of all it should be remembered that Lee College is a participating member of the
CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

A LOOK AT CHINA TODAY



Camerique Photo

Paul Kauffman, of Asian Outreach, is probably one of the most knowledgeable Christian communicators in terms of what is happening in China today and he has been quoted often in terms of the so-called "house church movement." Significantly, there now seems a new tone to Paul Kauffman's writing, and a warning which lets us know all is not well for Christians inside China.

In a recent report, for example, Kauffman notes the continuing struggle between Communist ideology and the Christian message. He goes on to state that the Communist leaders are forced by their own ideology to fear and oppose those freedoms found within the Christian community and that there is now renewed persecution of house churches and Christian leaders, though this is referred to officially as an effort to rid the country of "anti-socialist elements."

Kauffman seems greatly disturbed over what is to happen to Hong Kong when the British lease expires, June 30, 1997. He notes that the Communist leaders' recent assertion that they do not have to wait till 1997 to take Hong Kong has already disrupted life on the island, forcing many people to curtail business activity and to look for some other place. Reaction to that statement has been so critical that the Communist leaders have slightly modified their attitudes, at least on the surface, but China and Hong Kong remain in need of Christian prayers. While a great door has been pried partially open, there yet remains much to be done. □

GATLINBURG '84



CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLE generate excitement anytime they get together but there seemed a special rainbow tinge over those more than seven hundred who met at the Gatlinburg Sheraton Inn, February 17-19, 1984.

First, the weather. Plans had been made for a winter retreat, with perhaps some idea of skiing and ice skating. Not to be on this weekend. The sun hung golden over the Smokies. Temperatures nudged the 70's. Short-sleeved men and women thronged the streets. Unbelievable weather for those from Michigan and other points north. Except for birds and budding trees, all the markings of an early spring.

Perhaps an even more distinguishing earmark of this gathering lay in the way it was planned and supervised. This was not a state event, not a traditional get-together sponsored by the General Youth and Christian Education Department, but

the brain child of a group of youth ministers. Tom Madden, youth minister at North Cleveland, and Randy Steele from Westmore, may deserve most of the credit; but, if so, they are to be commended first for broadening the retreat idea and for inviting other youth ministers and other church groups to participate (see sidebar). A similar gathering was held last year, though smaller, and a third is planned for February 8, 9, 1985.

The Sheraton is a cylindrical sixteen-story hotel towering over Gatlinburg, exclusive and expensive during summer months but offering fantastic off-season rates. Someone managed an exceptional fifty-dollar package for this weekend; and, from their first moment of arrival, their first entrance to the big lobby with a look upward at the circular balconies and the little Disneyworld-type elevators, the kids beamed with delight.

Friday afternoon, check in and get acquainted.



CHURCHES AND YOUTH PASTORS

North Cleveland, TN. . . . Tommy Madden
 Westmore, Cleveland, TN. . . . Randy Steele
 Mt. Olive, Cleveland, TN. . . . Greg Baird
 Oak Ridge, TN. . . . Phil Ford
 North Chattanooga, TN. . . . Brian Cuthall
 East Ridge, Chattanooga, TN. . . . John Barrett
 East Lake, Chattanooga, TN. . . . Steve Ball
 LaFollette, TN. . . . Terry McCullough
 Central, Knoxville, TN. . . . David Sulcer
 Lenoir City, TN. . . . Phillip Davis
 Whitten Heights, Memphis, TN. . . . Sam Willis
 Metro, Birmingham, AL. . . . Steve Black
 Pontiac, MI. . . . Phil Looney
 Roswell, GA. . . . Ray Looney
 Lawrenceville, GA. . . . Tim Hamm



Some young people ventured downtown for a quick look at the candy stores, the shops, and Ripley's Believe It or Not. The big event was a concert by Phil Driscoll, held in the mirrored ballroom. Phil with his unique voice, his silver trumpet. A night to make young hearts glad.

Saturday was free time in the sun. Rippling brooks. Cable cars. Tram up to the ski slopes and the ice arena. The thrill of strolling with a new friend. Junk food.

How quickly such a day can fly!

Saturday night featured the singing group Harvest, with Danny Murray. Then Raymond Culpepper spoke on "Six Things Which Will Never Go Out of Style"—purity, integrity, intensity (or zeal), authority (and our need to respect it), accountability, and potentiality.

It was a good service, the kids attentive, though some obviously tired. Altar response brought a sense of rededication and sincere

concern for things spiritual.

Raymond spoke again at the 9:30 a.m. service on Sunday, this time on, "Moving Up." It was a challenging and motivating sermon strung on: turn off the negative past; tune out the negative present; and move up through faith and application of the talent God has given you.

This service climaxed with prayer, commitment, and holy communion, so powerful that the spiritual aura still hung over even the bus-loading and the slow drive down through the main part of town.

Most of the young people were on their way home, singing and rejoicing on the buses, when it was noticed rain clouds were blowing in.

Though that perfect Gatlinburg weekend was coming to a close, many of the young people knew they carried new Sunshine in their hearts, a spring the rain couldn't wash away. □

Church of God YOUTH CAMP



Nothing would get me on that bus. Nothing. Well, almost nothing. I didn't want to go to camp. And still don't. It's not that I've never been away from home, because I have. I don't know what's the matter with me. Just something new I guess.

Two more hours till we arrive. Sue and the rest seem excited. They've been to camp before. Maybe it won't be so bad after all. At least it's got to be better than staying home and watching soaps and being bored. Nothing could be worse than that.

I guess I finally gave in when our youth director told me he really thought I would enjoy youth camp and he thought I should go. He's been such a help to our family the last few months. I told him I'd think about it. He must have talked to Mom because she became really enthused about the idea all of a sudden. And I hadn't mentioned it.

Finally.
We're here.

Doesn't look like such a bad place. Lake . . . trees . . . swimming pool . . . boys. Things are looking up! Cabins. Oh, well. Can't have all the niceties of home.

Register. Schedule for the day. When do we eat? That's next after we settle in and unpack some. The counselor seems OK. Nice smile. She'll be with us in most of our activities.

Top bunk. Cabin rules. Church each night? Lights out at eleven. Softball game this afternoon. Boys versus girls. I'll sign up for that. Swimming before supper.

The food could be better. Check out the canteen later. Stock up just in case.

Who's the cute guy at the next table? Sue already has a date for church tonight? Good grief! Are any guys left?

*Y*outh camp strengthens
lives, creates lasting
friendships and enriches
the Kingdom.

Camp director says we'll have Bible study in the morning. Maybe I'll see that cute guy again. After service tonight we'll see a film. I'll see him then.

This is really strange. I'm a Christian. I gave my heart to God when I was six or seven. Why do I feel this way? The sermon was for sinners. I know I'm not perfect, and I do things that are wrong sometimes. But I don't mean to.

Would it be possible for me to have a personal relationship with Christ like the camp director spoke about tonight? Maybe I need to pray.

I can't make myself take that first step. I'm glued to this spot. Somebody help!

Thank you, God, for coming into my heart anew tonight. And thank you, God, for friends like Sue. Oh, yes—and for youth camp, too.

* * * *

Each year approximately thirty thousand young people attend Church of God youth camps. Many of them find Christ as Savior for the first time. Many commit their hearts and lives to Him afresh. Youth camp is a major evangelistic and discipling ministry of the Church of God. Every young person who attends is challenged to grow spiritually as well as socially, mentally, and physically. Every young person needs to attend youth camp. It will be a life-changing experience.

The goal of youth camp is to provide a Christ-centered experience which contributes to the

spiritual, mental, social and physical development of every camper. The camp program is designed to provide a reasonable balance of emphasis in the various areas of camp philosophy:

1. *The spiritual emphasis includes evangelistic services and personal encounters, worship services and personal devotions, Bible classes and personal counseling.*
2. *The mental emphasis includes a musical program and an instructional program.*
3. *The social emphasis includes a schedule which provides for social interaction and a program which encourages the Christian lifestyle in personal relationships.*
4. *The physical emphasis includes activities designed to establish sound health habits and good attitudes towards the body as God's temple; develop an appreciation for team spirit, cooperation and sharing; and encourage individual and team competition in a Christlike manner of good sportsmanship.*

Youth camp strengthens lives, creates lasting friendships and enriches the Kingdom. If you have not planned to attend youth camp in your state this summer, contact your state director of youth and Christian education immediately so that he can reserve a place for you. Memories of the good times at camp and the friends you meet will be cherished. Of most importance is the difference it will make in your life if you will let it.

HAPPY CAMPING! ☐

Kim Lovejoy of Addison, Maine went to Guatemala on a STEP mission. She went to "change the world" and found herself being changed in ways she never dreamed.



UNICEF Photo

Singing in the Rain

by Kim
Lovejoy

IT WAS a warm night in the mountains of Guatemala. We could smell the anticipated rain. We were a STEP team—Summer Training and Evangelism Partners—from the United States, training for missions and experiencing cultures outside our own.

Twenty-five of us packed into a bus with a seating capacity of fifteen. Our

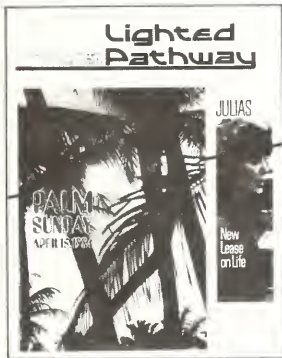
destination was a church high up on a mountain. The primitive place could be reached only by a narrow, twisting road.

My companions were singing in beautiful harmony. They expected the Lord to work great miracles in this particular church service. I remained aloof, observing their behavior with detachment. Physically exhausted, I despised being exposed to

such poverty-stricken conditions.

I knew the bus would never make it up that steep, rocky trail. It finally stopped with a protest. We were told we would have to walk the remaining mile. I grudgingly agreed, knowing that this little expedition was going to kill my feet. As we set out hiking, the rain began pounding the earth's facade. Mud splashed against my white sandals and skirt. I glanced quickly to one of my

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the prominence of introduction. It was my night for a brief testimony. As I addressed the congregation, a family of six came straggling in. At this moment all time stopped; a turning point began in my life.

I fumbled through my remaining testimony while my eyes dwelled upon one particular family member. He was no bigger than a five-year-old. He wore only jeans

that were too short and patched everywhere. His midnight-black hair covered small sunken eyes. His shoulders sagged. Wisps of arms dropped to a large bloated belly. Like most of these children, he was caked in dirt.

Finished, I sat down with this family. I knew only a little Spanish, so I motioned for the boy to come to me. He came. Up into my lap his delicate, warm, swollen body climbed. I placed my hands on his stomach and could almost feel the emptiness. His feet were hard and calloused. He told me his name was Pepito. My smile was rewarded with a lop-sided grin that revealed decaying teeth. His body was dirty but all thoughts of my white skirt were forgotten.

For the first time, I looked into Pepito's eyes. My heart plunged, for in those eyes I saw his future. He would have no education. His body would often be driven to physical fatigue. He would exist for the sole purpose of providing for his family.

Tears burned my eyes. My throat ached with pity. I encircled him with my body and clung to him, wanting to protect him from all pain. The desire of my heart was to carry him to the United States and expose him to a "better life" filled with many luxuries that he will never experience. I began trembling and burst into bitter tears.

The little boy spoke in the softest, most meaningful words I shall ever hear. He asked,

"¿Por que´ lloras?" (Why are you crying?)

Why was I crying? Didn't he realize I wept for him? And

all the pain he would face? Everything I could do to help him seemed so small and inadequate. I looked at him and all he did was to continue smiling.

Then I saw something else. Deep, deep in Pepito's eyes there was an ingredient I had failed to detect before. *There was a love that transcended human need. I suddenly realized that although he will grow up poor and weary, the love shown him by his parents will be shared with his children.* A lack of material possessions will not deter his love for his family nor his devotion to God. I could suddenly see the triumph of the human spirit in Jesus Christ. Through his love and devotion to God, Pepito will overcome all obstacles.

Later that night we climbed aboard the bus for the return trip. On the way back, I too, sang in perfect harmony. □

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"Isn't this just heavenly? I'd much prefer to be home in a nice, warm bed."

I was answered with complete silence.

Moments later I was astonished to hear her say, "Jesus, thank You."

Hours later, it seemed, my eyes focused on a small, white church. There seemed to be a multitude of people gathered outside the doors. Our arrival was greeted by enthusiastic phrases of welcome. Inside the church, it was as if the hairs on my neck stood up. I searched desperately for the reason. The building was empty except for a few wooden benches.

When the crowd got inside, the STEP team went through the preliminaries of introduction. It was my night for a brief testimony. As I addressed the congregation, a family of six came straggling in. At this moment all time stopped; a turning point began in my life.

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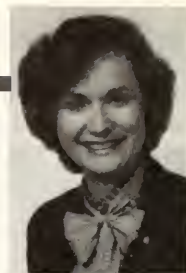
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WE ARE HIS OFFSPRING

THE BIRTH of a child is one of God's greatest miracles. Any mother who has experienced giving life to another human being will agree.

The joy of giving birth, however, is not *only* in the actual physical manifestation of the child, but also in its daily formation, growth and preparation for life. For the past nine months I have been carrying the potential promise of a whole new existence near my heart, feeling its first tremors of life, watching it literally grow from my own strength source. All of these fulfilling phenomenon bring some of the highest feelings of purpose and meaning to me and others who have experienced "life within."

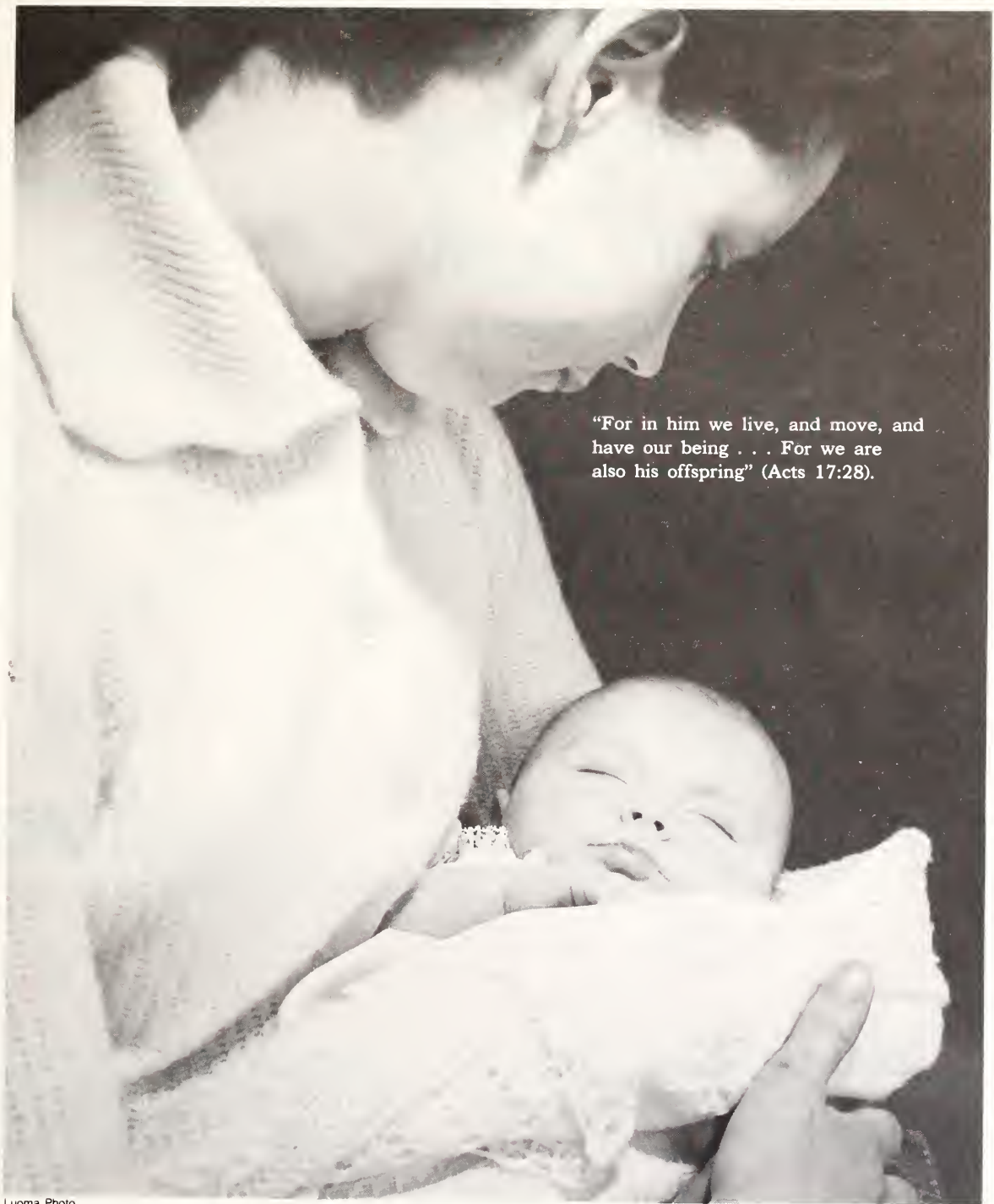
The bringing forth of an entity after its own kind occurs constantly in our universe. Reproduction is God's idea, and only He could have set it in motion.

God then used His own idea of birth as a spiritual concept. The term "born again," although used quite flippantly in our age, was Jesus' way of expressing a spiritual change in one's parentage, character and quality of existence.

I do not believe physical manifestation of my new life in Jesus has yet begun. Like the fetus which is yet in the stages of formation, I believe I am daily assuming the character qualities, personality and Godlike life of my heavenly parentage. I am nestled close to His heart "in Him," experiencing the first tremors of Kingdom life, drawing daily from His power source and being formed in His image.

One day, I will be translated into His actual Kingdom and inherit eternal life. I will be His genuine daughter and heir. When I see Him, I shall be like Him.

Until then, I will live and move and have my being in Him for I am His offspring. □



"For in him we live, and move, and have our being . . . For we are also his offspring" (Acts 17:28).

Luoma Photo

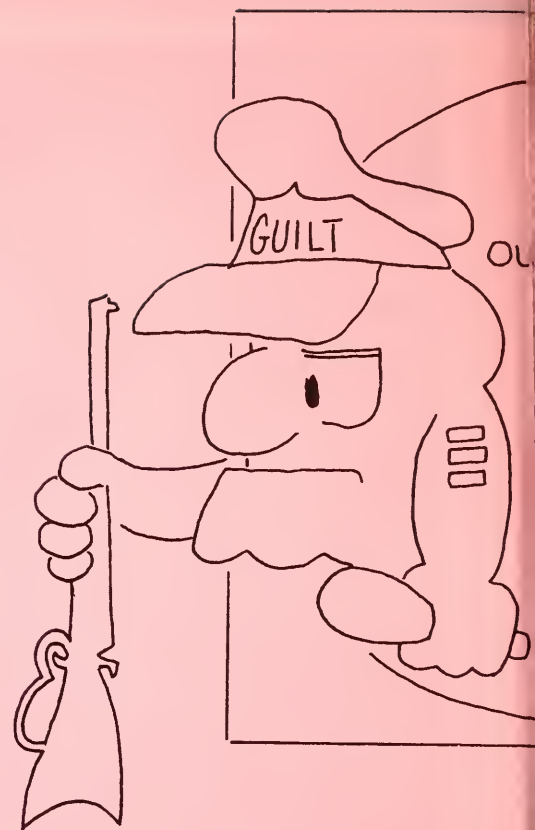
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HOW TO MAKE Constructive Use of Guilt

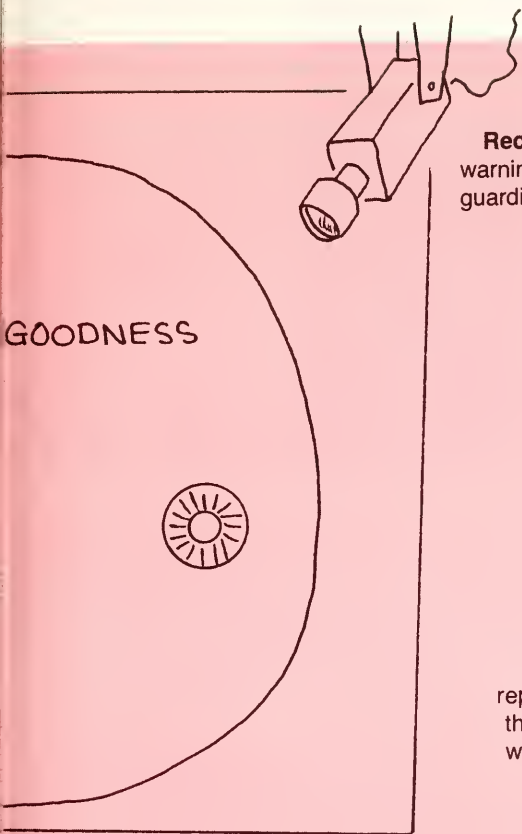
Artist/Writer. LARRY E. NEAGLE



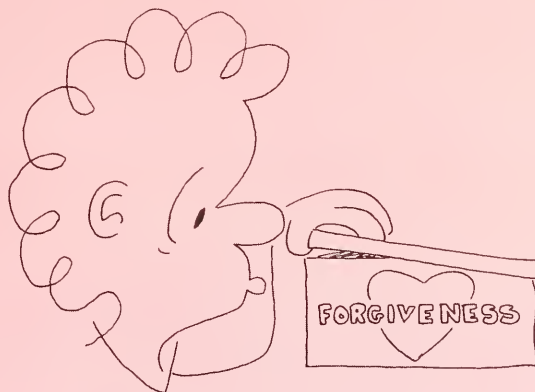
Examine guilt's roots. Take a long look at the attitudes and actions causing the guilt. Be specific and honest. Confronting who we are and what we've done is a necessary part of God's process of healing.



Focus on facts, not feelings. You may not "feel" forgiven. But according to 1 John 1:9, when "we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Feelings don't matter. The "fact" is we are forgiven.

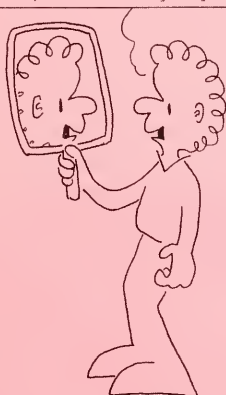


Recognize that guilt is a legitimate emotion. See it as an early warning signal to save us from sin and self-defeat. It is, after all, a guardian of our goodness.



Accept forgiveness. God is offering it. The price? Confession, repentance, and possibly restitution. Confession—admitting to God the wrong we've done. Repentance—determining to turn from the wrong to the right. And restitution—doing all we can to repair the damage we've created.

There, there. I forgive you too!



Forgive yourself. That's not as hard as it may seem. Nothing we've done or can do can put us beyond God's care, abilities, or love. Focus on these words, "Because God has forgiven me, I forgive me too." After all, who are we to be holier than God?



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Forget what lies behind, and reach forward to what lies ahead. Don't let yourself become a prisoner to memories of forgiven wrong deeds. Instead release them. Don't let Satan continue to rake you over the coals for something God's already dealt with.

Maggie's Freedom

ONE MIGHT SAY that for Maggie Dorcett it was an idea whose time had come. Had someone mentioned it five years earlier when the children were both small, or ten years earlier when Maggie and Harold were newly married, she would have laughed, shook those long blond tresses, and gone merrily on her way. On this night, however, Maggie was vulnerable.

The idea was planted in Maggie's mind following a Ladies' Auxiliary fish fry. Just a thought. A suggestion made by Mary Phillips. So small and insignificant, yet an idea which, like a tiny seed lodged in the crevice of a rock, would in time break Maggie's marriage wide open.

"It's still a man's world," Mary said, as the ladies washed dishes and cleaned up the kitchen. "Just look at those men out there. Every one of them. Sitting there talking, making all the church decisions when we're the ones doing all the work. I dare say not one of them worked harder today than any of us."

There was some laughter. The ladies were used to Mary's complaints.

"Seriously." Mary paused with her hands in the sink. "Now take yourself, Maggie, what did you do today? Just tell us."

Maggie grinned and shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I fixed Harold's breakfast. Got the kids off to school. Put the dishes in the washer. Made the bed. Then went to work. The usual."

"Hear that? The usual. That's a woman for you. First she did all the necessary chores around the house. Took care of the kids, and her husband. Then she went off and earned a paycheck just like the man of the house. How long you been working in that lawyer's office, Maggie? Eight years?"

"Umm. More like seven I guess."

"Seven years. I've been working in the hosiery mill thirty years. Just like you. Doing all the housework and earning a paycheck too. And what does Jack do? I'll tell you what he does. He sits around griping when the dinner isn't on the table at precisely five-thirty. I used to think he'd change, that maybe he'd come to appreciate my helping him

and all that. Boy, was I ever wrong. The more I do the more he seems to demand. You better take it from me, Maggie. Change things while you can. It won't get any easier with the years."

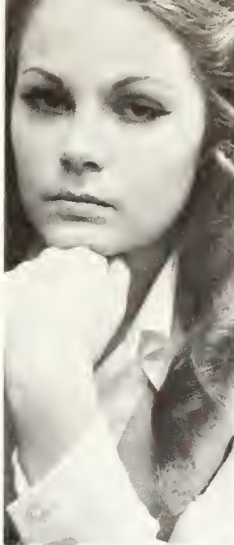
The three other ladies in the kitchen chimed in. They seemed to agree with Mary. Maggie tried to defend her position.

"Well . . . Harold's nice to me. I think he appreciates my help. One thing for sure, he seems to love me and we get along fine. That's more than I can say for some of the other girls down at the office."

"Why shouldn't you get along? You're his slave." Mary raised up from the pots and pans and wrinkled her face in a manner which caused all the ladies to laugh uproariously. "Does Harold ever offer to help with the kids? Does he do breakfast? Or dishes? Or beds? Does he ever really act as if he ought to help you in any way? Might even help if he expressed appreciation for the extra you do. Most men never even think of that."

The other ladies mentioned

by Eddie Vernon



how things stood at their house. How they felt matters ought to be in a modern world. Maggie took a wet towel and went out to clean off the tables. She needed breathing room.

That night, alone in her room while Harold watched the Georgia Bulldogs, she thought more on the matter. It really wasn't fair, she concluded. Maybe she really ought to do something about it. Maybe insist that Harold help a little more. After all, it was his house too. It would be only fair.

"How about you putting on the coffee, Dear?" Maggie said next morning.

Harold did. But the coffee was too strong and Maggie noticed he didn't drink even half his cup. Still, she was relatively pleased with the manner in which he accepted the idea.

A few mornings later Maggie simply omitted breakfast altogether, thinking Harold would go into the kitchen and do his own.

"No breakfast?" Harold asked, coming into the bathroom

where Maggie was brushing her hair.

"Running a little late, Dear. Why don't you fry yourself an egg?"

Harold shrugged. "Aw, guess I don't really need the calories anyhow."

Maggie finally got up nerve enough to discuss the matter with Harold. One Saturday.

". . . so, it really seems to me, Harold, that you ought to help with the house chores."

It was one of those lovely spring days. Maggie was prepared for the explosion. It never came. Harold looked at her and grinned.

"All right, Dear. If that's what you want. I guess I just never thought much about it before. I always figured the house was something special to you. You know . . . eh . . . sort of your sacred domain. I don't mind running the vacuum cleaner, or putting dishes in the washer, or mopping the floor either for that matter. Just tell me when."

"But, Harold, that's part of the problem. I ought not have to tell you when. You can tell if the floor is dirty, can't you? Or

if the dishes need putting away. I'd like you to assume some of that responsibility."

For just a moment, there was a puzzled expression on Harold's face. Then it passed.

Things rocked along smoothly for about six months. Harold helped around the house. Gave more attention to the children. Maggie experienced a new sense of victory. She got more involved in church work and told the ladies how much better things were.

Harold never complained but he was moody at times. There were moments when a rather strange, far-off look crept into his eyes, as if he were thinking of something more serious than the chores. Harold continued to do well with his insurance business but he no longer talked about it with Maggie. He started missing church. Working late at the office.

Fall arrived, with the leaves turning gold and brown. Once again on a Saturday Harold and Maggie Dorcett lingered over breakfast.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

PLEASINGLY PLUMP, that's what Mom always called me. Or *hefty* or *nice* and *round* or *solid*.

At first I didn't mind. Lots of little girls are chubby. But pretty soon I was sixteen and Mom was still calling me that.

Of course, Mom didn't mean it that way. She was roly-poly and liked to laugh about everything, even her own size. But I began to get very self-conscious and, without realizing it, I began striking back in little ways. Like criticizing everyone and passing on tidbits of gossip (only if I was very sure it was true!). I can see now I did all this because I felt so inferior. I wanted to show everyone that no one is perfect.

Yes, I'm a Christian—if you're beginning to wonder. But as I said, I didn't realize I was striking back, so I went on thinking things were okay. Sure, I knew I was miserable a lot of the time. But I just supposed it was because I was too pleasingly plump.

Several of us from the church group were at the corner hangout one day after school. Most of the kids were sipping drinks; but, since I could never pass up temptation, I was eating a butter-pecan sundae. Mom always saw to it that I had plenty of spending money. She believed a person needs to eat lots to stay healthy.

Anyway, we were discussing parts for the skit we were going to present to the church. Joe David was reading from the list of characters.

"For the first scene we need two typical teenage girls and one guy." He glanced over the group.

I held my breath because I wanted the part of Janie. But I apparently wasn't typical enough. He passed me by.

"Let's try Susan and Carol and Dan. Then for the next scene we need a matronly lady and a teen boy."

He looked around again. I cringed. Before he could suggest me for the matronly lady, I said, "I guess you're going to be the producer, director, and the main character, as usual. Did you write the play, too?"

Everyone got rather quiet.

Susan said, "Why don't we meet at my house about eight for tryouts. I just remembered I was supposed to pick up groceries and scoot on home."

The group sort of melted away then, except for Carol. I can always depend on her. She tells



me what she thinks, but in such a caring way I just have to listen.

"Oh, Elva, you've done it again, haven't you?"

"Done what?" I asked innocently.

"You *knew* Joe David was only making suggestions. You *knew* we were going to have tryouts, anyway, didn't you? And you *know* we all sit around like blobs if he doesn't push us a little!"

Carol was looking so concerned, I almost wanted to cry.

Instead, I shot back, "I never get a decent part when we have a play. Is there a role for Julie Jumbo? Then who automatically gets it? I always take a backseat when it comes to anything special. Everybody hates me 'cause I'm fat! Not hesitatingly hefty, or barely blimpish, not reasonably round or rather rotund, and not sorta solid—but fat!"

"Now, you know no one hates you, Elva," Carol soothed. "Finish your ice cream and let's . . ." She stopped. "No, wait. *Don't* finish your ice cream."

I just stared as she reached for it and began eating nonchalantly.

"From now on, Elva," she said, scooping up a buttery bite and holding it in midair, "from now on, you don't need any of this—or anything with excessive calories. If chubbiness is what makes you so unhappy, just get rid of it."

"That's easy for you to say," I protested. Carol has been slightly underweight ever since grade school.

The Change by Margie Snowden North



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She was back in a flash and held out a snapshot.

"I thought you were going to get a picture of Deanne," I said.

They laughed again. "That's me," Deanne said, "all one hundred and seventy-three pounds of me!"

I gasped. "How did you do it?"

"I ate it," she said calmly.

"No, I mean, how did you get rid of it?"

"It takes self-control," Deanne admitted. "But self-control is something every Christian should

be eating. It was when I first was on my way down to a bundle. But let me start at the

crankiest person you've ever had me. One day after a my best friend, I did some praying. I realized a to be happy about than not happy. I had always my unhappiness. I suddenly personality that was at fault. Christian was suffering terribly. on the change. It wasn't an feeling some of that peace out. Then one day I looked id, 'Deanne, how would you to fit your new outlook?' . . ."

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Later, at Susan's house, I walked up to Joe David while I had the nerve and said quickly, "If you want me to play the matronly lady, or whatever, I'll try."

He was surprised, to say the least. "Well, uh, we'll go ahead with the tryouts. But, actually, almost anyone could play the matronly lady. What
CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

Alan Cliburn Photo

A Church of God Youth Publication

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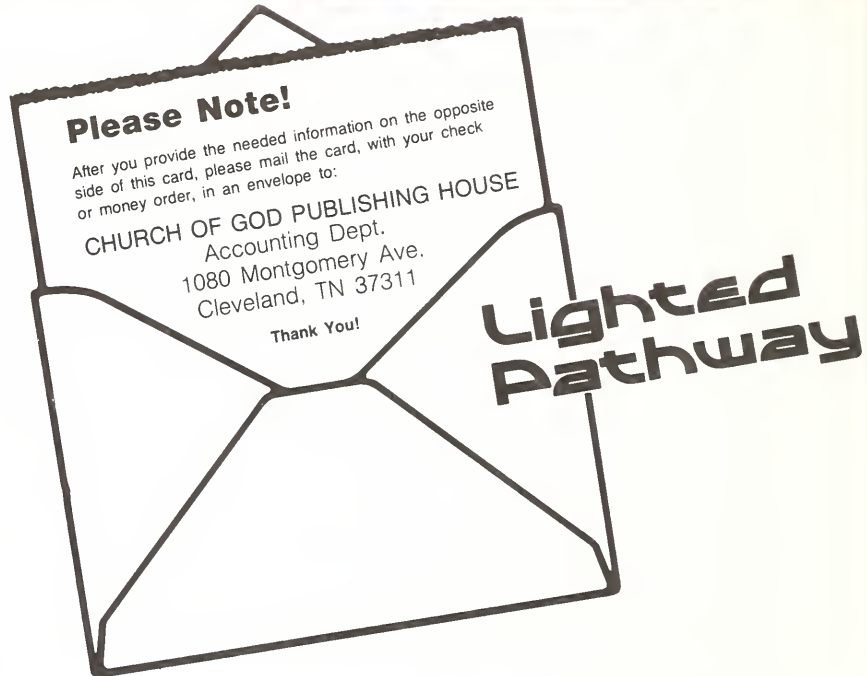
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"That's easy for you to say," I protested. Carol has been slightly underweight ever since grade school.

The Change

by Margie Snowden North

"But if you want the truth, I don't believe chubbiness is your real problem."

"Then what is it, Miss Know-it-all?"

She didn't answer. She was too busy scraping up the last of my sundae.

"You're going to pay for the half you ate," I warned.

She didn't seem to hear. "You've never met my older sister, have you?"

I shook my head, mentally dividing eighty-nine cents in half.

"Well, let's go. She's here for the week. And go ahead and pay for the sundae. I'll have to reimburse you later."

Well, Carol's sister was a doll. Slender and not exactly pretty, but so much fun to be around, you just didn't notice her face was plain. Before I knew it I'd been there over an hour.

"Yipes, I've gotta git!" I exclaimed. Carol and Deanne both laughed. I laughed, too. I had always felt at ease with Carol and her sister was just like her.

"Wait," Carol said. "Deanne, I want to show Elva one of your early pictures, okay?"

She was back in a flash and held out a snapshot.

"I thought you were going to get a picture of Deanne," I said.

They laughed again. "That's me," Deanne said, "all one hundred and seventy-three pounds of me!"

I gasped. "How did you do it?"

"I ate it," she said calmly.

"No, I mean, how did you get rid of it?"

"It takes self-control," Deanne admitted. "But self-control is something every Christian should

have—and not just in eating. It was when I first realized this that I was on my way down to a hundred and ten pounds. But let me start at the beginning.

"I used to be the crankiest person you've ever seen. Nothing pleased me. One day after a flareup that cost me my best friend, I did some thinking. And some praying. I realized a Christian has more to be happy about than anyone, yet I was not happy. I had always blamed my size for my unhappiness. I suddenly realized it was my personality that was at fault. My witness as a Christian was suffering terribly.

"So I began working on the change. It wasn't easy, but soon I began feeling some of that peace the Bible speaks about. Then one day I looked in the mirror and said, 'Deanne, how would you like to have a figure to fit your new outlook?' So, very gradually . . ."

"Hmmm," I said, thinking of those sundaes and shakes I loved, to say nothing of beef stroganoff. Besides, a bad disposition is not going to disappear without some doing.

But on my way home I did some thinking and praying, and I decided to try. What Deanne said about my Christian witness suffering really got to me. I hadn't stopped to consider the fact that I was doing a poor job of convincing anyone that real Christianity affects the whole person.

Later, at Susan's house, I walked up to Joe David while I had the nerve and said quickly, "If you want me to play the matronly lady, or whatever, I'll try."

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



1984 YOUTH CAMP SCHEDULES

STATE	CAMP	AGES	DATE	SPEAKER
Alabama	Peacemakers	15-19	June 25-29	Curtis Silcox
	Young Peacemakers	12-14	July 9-13	J. D. Simmons
	Peace Cadets	10-11	July 16-23	Kathy Haman
	Peacefinders	7-9	July 23-27	Jerry Taylor
Alaska	Information Unavailable			
Arizona	Junior	7-12	June 11-15	Ginger Ingram
	Teen	13-18	June 18-22	Sam McGraner
Arkansas	Peacemaker	15-19	June 4-8	Tim Hill
	Young Peacemaker	13-14	June 11-15	David Gassnell
	Peace Cadet	10-12	June 18-22	Kathy Sanders
	Peacefinder	7-9	July 9-13	Sis Arrington
Calif.-Nev. (Northern)	Senior	13-18	July 30-August 3	Ken Hall
	Junior	7-12	July 23-27	Ginger Ingram
Calif.-Nev. (Southern)	Junior	7-12	July 2-6	Wayman Miller
	Teen	13-19	July 2-6	Wayman Miller
Calo.-Wyoming	Peacemakers	13-19	June 25-29	Ira Lee Sanderfer
	Peace Cadets	8-12	June 25-29	Jerry A. Vecher
Florida	Teen	14-19	June 11-15	Sam Oxendine & Covenant
	Young Teen	11-13	June 18-22	Jack Utterback
	Junior	7-10	July 16-20	Buck and Barb Dackery
Georgia (Northern)	Peacemaker Teens	15-19	June 11-15	David Griffiths
	Peacemaker Young Teen	13-14	June 18-22	Ray Murray
	Peace Cadet I	11-12	July 16-20	Mark Schrade
	Peace Cadet II	9-10	July 23-27	Bob Proctor
	Peacefinder	7-8	July 30-August 3	Rachel Quinley
Georgia (Southern)	Senior	14-up	June 26-30	Tammy Propes
	Young Teen	12-13	July 3-7	Richard Dial
	Pre-Teen	10-11	July 17-21	Harman Roberts
	Primaries	7-9	July 25-28	W. A. Davis
Hawaii	Oahu	7-18	July 16-20	TBA
	Hawaii	7-18	June 25-29	TBA
	Maul	7-18	July 9-13	TBA
Idaho-Utah	Junior and Senior	7-19	June 25-29	Jerry Alice
Illinois	Peacemaker I	16-19	June 18-22	Danny Murray and Harvest
	Peacemaker II	13-15	June 25-29	Phil Rains
	Peace Cadets	10-12	July 9-13	Edgar and Andrea Foster
	Peacefinders	7-9	July 16-20	Bernie and Kathy Watson
Chicago-Metro	Teen	12-19	June 18-27	Orville Hagan
	Junior	7-12	July 2-6	Jack Bentley
Indiana	Senior	15-19	June 11-15	Day Spring
	Junior	7-10	June 18-22	The McIntash
	Young Teen	11-14	July 9-13	Turning Point
Iowa	Junior	7-12	July 16-20	TBA
	Senior	13-18	July 23-27	Dan Brackman
Kansas	Junior	7-12	June 25-29	Charles Duncan
	Senior	13-19	July 16-20	Ran Wood
Kentucky	Teen	15-19	June 25-29	Gerald Redman
	Young Teen	13-15	July 2-6	Dan Dempsey
	Junior High	10-12	July 9-13	Junus Fulbright
	Junior	7-9	July 16-20	Jack McIntash
Louisiana	Junior	7-9	June 11-15	Catherine Williams & Curtis Silcox
	Senior	13-19	June 18-22	W. A. Davis
	Intermediate	10-12	June 25-29	Tim Griffiths
MD-DC-Dela.	Senior	14-19	June 25-29	Sammy Oxendine & Covenant
	Intermediate	12-13	July 2-6	Steve Ball
	Pre-Teen	10-11	July 16-20	T. David Sustar
	Junior	7-9	July 23-27	Jack Bentley
Michigan	Senior	14-18	July 9-13	Darrell Alice
	Intermediate	11-13	July 16-20	Grace & Wilbur Thrush
	Junior	7-10	July 23-27	Grace & Wilbur Thrush

Alan Cliburn Photo

Lighted Pathway, May, 1984



STATE	CAMP	AGES	DATE	SPEAKER
Minnesota	Junior and Senior	9-19	June	Randy Homan
Mississippi	Senior Young Teen Pre-Teen Junior	15-19	June 18-22	Kenneth Hall
		13-14	June 25-29	Ritchie & Jentzen Franklin
		11-12	July 2-6	Rachel Quinley
		8-10	July 9-13	Daug Anderson
Missouri	Teen Junior	13-19	June 6-11	T8A
		7-12	June 18-22	T8A
Montana	Junior Jr. High & Senior	7-10	July 8-14	Eda Clayburg
		11-19	July 16-21	State Youth Board
Nebraska	Peacefinders and Cadets Peacemakers	7-12	July 13-19	Kenneth Myers & Family
		13-19	July 13-19	Staff
New England (Northern)	Peacemakers Peace Cadets	12-19	June 18-22	David Travis
		7-12	June 25-29	Randy Steele
New England (Southern)	Teen Junior	13-19	July 23-27	Jerry Shepherd
		9-12	July 30-August 3	Jerry Shepherd
New Jersey	Senior Junior	13-19	July 30-August 3	Darrell Waller
		9-12	July 30-August 3	Gary Tygart
New Mexico	Junior Senior	7-12	June 18-22	Bobby Duncan
		13-19	June 25-29	Bennett Dawsey
New York	Information Unavailable			
New York City	Senior Junior/Intermediate	13-19	August 20-24	Perry Stone
		8-13	August 27-31	Jack L. Darnell
North Carolina (Eastern)	Peacemakers Peace Cadets Pembroke Day Camp	12-19	June 11-15	DeWayne Dickerson
		8-11	June 18-22	Andrew Blackman
		8-14	June 25-29	Douglas and Jayce Miles
North Carolina (Western)	Senior High Weekend Retreat (Worker) Peace Cadet Planeer	16-25	June 8-10	Paul D. Collins
		12-15	June 18-22	Sammy Ozendine & Covenant
		8-11	June 25-29	Judy Isaacs and Friends
		8-15	June 16-20	Sam Crisp and Bill Isaacs
North and South Dakota	Peace Cadets Peacemakers Indian Youth Camp Wilderness Camp	7-12	June 11-15	Penny Saylor
		13-19	June 18-22	Dr. Jerry Daffe
		7-15	June 25-29	Randy Shaun
		13-19	July 9-13	Gary Sears
Ohio (Northern)	Junior Senior	8-12	June 4-8	T8A
		13-19	June 11-15	Danny Sincari
Ohio (Southern)	Peacemakers Peace Cadets Peacefinders	15-19	July 3-7	Barry Winn
		11-14	July 10-14	Harry Miller
		7-10	July 17-21	T8A
Oklahoma	Senior Junior High Junior Camp	14-19	July 9-13	Sammy Ozendine
		11-13	July 16-20	Bobby Scott
		7-10	July 23-27	J. W. and Jere Norris
Oregon	Peace Cadets Peacemakers	7-12	June 25-29	T8A
		13-19	July 2-6	Charles Fischer
Pennsylvania	Young Peacemakers Junior Peacemakers	12-14	July 16-20	Youth Board
		8-11	July 23-27	Tony Capps
		15-19	July 30-August 3	Youth Board
South Carolina	Peacemakers (Mauldin) Peace Cadets Peacefinders Peacemakers (Peedee) Peace Cadets Peacefinders	13-17	June 4-8	W. A. Davis
		10-12	June 11-15	Lynn Stone
		7-9	June 18-22	Mark Roberson
		13-17	June 4-8	Bob Varner
		10-12	June 11-15	Jahanny Childers
		7-9	June 18-22	Allan and Valerie Mathura
Tennessee	Peacemaker Teen Peacemaker Young Teen Peace Cadet Middle Peace Cadet Junior West TN Junior	14-19	June 11-15	Dennis McGuire
		12-13	July 2-6	Leonard Albert
		10-11	July 9-13	Jack Bentley
		7-9	July 16-20	Douglas LeRay
		7-11	July 23-27	Mike Chapman
Texas	Senior Young Teen Pre-Teen Junior	15-20	June 25-29	Bob Gilley
		12-14	July 2-6	Terry Hart
		10-11	July 9-13	Sam McGraner
		7-9	July 16-20	Daug Anderson
Virginia	Senior Peacemaker Peacemaker Senior Peace Cadet Peace Cadet Peacefinder	15-19	June 18-22	David Ratchford
		13-14	June 25-29	Ray Murray
		11-12	July 16-20	Eugene McGuire
		9-10	July 23-27	Michael Carr
		7-8	July 30-August 3	David Jarvis
Washington	Junior Teen	7-12	July 16-20	Ron Zimmer
		13-19	July 9-13	Alan Humphries
West Virginia	Senior Intermediate Junior	14-19	July 2-6	W. A. Davis
		11-13	July 16-20	G. W. Wilson
		8-10	July 23-27	Dan and Dale Webb
Wisconsin	Peacemakers Peace Cadets	13-19	June 11-15	T8A
		7-12	July 30-August 3	T8A
Eastern Canada	Senior Junior	13-19	July 23-27	T8A
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Western Canada	Information Unavailable			
Indian Ministry	Junior and Senior	6-18	July 2-6	Mickey Rena and Mike May



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YOUTH NEWS TO DATE



Current Happenings With Questions for Christian Reflection

DESPITE WAR ON DRUGS, COCAINE SMUGGLING UP

Washington (AP)—Despite a multimillion-dollar campaign against narcotics, the United States was inundated last year by a tidal wave of smuggled cocaine and federal drug enforcers are digging in for a long battle in the war on drugs.

Federal officials concede that the amount of cocaine reaching this country from Latin America last year was substantially higher than in 1982 and that the final estimates may approach twice as much as the 45 metric tons to 54 metric tons smuggled in during 1982. (Cleveland Daily Banner) ☐

* * * *

1. What do you think are the effects on our society of such a large amount of cocaine and other drugs being brought into the country?

2. Who are the buyers of all that cocaine? Have their numbers increased? Why?

3. Should Christians be concerned about the importing of drugs into our country? ☐

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH NO LONGER ITALY'S STATE RELIGION

Italy and the Vatican signed a revised treaty recently that ends the status of the Roman Catholic Church as the state religion and reduces the emphasis on religious instruction in public schools.

The revised relationship between church and state comes at a time of increasing secularity in Italy. Many practices defy church teaching. Nudity is routine on television programs, surveys show more and more Italian women use contraceptives, and abortion and divorce are legal, despite the church's condemnation.

Under the treaty, Rome loses its status as a "sacred city" and becomes a capital city of "particular significance" for the world's Roman Catholics, who number more than 790 million.

The treaty does not alter the Vatican's status as an independent state run by the pope. (Cleveland Daily Banner) ☐

* * * *

1. From this article, how do conditions in Italy parallel conditions in the United States concerning religious instruction in public schools, abortion, divorce and television programming?

2. Do you have any Catholic friends? What effect does the church have on their lives?

3. Does your Christianity determine how you live or is it only a sideline activity? Read 1 Corinthians 10:31; Matthew 6:33. ☐

THE LACK OF SELF-CONTROL

According to William E. Thorn in *Catch the Little Foxes That Spoil the Vine*, if you are easily irritated, if you let people get on your nerves and have pet peeves, it is as devastating to good health as is an alcohol spree.

If it becomes a habit for you to blow up, lose your temper and give in to "nervous jags," you will soon be old, even if you are still in your teens. That sort of disposition will take its toll on your physical health and affect your mental, moral and spiritual stability. (Family Life Today) ☐

* * * *

1. Scripture gives insight to the problem of irritability. Read 1 Corinthians 13.

2. Why do you think some Christians are so easily irritated? How should you respond to irritable people? Read Proverbs 15:1. ☐

SURVEY ON TEENS

New York (UPI)—Teens no longer rely on their parents for spending money, a new survey shows.

The study by *Seventeen* magazine is based on 1,263 questionnaires filled out by its readers and published in the January issue. Eighty-seven percent of the respondents said they earn all or part of their spending money through part-time jobs.

They earn an average of \$22 a week at jobs such as babysitting, housecleaning, and yard work.

Almost two thirds, or 62 percent, of the teens said their parents contribute an allowance—adding an average of only \$9 a week to the young peoples' income.

Asked what they spend their money on, 59 percent said most of it goes for clothes and makeup; 48 percent said they spend some on movies and concerts and 34 percent on going out to eat with friends. Twenty-one percent said they buy records, cassettes and video games.

But 72 percent also said they have a savings account, and 51 percent said they expect to pay for part of their college education. (Chattanooga News-Free Press) ☐

* * * *

1. Do you earn part or all of the money you receive? How do you spend your money?

2. Do you tithe 10 percent of all monies you receive?

3. Do you consult God on how you should spend your money? Or does He only govern "spiritual" matters? ☐

EMISSARIES TO CHINA

Continued from page 4

Christian College Coalition, a group of seventy Evangelical colleges, and it was through this organization that the Dirksens first made contact with the English Language Institute of China.

The Institute is relatively new, having operated for only two years. They filled sixty teaching slots during the '84 term and have promised to fill eighty during the '85 year. Already, for the upcoming year, 1986, the government of China has given them up to one hundred slots to fill, if possible. Obviously, the Institute and the Government of China are off to a good relationship in this matter.

It should also be noted that Lee College has an expanded program in the field of cross-cultural ministries. In other words, beginning this year and in order to keep pace with what's happening in our world, Lee will establish a new department and will be emphasizing more than ever cross-cultural ministry. Murl and Carolyn understand this new emphasis, both in terms of Lee and in terms of the general church, and they want a part in the emphasis. They view this trip, and this year of service, as one way they can keep abreast and help those who come later into their classes at Lee.

To use Carolyn's words, "How can we teach young people about other cultures when we know so little about them ourselves?"

Good question, Carolyn.

Those of us who know the

Dirksens understand full well that the Institute found choice people in this couple. We also know that, wherever the Dirksens go, they will be exemplary Christians and emissaries for this church and this nation.

May God bless and go with them. □

MAGGIE'S FREEDOM

Continued from page 17

"What's wrong, Maggie?"

"I was about to ask you the same thing."

"Are you unhappy with our marriage?"

"No. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. It seems lately you are restless. You never sing about the house, the way you once did. You appear irritable and over-sensitive. Short of speech. I just wondered what was wrong."

"Isn't that just like a man. Always blaming the woman. Why is it, if something's wrong, it has to be me? You ever think it might be your fault?"

"Sure. I've thought of that, Maggie. Thought of it lots of times. It well may be my fault but I honestly don't know how to change things, how to put things back where they once were. And that worries me. The more I try to figure it out and the more I try to make you happy, the worse things seem to get."

"We're doing all right. It doesn't hurt you to help out around the house, even if your precious dad never touched a broom in all his life and even if your mother was a homebody. I'm just not that kind of woman."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

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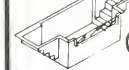
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Do your daily activities enslave you? Are you living life harder and enjoying it less? How can you get off the treadmill?

By God's grace, you can handle life better and enjoy it more, but the choice is *yours*. Begin by modeling the thirteen biblically based steps discussed by the author in this practical guidebook. Then you'll understand what the Apostle Paul meant when he wrote, "Godliness with contentment is great gain" (1 Timothy 6:6). Indeed, you'll know the delight of living free! (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

GROWING IN THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT by John Blattner

What's the secret?

The fifth chapter of Paul's letter to the Galatians contains a secret. It is the secret of how you can become more like Christ. The secret is to learn to live by the power of the Holy Spirit. How can you tell if someone has learned the secret? You will see the fruit of the Spirit in their lives.

In this inspiring and immensely practical book, John Blattner helps you uncover this secret so that your life can be transformed into the image of Christ. He offers new insights and concrete advice for Christians who want their lives to be characterized by love, joy, peace, patience, gentleness, kindness, and self-control. (Servant Books, Ann Arbor, MI 48107) □

BEATING THE BREAK-UP HABIT by Dick Purnell with Jerry Jones

Dick Purnell and Jerry Jones take an honest look at why couples break up. But, more importantly, they explore how singles can develop successful, lasting relationships built on solid, biblical guidelines.

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- * How men and women communicate in different ways, and what this means for real understanding.
- * Why just changing partners doesn't usually bring happiness.
- * What premarital sex does to relationships.
- * How to recognize a destructive relationship and when to break up.
- * Ways you can heal emotionally and spiritually from a broken relationship. (Here's Life Publishers, San Bernardino, CA 92402) □

THE DEATH DECISION Edited by Leonard J. Nelson

Who decides when it's time for someone to die? How do you decide? Will someone someday make that decision for you?

These are intensely personal questions when a parent, child, spouse, or close friend falls hopelessly ill. They are also questions being asked more urgently by lawyers, physicians, and policymakers in this age of astonishing biomedical advances that give us increasing control over life.

In this book, eight experts look at the New Biology and the tough ethical and legal questions it poses. (Servant Books, Ann Arbor, MI 48107) □

LET'S MAKE A MEMORY by Gloria Gaither and Shirley Dobson

Give your loved ones a priceless heritage of family memories.

In today's high-tension world, the family has become an endangered species—a group of people fragmented by the stress of meeting hectic schedules, making harried decisions, and coping with ever-increasing financial demands. They live under the same roof, yet can't find time to build the strong ties that make real family.

Because they believe families are so important, Gloria Gaither and Shirley Dobson have compiled *Let's Make a Memory*. Here they show how their own family traditions have formed lasting values in their homes. They also share a wealth of how-to information that will help you plan—not just depend on chance—for making meaningful memories in your own family. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76703) □

"It's not the chores, Maggie. It's you. Your attitude toward me. You've lost respect for me. Marriage is a matter of relationship. Two people adjusting to one another and living their lives in some sort of harmony. Something has gone wrong with us. I've been trying to get the feel back, the music, but it isn't working. There are days when I suspect you take marriage as a burden, when you act as if you wish you were out of it. As if you really don't much care for me anymore."

"There you go. Putting the blame on me. I know what the problem is. Mary Phillips and the ladies down at the church, they've enlightened me. You're just hung up on an old-fashioned idea about marriage and the role of women. Things have changed, Harold. Life isn't like it used to be when you were growing up. I'm not your mother and I'm not going to act like her. That's a fact you may as well accept."

"Why do you keep bringing up my mother?"

"Because I know that's how you think. You think every woman ought to be like her."

"Did I ever say that to you, Maggie? Have I ever compared you to my mother?"

"Well . . . I don't know that you've said anything but you've thought it. I know how you feel."

"How I feel, Maggie, is that I want a wife who cares for me, who acts as if she's concerned, and who treats me with some sort of respect, not as an antagonist. You come home

every day like someone ready to do battle, someone prepared for the next round in the fight. And Maggie, it's a fight I want nothing to do with in the first place."

"No, you don't want to fight and argue about it. You just want me to do everything your way."

Harold stared at Maggie a long time, slowly biting down on his lip. There was a sadness in his eyes, a sadness Maggie mistook for weakness. When he got up and went into the living room, she grinned and thought how proud Mary Phillips and all the other ladies would be.

On Monday Harold Dorcett talked with his lawyer and filed for a divorce.

Something Maggie, years later, doesn't quite understand.

She blames it on Dorothy, a little red-haired cashier at Sears, just across the street from Harold's office. □

THE CHANGE

Continued from page 19

we really need is a soloist—someone with an extra good voice. You, if you'll do it."

Would I? I love singing even more than eating!

I smiled, and he grinned back. Good ole Joe David. How many times during the year he had served as our president had I given him a rough time? Too many times to count, I'm sad to say.

Well, I outdid myself that evening. If I couldn't say anything calmly and kindly, I just kept my mouth shut. It made me kind of excited to realize I could control my tongue when I tried. Once, I had

a chance to drag someone's name through the mud and didn't even utter a word. Well, that's when I felt I could really make the change.

To cap it off, when Susan set out limeades, popcorn, and peanuts, I just smiled and said, "Only a small limeade for me, please."

To myself I added, *Elva, how would you like a brand-new figure to match your brand-new outlook?*

Carol just sat over there grinning like crazy. □

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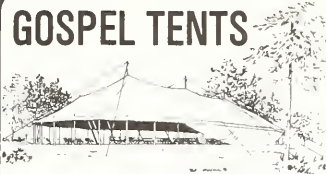
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who stand up tall,
Who dare to stand when others fall.
When weaker men bow down to greed,
And have no care that others bleed
'Tis then the world has greatest need
Of upright men and honest deeds.

God give us men
who dare stand tall.

The world needs men
who dare speak out,
Who dare to act when others doubt.
When weak men watch while others die
Without demanding reasons why;
And justice falls with but a sigh,
'Tis time to raise our hue and cry,
God give us men
who dare speak out.

The world needs men
who dare to know,
Who dare to think and dare to grow.
When timid men draw in a shell
While error weaves its wicked spell,
'Tis time for wise men to excel,
By learning truth, and learning well,
God give us men
who dare to know.

The world needs men
who love express
Who dare to share and seek to bless.
When selfish men spread everywhere,
While lonely hearts die in despair,
With none to note and none to care
'Tis then that we must love and share.
God give us men
who dare to bless.

The world needs men
steadfast and strong,
Who dare be right where there is wrong.
When wickedness sits on the throne,
And crushes truth beneath the stone,
Then we must stand, although alone,
And help the right regain its own.
God give us men
who dare be strong.

The world needs men
who will not stop
Until they reach life's mountaintop.
When timid men their climb delay,
And weaklings stop their climb mid-way;
A strong man will the heights obey,
And dare to climb up all the way.
God give us men
who dare the top.

MEN WHO DARE

by Charles W. Conn



As a matter of personality I suppose, I've never really cared for practical jokes, but I read something recently which reinforced my opinion.

First, I ought to confess that saying I never cared for them doesn't mean I never engaged in them. Practical jokes may be another of those stages through which we grow up.

It was I who talked a younger brother into pushing me around the house in the new red wagon we received for Christmas. The understanding was that I would do the same for him. I kept urging Neil to push me one more time, and one more time, until I owed him ten rides. I got him half way round the house, once.

"I can't push you, Neil. You're too heavy."

I'm sure that could be considered a practical joke, or a streak of meanness.

Also, during college and while living in Walker Hall, it was my roommate Bob and I who devised ingenious ways for making our third roommate's life miserable: suitcases which fell when he entered the room, a bed perfectly inviting but with the slats missing. You know, those sorts of things.

Still, by and large, I have



never liked practical jokes.

I've seen how jokes escalate. A glass of water thrown on a friend next becomes a bucket of water and that becomes a water hose and pretty soon there's far more damage than either party intended.

Over the years I've even heard of tragedy stalking those who constantly engage in such jokes. This has made news most often during hazings or initiations for fraternities or college clubs.

Karen Geske was fourteen years old. She thought it would be tremendously funny to play a joke on her best friend

who was baby-sitting just across the street. She laughed with her sister as she prepared the plan. She walked into her sister's room and showed off her costume; men's pants, large coat, hat, stocking pulled down over her face. It was Saturday night, January 28, 1984.

To set the stage for the joke, Karen phoned her friend who was baby-sitting. She made threatening sounds, breathed heavily over the phone. Then she repeated the calls just to make sure the friend was sufficiently scared.

After all these elaborate preparations Karen crossed the street in the dark and knocked on the front door. It was not Karen's friend who answered, but her boyfriend. He came to the door with a knife. Seeing Karen, and thinking her to be a real prowler, he reacted instinctively to her sudden move. When she jumped to her right, he stabbed her in the chest.

"You've stabbed me," Karen said. Only then did the boy recognize her.

Karen was dead on arrival at the hospital.

The boyfriend was charged with voluntary manslaughter.

It was only a joke. □



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With January of this year the Executive Committee launched a three-year program to emphasize worship throughout the Church of God. This emphasis will continue up to and through 1986, the year of the church's one hundredth birthday. The following comments have been taken from an interview with Brother Raymond Crowley, assistant general overseer, and are printed to show how our leaders feel about youth involvement in this emphasis.

by Raymond Crowley

THE THEME

Working with and through a special committee, we have chosen a theme for each of the three years: Worship Through Celebration, Worship Through Service, and Worship Through Adoration.

We worry somewhat, and have discussed, that our people may tire of the emphasis spread out over the next three years. But, on the other hand, what theme more vitally affects us than this whole matter of worship?

Worship is characteristic of Pentecost. It has been a unique and identifiable trademark of our church for the past ninety-eight years. We believe the theme is appropriate for commemoration of our centennial birthday.

Moreover, worship—the basics of worship, what it is, and how we believe men ought to worship—this is something especially important to the youth of our church. We not only protect our heritage through proper instruction in worship but we contribute significantly to any young life when we get across the message that God seeks men and women to worship Him in Spirit and in truth (John 4:23).

DEFINITION OF WORSHIP

Worship isn't really easy to define because it can take many forms and various expressions. How people worship, in terms of outward form and expression, may differ from one locality to another, or from one social group to another. Some people are more open and exuberant with their praise, for example. Others are rather subdued, often worshipping God through tears or through some other more muted emotional response.

Our objective is not to tell people how to worship but to get them truly into the practice or the art of worship. I really dislike using the expression "art of worship" because that in itself implies worship is something to be learned; but what I mean is that worship is something you



Worship and Church of God Youth

Worship and Church of God Youth

must concentrate on, something you must work at. Otherwise the occasion passes, the hour is gone and the opportunity is past while the mind has been wandering off somewhere else.

YOUTH INVOLVEMENT IN WORSHIP

Young people should be vitally involved in every church worship service. Not simply as those who perform either. While the young very well may make up the most dynamic aspect of the music program and youth may provide much of the liveliness and excitement of a service, the pastor must not assume that this alone is enough. In today's world, young people are used to participation. They are involved in school activities, sports activities, and we must realize they can routinely go through the motions of church activities.

Wise youth leaders will not be misled by this. They will insist that young people put their hearts and their lives on the line. They need to be in those altars, pouring out their souls. They need spiritual renewal and a touch of God's Holy Spirit.

This past weekend I was in one of our local churches and I saw this happening. I saw those

young people in the altar, praying and staying there before the Lord long after the service was over; and I knew that was where youth become truly involved, where they discover the real meaning of worship.

I see many wonderful things happening in our churches today, not least of which is the emphasis on Family Life Centers and the church becoming a place of refuge and wholesome activity for all members of the family. Many of our larger churches now have sports programs and through the week activities which are helpful and commendable, but those alone are not enough. They will not take the place of worship.

Any church which offers its youth only physical and social programs is a church trying to compete in the world's marketplace and with the world's attractions. That church ought not be too surprised when it loses its youth to the YMCA, to the high school, or to other community activities. But let a church be fired with the Spirit and power of God, let it have something happening in the pulpit and around its altars and it will offer youth what can't be found elsewhere.

Let me repeat, recreational and social activities are fine as a supplement to the church's spiritual

diet, but they must not be allowed to preempt the main course.

YOUTH REALLY WANT TO WORSHIP

Let's switch the emphasis away from the leader to the youth themselves. I am firmly convinced that young people are searching for this meaningful worship experience. They compete each day in the world's marketplace. They rub shoulders with evil and all its influence and they are affected by it, spiritually, just as anyone would be. So they too are looking for something far more than a social contact when they come to church.

They may not tell us so—after all, they are not the shepherds but the lambs—but it is our responsibility to read the spiritual signals and to see that their needs are met.

Make any genuine appeal to youth and you will almost always find them enthusiastic in their response. This is true of worship also. But one must be willing to program and to appeal in terms they understand.

THE STYLE OF OUR WORSHIP

How one goes about worship is not the

essence of worship itself. Style, method, form—these may and quite often do vary from locality to locality. Why should it upset us that one group chooses to worship differently from another? Why should we try to impose on everyone the same style and method of worship?

Our task is to insist on that worship being genuine, from the heart, and backed by wholesome living. When we do this we accomplish what worship is all about. We praise the Creator in a proper manner. We make going to church meaningful.

That is our objective during these coming months, to see that our people, both young and old, find in our churches the spiritual significance and the inner satisfaction one ought to find in the house of God.

We want those who come to our services to walk out with the same awe and reverence for God that the Samaritan woman felt when she returned to her community after being in the presence of the Master.

After all, Jesus promised to be in our midst. It is our task to welcome Him and to make those present conscious of His being there. □

FATHER'S DAY" is special to many people and for various reasons.

Some of us are fortunate enough to still have fathers with us, while there are others whose fathers have gone on to be with the Lord.

I would like to tell you about my father.

He is very special to me and to our entire family. He has always had a beautiful singing voice, having been compared to Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo. Even though he is now seventy-two years old, he still has the voice of a much younger man.

My father uses his singing talent for the Lord, singing in the church choir every Sunday at the Tremont Avenue Church of God in Greenville, South Carolina. Sometimes he sings special solos in the church and at other times he sings with his three sons, making up the "Christopher Quartet."

There are four of us children: three sons, Joel, Reginald, and Anthony; and one daughter, LaVoylyn. All of us are saved and active members in the local church at Tremont Avenue.

On a recent Sunday night at Tremont, Daddy and his three sons were accompanied by me



LaVoy Christopher

Father by LaVoylyn Christopher Morris

Father's Day this year, June 17, is a good time for remembering. Here is one daughter's tribute.



on the piano as we sang songs of praise unto the Lord. Daddy loves to sing for the Lord and is especially happy when the entire family sings together.

There was one time when Daddy was unable to sing. In November 1964 he had a large goiter removed from his throat. Everything seemed to go fine at first and then tragedy struck. Daddy went into a coma. "Thyroid crises," the doctors called it. They didn't give us any hope.

Tony, one of my brothers, stood outside the hospital room and prayed quietly in tongues for seven hours. He said later it was not until he told the Lord he was willing to give Daddy up, if it was the Lord's will, that the doctor came out of the hospital room and said Daddy was coming out of the coma.

The doctors could not understand it, but we all knew what had happened. You see, the Lord was not through with Daddy and his beautiful voice. God still had a work for LaVoy Christopher to do: to sing with his family and to be used of God in blessing others.

Daddy has always had by his side a faithful companion and helpmate, my mother Elsie. They brought us children up to do what was right, treat others right, and live a life for Jesus.

Their efforts and prayers have paid off. The children are all active members at Tremont Avenue. This includes three sons and their wives, a daughter who is married to an ordained Church of God minister, and ten grandchildren.

Recently, on Mother's Day, Mother was recognized by Pastor Robert C. Vance as the mother with the largest number of her immediate family present in church. This just doesn't happen on special days. It is an everyday occurrence for the Christopher family.

My parents have been members at Tremont for over forty years. All my family was raised there and church has always been part of our life. We love the Church of God and what it stands for. We love the Lord and look for His soon return.

May God bless our fathers, and especially my father, LaVoy Christopher, on this very special day. □

HOW DOES GOD reveal Himself? Several answers come to mind, not least of which is through personal experience.

In such a manner I recently received a most profound insight into God's love.

Being raised in Pentecostal tradition, I deduced that the louder and more expressively one worshiped, the more pleasing he or she was to God. This left me in somewhat of a dilemma, however, because those kinds of expressions were, and still are, difficult for me.

Consequently, I've undergone long periods of depression thinking there must be in me some hidden streak of unbelief, or some devilish tendency to apostasize. My

own children, however, have been instrumental in loosing me from the power of such perverted theology.

My lesson began when my wife took both sons John (5) and Daniel (4) to visit her mother in Richmond, Virginia. I drove them to Atlanta where, aboard an Amtrak, they would make the ten-hour journey. I knew the week ahead would be long but I also felt it would give me an opportunity to be alone with God, a chance to earn His good favor through some act of self-denial.

I am very close to John and Dan, perhaps more so than most fathers. We enjoy doing things together: baseball, bedtime stories, romping and



rough-housing, sometimes just plain question and answer sessions. Seldom do I approach them but what our hearts teem with joy expressed through wide grins and muffled giggles.

Both are wonderful boys. But

even so, between them there is a profound difference in personality.

Dan is a communicator, capable at all times of expressing emotion and talking about what, to a four-year-old, are deep personal matters. He is tender-hearted, sensitive, and usually happy. Things flow through him as though his life were a channel open at both ends.

In contrast, his big brother John finds self-expression difficult and unnatural. He too is a tender, loving child, but at times he's a victim of moodiness. Feelings become trapped inside John. The emotional flow is not smooth. The channel exists, possibly even deeper than Dan's, but the exit seems too narrow. John's emotions have to be forced out.

Aboard the train in Atlanta, the boys took two seats nearest the window. They waved and blew kisses. Cindy sat across the aisle. Although Dan had lavished me with hugs, kisses, and a verbal "I love you," he was actually thrilled about leaving, fully anticipating the upcoming week. John's embraces, however, lingered for that extra split second, as though trying to communicate his perception of both negative and positive realities.

Later I learned that as the train pulled out, John had sobbed, "Is my daddy poor?

Why does he have to stay and work?"

The following week dragged. There was no "Damascus road" experience for me with lightning, audible voices, or

heavenly visions. As a matter of fact, my motivation to seek such an encounter ran unusually low.

Why was I not feeling compelled to cry aloud for mercy on my wretched soul? After all, I had not exactly been "running the aisles and shouting glory" in church lately. God couldn't be too happy about that. Moreover, the things which lined the "avenues of my soul"—whatever and wherever they are—certainly weren't the same things which the minister had said lined the avenues of his soul.

I was slowly resolving, after years of tenacious struggle, that I just couldn't reach that pinnacle of spiritual expression. Others could sing, shout, speak in tongues, and "take their liberty in the Spirit." I was one who just couldn't turn loose, and God must be shamefully disappointed.

Finally the week passed. I headed back to Atlanta to pick up the family. We would stay overnight at my sister-in-law's apartment.

True to character, with eyes sparkling and face beaming, Dan ran full speed and leaped into my arms.

John held back. His dark eyes darted toward me then quickly away again, awaiting an invitation to be where his brother had so presumptuously pounced.

Setting Dan aside, I reached in John's direction. A big cat grin spread slowly across his face. I wanted so much for John to know I understood.

That night, with the boys in sleeping bags on the floor beside

our bed, Cindy filled me in on the cute things they'd done and said all week. The boys spoke of Ghost Town and King's Dominion. They relived the week's activities: only this time, I was there too.

As we relaxed and periods of silence grew more frequent, my thoughts drifted toward my haunting spiritual dilemma. Mixed with the warm, joyful family reunion were painful thoughts of spiritual inadequacy. Little did I know I was about to encounter a most startling revelation.

John's call snapped me to reality.

"Dad," his voice was low.

A little begrudgingly, wishing he'd go to sleep, I answered, "Yes, John."

"Dad, my heart hurts." His voice sounded somewhat off key.

Puzzled, I rolled over and looked down, "Your heart hurts? What's the matter?"

I scanned his face for some clue to what he could have meant.

"My . . . heart . . . hurts." A pause came between each word as though strength had to build for forcing out the next word. "Cause . . . it's . . . got . . . too . . . much . . . love . . . for . . . you."

Hot, salty tears came from my eyes. I glanced at Cindy. Her eyes too were moist. My heart
CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

My heart ached, as though it were about to explode.

Don't Miss It' by Lori Roberts

TIME SURE DOES FLY! Which one did you say is the oldest?"

"Our daughter, Lori."

I looked up and tried to smile politely.

Dad went on, "She's a junior in college this year."

"Really? I have a daughter too," the evangelist remarked. "What is Lori planning to be?"

As the men shared what they thought each child's role in life would be, I too started thinking again. I've always been taught to plan for the future; but what have I accomplished? What if I don't have the opportunity to realize my career pursuits? Have I done enough? Have I made the right impressions? Have I left a positive influence so far?

Ordinarily, a twenty-year-old, with her whole life ahead of her, would not be so thinking of the future.

Right?

Yet, I can't help but try and evaluate my life. I haven't always been so concerned about life, not until suddenly its reality and its true value struck me full force.

It all happened so quickly, without warning, and it hit very close to home.

March 3, 1983.

I was going through my daily routine of activities at Lee College. A phone call from home was always welcome, but this one immediately seemed different. Though my mother and I conversed frequently, she never called in the middle of the day. I knew something was wrong.

"Lori." Mother's voice sounded serious. "Kendall was killed this morning in a car accident."

I was numb. Such things happen every day but

not to my friends. Immediately, thoughts raced through my mind . . . of the times we shared in high school . . . youth group activities . . . graduation . . . surely this wasn't really happening!

I knew at once that I would attend the funeral. The trip home would be long, from Cleveland, Tennessee to Fort Myers, Florida. I felt sure I could figure things out and prepare myself.

I was wrong.

There was a large crowd at the funeral: family, friends, old acquaintances, even some strange faces, all present to pay last respects to a young life cut short.

The minister had his work cut out for him this time. "What could he say?" I wondered. Would he say Kendall had lived a full life? That this was God's will?

"We are gathered here today to witness the early homegoing of Kendall David Tedder . . ." Pastor Roberts began.

Although it didn't lessen the pain, I must admit the pastor's words were true. If there had ever been an outstanding Christian in our youth group, it had surely been Kendall—faithful, dependable, hard working, not only at his job but at the church as well.

Kendall spent his last evening on earth at a Wednesday night service. He stayed late to arrange tables and chairs for Sunday school that weekend, not knowing the tables he arranged would be used on Saturday to serve a meal to his family before his funeral. Kendall's cooperative spirit that Wednesday night was not a coincidence, but a habit. Kendall always did his part. Those who knew him had no doubt that he had gone to heaven.

"If you don't remember anything else today,



remember this . . .” The pastor paused briefly. “. . . there are a thousand sermons wrapped up in this nineteen-year-old boy. A real message. Don’t miss it!”

At that moment, I stopped looking for answers and started listening to Kendall’s message. In the midst of my confusion and frustration, one thing became crystal clear: it could have been me! Kendall’s life meant something and I didn’t want to miss that truth.

In time, I began to see how Kendall’s life, though cut short, was not a total loss. In fact, the Lord used this tragedy to touch many.

From the beginning, Kendall’s Christian testimony was shared. The newspaper’s account of the accident was not only a priority news item, but a personal witness. In addition to relaying facts concerning the accident, the article reported on Kendall’s daily life. Among things mentioned were his positive attitude toward the elderly and shut-in, evident in his visitation of shut-ins affiliated with our church. Kendall’s faithful attendance and involvement in church, and church activities, was a vital part of his life. This was exemplified in the article. The Tedder family soon realized how Kendall’s life, as expressed through the newspaper, touched even those he didn’t know. Mail from complete strangers

flooded their home as the story was spread to the public.

For me to live is Christ,
And to die is gain.
I’ll serve Him night and day,
As I walk along life’s way.

This snappy convention song was a favorite at our church. Today the words describe our experience. Kendall lost his life, but not in vain. From his testimony, our church and community has certainly “gained.” Painfully, yet beautifully.

A year later, Kendall’s life is still seen in the church. Because he was skilled in construction, one sees almost everywhere the things he fixed, remodeled, and even built. His concern for the overall refurbishing of the church sparked a response in the members which resulted in the recent dedication of the newly remodeled sanctuary, in memory of Kendall.

During the project, Luke Skinner, the church clerk, observed the talent, time, money, and material donated. He saw it to be “flawless” and “completed with the greatest unity and cooperation of any project ever undertaken by the church.”

“It takes the cold death of winter to produce the
CONTINUED ON PAGE 23



ADEQUACY

"Not that we are adequate in ourselves to consider anything as coming from ourselves, but our adequacy is from God" (2 Corinthians 3:5; ASV).



Alan Cliburn Photo

I STOOD trembling as the spelling bee announcer cleared his throat to pronounce the next word. As representative from the sixth grade class, I desired to do my best for my class and also for my sense of achievement.

"Adequate," the announcer said. His voice

seemed far away. I moistened my lips, closed my eyes and tried to visualize the word.

"Adequate," he pronounced for the last time.

The silence was interminable. Was it a-d-i? or a-d-e?

"A-d-i-q-u-a-t-e" I spelled slowly, distinctly.

"Incorrect" the announcer said. "One more try."

Confidence shattered, my body began shaking. I could not collect my thoughts well enough to make a second try. I simply walked off stage and sat down, relieved the pressure was gone, the whole ordeal over.

Whenever I use or hear the word adequate, I still experience an insecure feeling inside.

Of course, this word means more to me now and to the mind-set of our present age than I could ever have imagined at the age of twelve.

Adequacy is pursued anxiously by all mankind, most of whom act on the belief that it may be personally achieved. Men compete to acquire it, sell their characters to buy it, search everywhere to find it, give unbelievable sums of time and energy to attain it, cheat and steal to keep it. A lack of adequacy motivates many to fear, give-up, fail, burn out, escape and resign.

God makes it clear, through the Apostle Paul, that we will never possess adequacy in ourselves no matter how much life we live, how many possessions we gain, or how high a position we attain. Adequacy—that secure feeling of knowing who we are, our value and worth as personal beings—can come only from God. The Living Bible says it plainly. "Our only power and success comes from God" (2 Corinthians 3:5).

I'm learning to feel more secure with the word adequate. God not only knows how to spell it, He is the source of it. □

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Send for the Leader That Works.



Abandon the use of false yardsticks. All too often

we judge by superficial standards—abilities, bankbooks, friends, results.

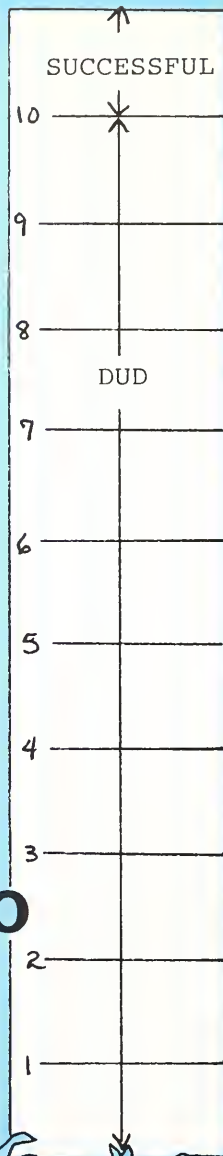
The problem is that God doesn't gauge our success that way. He looks for growth in Christlikeness and for seeking His kingdom first. Against these standards the others are amazingly trivial.



How to

Fail Successfully

Artist/Writer, Larry E. Neagle



WHAT WART?

I DON'T HAVE ANY WARTS
ON MY NOSE!!!

Acknowledge your imperfections. Face failure honestly; don't fake success. Why? Three reasons. First, "perfect" people are frozen in mediocrity; imperfect people are free to grow. Second, it frees us from having to spend enormous amounts of emotional energy on a defense budget designed to keep others away. Finally, it enables us to empathize with others who are the same.

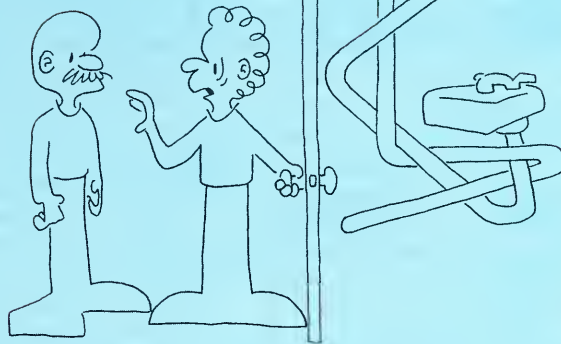


"OVERNIGHT" YOU SA





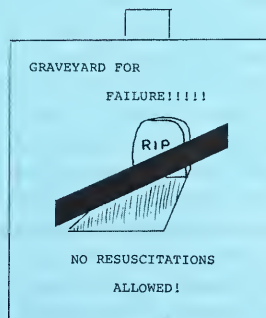
UH. . . HOLD ON DAD. I
HAVEN'T QUITE FINISHED
INSTALLING THE SINK YET.



Learn from your failures. Exploit them; don't waste them. Mine them for insight and understanding. Make them your back door to success.

Don't give up the ship. Never use failure as an excuse to quit. You may not be able to reverse the consequence of your failure. The loss may remain lost. The damage may be unfixable. But you can make a fresh start. After all, God specializes in new beginnings.

Take your time. Like most of the really important things in life, learning to use failure successfully is a long-term process. Despite what you may have heard, you won't be demerited for taking awhile to get there. You have all your life to grow.



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Commit it all to God and leave it there. Don't resurrect the failures and mistakes of yesterday to make you miserable today.

Why Burn a Good Book?

by LARRY CLARK

THE POPOLUCA boy stared at the bonfire in the village square and watched as the man hurled the Book into the fire. The boy drew closer, his face contorted in horror.

"Papa, please don't let him burn your Bible!" he pleaded.

The boy's father stood nearby, helpless before the angry authority who had taken the Bible from him. No one resisted the man who threw the Bible into the fire. Popolucas men stood at a distance, watching the flames lick at the pages, then slowly reduce the Book to ashes.

Plo remembered the day when his father brought home that Spanish Bible. Back in 1940 few of his people owned one and his family treasured it. Since it came from the outside world, it must be good, they reasoned.

The schoolteacher said so, too. He often came to town and visited Plo's family. When they showed him the Bible, the teacher thumbed its pages,

read some of it, and said, "It's a good Book. Keep it safe!" And Plo's dad did. He wrapped it in nice cloth and stored it away in the family trunk. The Book in the strange language deserved special care.

One day the strange man strode into the village. The Popolucas had a special name for him; they called him the "long-shirted one." He was an authority in the big church and no one questioned his word. Plo watched the church authority march up to their grassroof hut. He followed him in and heard him say to his father, "I hear you have a Bible here. Bring it to me."

The authority snatched the Book out of the hands of the obedient Popolucas man. The next hour left Plo a puzzled young boy. He saw the man build a bonfire, throw in the Bible—and leave.

Plo looked at the charred pages long after the man left the village. He was only ten years old and questions swirled in his



young mind. *Why did he burn it? Wasn't it a good book?*

He knew only one thing about the long-shirted one. He was an outsider.

Outsiders did strange things, Plo thought. Maybe that's why the mountain Popolucan enjoyed their isolation and kept away from the noise of Mexican cities. His people lived to themselves in serene villages surrounded by pine trees. A diligent but friendly people, the men worked their cornfields by day and spent evenings chatting under star-filled skies.

But questions lingered in Plo's mind for years. Why burn a good book? What did the Book say? He determined that someday he would find the answer.

Plo's good intentions got sidetracked for thirty years. He grew into manhood and gradually he followed the custom of celebrating fiestas with strong drink. Love for liquor overcame him and he drowned his time and money in dissolute living. Problems mounted up until one day he moved his family to another village called Ocotlán Chico.

Soon after his arrival he discovered an American family lived there. *Outsiders?* he thought. *What do they want with us?* He wondered when he'd meet them.

One day Plo rode his mule into town and came back drunk. While charging along, his foot caught in the stirrup and the mule dragged him along the ground, leaving deep gashes and cuts in his back. Sobered by his injuries, he came to the home of Bible translators John

and Royce Lind for medical treatment. Royce cleaned his back, dug out pieces of gravel and treated his wounds.

Such loving care from the Lind family prompted Plo to visit them often. He watched the outsiders as they showed love to other Popolucans. They fixed their scratches and cuts, treated them for parasites and sewed up their wounds. But the Linds did even more. They taught them to read in their own language.

One day when John showed Plo a popular Spanish New Testament, his interest flamed. Here again was that Book! Now he could satisfy that desire to discover its hidden message.

Disappointment came. The translation in simple Spanish, intended for rural folk, wasn't simple enough for Plo. He could buy and sell in Spanish, but he always reverted to Popolucan speech to express himself clearly. Gradually he lost interest in the strange Book.

Suddenly his interest in the Book revived. The American said to him, "Help me translate Luke's Gospel into your speech." How could Plo refuse a chance to discover the meaning of the outsider's Bible?

And maybe he could find help in that Book. The ravages of liquor had ruined his liver and left his face blotched and his nose red from broken blood vessels. And his wild living had created enemies. He realized he had few years to live. If drink didn't kill him, his enemies would. What could he lose if he learned from the outsider?

As he studied with the translator, he found ways to

express Bible truths in his own tongue. And light slowly dawned in his heart. Christ's living message compelled him to accept this powerful Savior.

The Word illumined his life. Plo said to John Lind, "Now the Bible makes sense. I can understand it. I want to follow Christ."

God soon took away his desire for strong drink. While marital problems had ruined his homelife, now he and his family found healing as they also trusted in the Lord. And refreshed by God's Word in Luke's Gospel, Plo thirsted for more.

He helped translate the entire New Testament. At the same time he became learned in the Scriptures and people in the community began to look up to him as a spiritual leader. And once strong in the Lord, he began to pastor the flock of believers that came to believe through the message of the translated Book from God.

For over thirty years Plo knew the Bible existed. It must be an important Book.

He never really understood why the strange man burned his father's Bible long ago. Maybe he felt the people would twist its message to their own harm. But that book-burning scene put a flame in Plo's heart. It started him on a quest that ended thirty years later.

In God's time the translators came to put the message into the mother tongue of the mountain Popolucan. One day Plo found out what the Book had to say to him. And it transformed his life! □

SIT DOWN, GEORGE.”

George Casper eased himself into the chair across from his pastor's desk and wondered again what this was all about. Pastor Roberts didn't ordinarily phone and demand that one come to his office on such short notice, nor with such urgency of tone.

It was a nice office, though modest, with book cases along the wall behind the pastor's desk. George waited. The pastor marked his Scripture passage, removed his black glasses and meticulously cleaned them. Only then did he really look up at George and smile.

George felt the smile a little forced. Something more serious lurked in Pastor Robert's eyes.

“When did you last clean the church, George? Wasn't that Wednesday morning?”

“Yeah. Somewhere between ten and eleven-thirty, I suppose. Normally I do it in the afternoons but Wednesday I wanted to go to the flea market with Ollie. Why? Something wrong?”

“Not with the work. I've discovered an item missing from my office and I just wondered if you may have seen it.”

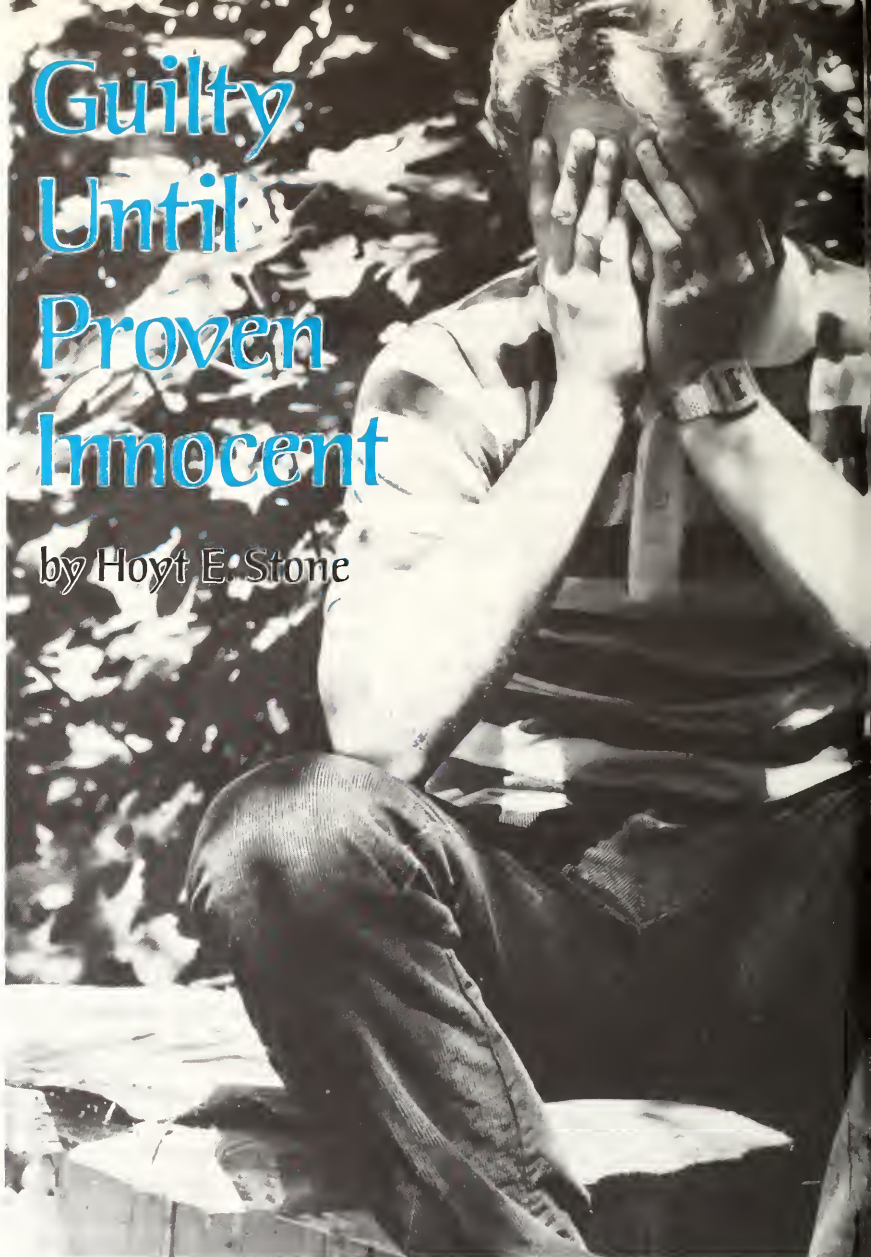
“I never move things around much in your office. Just clean. That was the agreement, wasn't it? When you first hired me?”

“Well . . . eh . . . that was the agreement, yes, but it was a condition you yourself set, not I. Remember? I told you to make yourself at home in the office and you felt that might not be wise, that some of the church people might be suspicious.”

“I remember.”

Guilty Until Proven Innocent

by Hoyt E. Stone



Alan Cliburn Photo

The pastor shrugged. This time, when he smiled, there was something of the old warmth. George relaxed. He really did like the pastor and he appreciated the job as well. Not every young man in his position found such a friend as this little preacher who took the gospel of Christ literally.

“Sorry I mentioned it, George. It's really a small matter. I'm sure the item will show up again. I just wanted to make sure. Sort of cover all the bases, you understand?”

George didn't really but neither did the matter seem all that important. He talked on a few moments and then excused himself.



"I'm helping Mrs. Moran with her garden. She's not really able to run the tiller."

"That's nice of you. Give her my regards. See you at church in the morning."

Sunday morning was rather uneventful for George, though he did wonder why the church treasurer Bill Wright

commented about his new gray suit, one he had recently purchased over in Gladesville. His nagging doubts returned when, following church on Sunday night, the pastor asked him to meet once again in his office. This time the Pastor's Finance Committee was present and the room was heavy with tension.

"What's this, my Parole Board?" George meant the remark as a joke, something to loosen things up, but it didn't seem to help. Norman Henshaw coughed. Bill Wright wet his lips and looked at the ceiling. Three hundred pound Ed Callihan twisted in his chair. The pastor took off his glasses and cleaned them again. The silence weighed thirty pounds.

"Not your Parole Board, George, but we do have a few questions. The men thought it best to bring them up now."

George looked around. The men stared right through him. These were not the friendly faces he had become accustomed to seeing.

"Well, let's get it over with. At the moment I'm lost."

"Go ahead, Gentlemen," Pastor Roberts said. "I'm sure you will find George cooperative."

After what seemed an interminably long moment, Ed Callihan cleared his throat and said, "You've been working here with us for about three months now, haven't you, George?"

"Lacking one week. I got out the second week in March. Came to work here on Monday, March 12."

"You've been the best caretaker and custodian this church has ever had."

"Thank you."

"Come on, Ed, quit beating around the bush," Norman Henshaw broke in. "George knows we all appreciate his work. This has nothing to do with that. Just tell the boy."

Ed Callihan's face reddened noticeably. He swallowed.

"George, we don't normally leave money here in the church. But last Sunday night, after the Finance Committee finished counting the tithes and offerings, we placed them in a paper sack here on the pastor's desk. Normally, that would have been no real problem. The secretary would have found the deposit first thing Monday morning. But Shelia had the flu and pastor had to go to a minister's meeting . . ."

"Oh, so that's what this is all about?" George leaned forward in the chair and looked first at one man and then the other. "You fellows think I know something about the money?"

"We're not accusing you, George," Pastor Roberts spoke up. "The men feel responsible. All they're trying to do is find out what happened. There was over two thousand dollars in the deposit."

The pastor's voice was soothing. The knot in George's stomach loosened up a little.

"I'm sorry, Pastor, but I don't know a thing about that money. I did work that morning and I remember vacuuming out your office . . ."

"Are you sure, George?" Norman Henshaw asked. "I placed the money here myself. Just before we locked up for the night."

George pursed his lips in thought. "Yeah, I'm sure of it. There was no paper sack, no
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YOUTH AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION GENERAL ASSEMBLY ACTIVITIES

INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL

Choirs from across the Church of God will be featured at the 1984 International Music Festival, preceding the Sixtieth General Assembly in Fort Worth. The Reverend E. C. Thomas, general overseer, will open the festival with greetings to the international church community. "Let the People Praise Him," an exciting new musical, has been created especially to coincide with the Assembly theme. The musical, which is to be the program finale, will be performed by a mass choir and special guest soloist and will be accompanied by an orchestra. This festival will be held Monday, August 13, 7-9 p.m. in the main arena of the Convention Center. □

CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES

Child Care (ages 4-5)

Provisions have been made for ministry to children, ages 4-5, during Tuesday-Saturday of the Assembly. A charge of \$2 per session per child will be made for the service (this includes a snack). This ministry will provide supervision along with age-level Bible presentations. These activities will convene in the Sonbeam Street Room (Room 243) of the Convention Center.

Children's Church (ages 6-12)

An exciting ministry has been designed for children, ages 6-12. These sessions will be conducted by Jack Bentley and friends: Yogi Bear, visiting choirs, puppets, and many others.

These activities will convene in the Sonshine Avenue Room (Room 277) of the Convention Center. The dates and hours for Children's Church and Child Care will be as follows:

Tuesday	10:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon 7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.
Wednesday	8:30 a.m. - 12:00 noon 7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.
Thursday	9:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon 7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.
Friday	10:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon 7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.
Saturday	10:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon 7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. □

TEEN TALENT MUSIC

The Music Division of Teen Talent seeks to recognize and involve Church of God teenagers who demonstrate talent, skill, and accomplishment in music—vocal, keyboard, and instrumental—and to motivate teenagers to utilize their musical abilities in worship and in the evangelism ministries of the church. All Teen Talent music competition will be held in the theatre beginning Tuesday, August 14, and continuing through Saturday noon, August 18. □

TEEN TALENT ART

The Creative Art Division of Teen Talent is designed to recognize Church of God young people who display talent, skill, and accomplishment in art and to encourage them to utilize their creative ability in the work and witness of the Christian community. The Teen Talent Art display will be located in the South Bay of the Exhibit

Building. The art entries can be seen Tuesday, August 14, through Saturday noon, August 18. □

TEEN TALENT WRITING

The Creative Writing Division of Teen Talent is designed to recognize Church of God young people who display talent, skill, and accomplishment in writing and to encourage them to utilize their abilities for the Kingdom. The Teen Talent Writing display will be located in the South Bay of the Exhibit Building. The writing entries can be seen Tuesday, August 14, through Saturday noon, August 18. □

TEEN TALENT DRAMA

The Drama Division of Teen Talent has been created in recognition of the tremendous potential of Christian drama. It exists to encourage and display the dramatic talent, skill, and creativity of the young people of the Church of God. It seeks to encourage the development and utilization of these abilities for the Kingdom. The Teen Talent Drama competition will be held in the theatre of the Convention Center. Other locations will be announced as necessary. Competition will begin Tuesday, August 14, and conclude by Saturday noon, August 18. □

TEEN TALENT BIBLE DIVISION COMPETITION

Teen Talent Bible Quizzing

The Bible Quizzing category is designed for team participation. The

THE FATHER'S HEART

Continued from page 9

ached, as though it were about to explode. I slid to the floor beside John and wrapped him in my arms.

Nothing more needed to be said.

Reflecting back, I now see a Heavenly Father who intimately knows each of His children, and who accepts us individually just as we are. His arms gently squeeze us and He too whispers, "I understand."

Nothing more needs be said. □

nature and function of Bible Quizzing offers teenagers opportunities for personal involvement, spiritual development, and participation in competition that is challenging and fulfilling. The Teen Talent Bible competition will be held in Room 120 of the Convention Center, beginning Tuesday, August 14, and conclude by Saturday noon, August 18. A Spanish Bible Quizzing competition will also be held. Dates and locations will be announced.

Teen Talent Bible Reading

The Bible Reading category is designed to emphasize the value of public Bible reading as a part of Christian worship and to guide teenagers in developing reading skills and effective communication. The Teen Talent Bible Reading competition will be held in Room 141 of the Convention Center. Competition will begin Tuesday, August 14, and conclude by Saturday noon, August 18.

Teen Talent Bible Teaching

God has chosen the medium of preaching and teaching to communicate His plan of salvation and eternal life. The Bible Teaching category is designed to emphasize the importance of teaching and to provide a plan for teenagers to be involved in it. The Teen Talent Bible Teaching competition will be held in Room 128 of the Convention Center, beginning Tuesday, August 14, and concluding by Saturday noon, August 18. □

AFTERGLOW CONCERT

Thursday evening's Youth Afterglow Concert at 10 p.m. in the theatre of the Convention Center will feature some of today's top Christian music ministries, including Phil Driscoll, 1984 Grammy Award nominee. Ticket information will be mailed to your churches and will be honored on a first come, first served basis. □

TEEN TALENT AWARDS FESTIVAL

The Awards Festival will be on Saturday night of the Assembly from 8-9 p.m. in the main arena. This festival is designed to give recognition to winners in all Teen Talent divisions. The awards will be presented in the main arena of the Convention Center immediately following the Saturday evening service. □

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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE



Current Happenings With Questions for Christian Reflection

EUROPEAN RELIGIOUS VALUES

European religious values were the subject of a survey conducted recently by a Jesuit professor in Belgium. The poll revealed that the Ten Commandment rules to honor parents and refrain from murder and stealing are still respected. Belief in the concept of sin is highest in Northern Ireland (91 percent) and lowest in Denmark (29 percent). (*World Vision*) ☐

* * * *

1. What do you think a poll of different sections of the United States would show?

2. Your youth group might like to poll your city or local community. Ask your youth leader about preparing such a poll. ☐

DISHONORABLE CONDUCT

High school students cheat—a lot of them.

That finding comes from students themselves. More than 75 percent of them cheat (on exams, term papers, and homework), according to a recent survey by *Highwire* magazine—a national quarterly written for and by high school students. (*NEA Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. Do you agree that 75 percent of high school students cheat? Do your friends cheat? Have you ever cheated?

2. Why do students cheat? Is it ever OK to cheat? Read Revelation 21:8. ☐

SHH . . . LET'S NOT TELL

Are smokers glamorous? Sexy? Sophisticated, mature, tough? No—none of the above. And they're not liberated—despite the "You've come a long way, baby" nonsense.

That's the overwhelming consensus among 18,000 high school seniors who took part in a recent University of Michigan survey. Even students who smoke aren't buying the tobacco industry's line. They see nicotine addicts as insecure conformists.

So much for the macho Marlboro man and the slinky Virginia Slims model. Today's teens aren't as naive as advertisers think. (*NEA Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. Do many of the teens you know smoke?

2. According to the article, the number of teen smokers overall has dropped. What do you think has contributed to this drop? ☐

TEENS DISCOVER POPULARITY SOMETIMES HAS HIGH PRICE TAG

To Melissa Gallander, 15 years old, being popular means "wearing all the right clothes, having all the cute boyfriends or girlfriends, saying all the right things, and having a perfect body."

To Daniel Spilo, 13, "popular is similar to population and it means having a lot of friends."

Bret Peters, 16, recalled: "I said, 'I must be cool and treat people like dirt.' So when someone asked, 'What's your name?' I would respond, 'Get out of my things.' I got to be popular by being the worst. Then the inevitable gossip began, and the pressure of maintaining an image became a strain. I became very depressed."

Laura Dorsey, 15, said she had tried in junior high school to get into the popular group but couldn't. She continued: "I did things I didn't want to do, cut classes or walked out of the classroom to be able to brag about it. I deliberately failed a test."

Popularity—the ability to attract a large and admiring circle of friends—seems to be based on impression as much as reality, and it feeds upon itself. "You become more popular as people find out you are popular," Daniel Spilo said.

"The goal is not always worth the price," some of the students said.

Jared Carney said: "When I have gotten into a popular crowd, I have found that it is hollow, that I was always under pressure to say the right thing, to look wonderful. If your hair is messed it can be the end of the world!"

The students seemed to consider friendship worth more than popularity. (*Chattanooga Times*) ☐

* * * *

1. Do you want to be popular? What does popularity mean to you?

2. Was Jesus popular? If so, with whom and why? Did He seek popularity? Did He have anything to say about popularity? ☐

NORTH AMERICAN SCENE

Marijuana use among teenagers has dropped to its lowest level since the government began keeping records in 1975. A study by the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research also shows an overall decline in the use of other illegal drugs. (*Christianity Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. Why do you think illegal drug use has declined overall?

2. Has there been a noticeable decline in your school or area? ☐

'DON'T MISS IT!'

Continued from page 11

new life of spring. Kendall's death certainly produced new life in our church," youth leader Mrs. McDaniel shared with all the youth. Although she too felt the pain of loss, she helped give new insight concerning the effect of his life on the congregation.

"It is easy to see the cohesiveness in our church," she added. "The bond of life experienced between family and friends is one of significant value."

The changed lives of the new faces in our church today are living testimonies that one nineteen-year-old's life was not lived in vain. These eternal changes cannot be compared to any deed or accomplishment. Where sermons and witnessing failed, Kendall's faithful testimony touched and warmed even the coldest heart.

Thousands of teenagers die each year. Most of them leave a heart-broken family, confused friends, and many regrets. What a waste! However, in a

sea of such hopelessness, there are a few exceptions. Like Kendall, they made their lives count.

When Kendall exchanged his few years of devoted living for a secure eternity, he gave more than his life. He gave hope to lost friends and neighbors, he gave precious memories to his family, and most important he gave a testimony which challenges every Christian, especially the teenager. This is the message that we "shouldn't miss." His plans for the future included living for Christ day by day.

So it should be with us. Maybe we haven't yet reached all our goals, or maybe we aren't all we want to be, but we must make our life count today. □

Lord, please help us live
for You today,
Help us to realize
Our witness for You today
Is far better
Than all our good intentions
For tomorrow.
Lord, You hold our future.
Teach us to live for You
Day, by day, by day. . . . □



"When I told you to keep your prayers short, I didn't expect you to say 'ditto' every night."

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EVALUATE AND GROW by Harold J. Westing

This book deals with how to achieve growth—both quantitative and qualitative—in the local church's Christian education program. The answer, according to the author, is evaluation (of individuals, programs, strategies, goals). Supplementing this practical guidebook is a lengthy appendix complete with sample evaluations—for Sunday school teachers, students and superintendents—as well as for self-study helps.

Opening your Sunday school program to regular, objective evaluation is the stimulus to an effective and spiritually-relevant ministry, says Westing, using Hebrews 10:24, 25 as his springboard. Analyzing and correctly interpreting the facts could mean the difference between a stagnant or dwindling Sunday school and a vibrant, growing one. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

SERVING ONE ANOTHER by Gene A. Getz

Every Christian can improve his capacity as a servant. In this book, Gene Getz tells how you can become a servant of righteousness and defines the true test of servanthood. He explains the concepts of your freedom to serve others and of serving in the Spirit. He also points out the qualities of a servant leader and of a servant teacher, and tells how you can develop these qualities. Then he shows why the ultimate example of the Supreme Servant is Christ. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

BEHOLD THE LAMB by Kent Hughes

Expository studies in the Gospel of John, chapters 1-10. The Apostle John leads us inside the heart of Christ, the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. The Lamb who bore our sins is the Shepherd who bears His sheep. In this warm, pastoral book covering the first ten chapters of John, you'll feel the heartbeat of the Savior, and see Him as He ministers across human barriers. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

THINGS by Sandy Larsen

Today's young people hear a lot about material possessions—and most of it is misleading. The advertising media promise happiness and popularity if their products are bought and used regularly. Peer pressure at school requires the "proper" clothes and possessions before a student will be accepted by others. Even parents are often bad examples in the areas of materialism.

Things presents a different perspective on possessions. This SonPower elective will help young people analyze and evaluate their use of the things they own, and will show them how their Christian beliefs apply to their material possessions. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

CREATIVE CAMPING by Joy Mackay

Your guide to a successful camping program. Author Joy Mackay, who has helped train thousands of camp counselors through her teaching and writing, once again has revised her standard work on Christian camping. A major change is an added chapter on Stress Camping. In this book you'll find helpful tips on conducting Bible hours, campfire meetings, campers' quiet times, cabin devotions, Scripture memorization, leading campers to Christ, and teaching missions. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

deposit of any kind, on that desk when I came in here to clean up. I remember because I dusted the desk off."

Bill Wright stood up. He looked first at the pastor and then at George. Somehow he reminded George of an attorney.

"George, where did you get your new suit?"

"Bought it. Down at Valley's Men's Store."

"When?"

"Friday."

"Paid cash for it too, didn't you?"

"Sure I paid cash. My credit isn't very good around this town so far."

Bill rubbed his chin and leaned forward. The look in his eyes . . . George had seen that before. These men were serious.

"You guys really do think I took that money, don't you?"

"What should we think, George? You were the only one here, the only one with a key to the whole place."

"Now wait a minute. I'm not the only person with a key to the church. I see other people in here all the time. Singers. Young people. Even Sister Roberts. Lots of people have access to the church. Besides, why is that important? I said I didn't take the money and that ought to be enough."

Again the silence. Bill sat down and crossed his legs.

"Pastor . . ." It was Ed Callihan who said it. ". . . I really don't think we have any choice. We can't permit a thief, an ex-con, to roam at will

through our church. Maybe it doesn't bother you but it does bother me. We've got to think of the others. It's our duty."

"But . . . but I didn't take the money! I really need this job, Fellows. Honest. As for the suit, I've been saving my money for three months. Working at other jobs and everything . . ."

George saw no compassion in the face of the men. He finally let his eyes return to Pastor Roberts. "You . . . you believe me, don't you, Sir. I've never taken one thing from this church. I wouldn't do that. Not since the Lord saved me."

The pastor pulled his chair forward and leaned his elbows on the desk. He didn't exactly smile but George saw something in his face he didn't see in the others. The older and younger looked into each other's eyes for a long quiet moment.

"Tell you the truth, George, I do believe you."

"Now wait just a minute, Pastor," Bill Wright said. "If George didn't take the money, then that points an accusing finger right back at this Finance Committee. Are you thinking maybe one of us, or all of us, had something to do with the missing money? That maybe we didn't leave it here in the first place?"

"No, Bill, I'm not thinking that. I'm thinking there's something here we don't understand at the moment and that we ought not doubt George's word any more than anyone else's. He's our brother too, you know. We owe him that."

"Maybe we do," Ed Callihan said, "but it's a lot easier to believe someone you've known

all your life than to take the word of a stranger."

"Especially a stranger who's been in prison? Is that it, Ed?"

"Well . . . eh . . . yeah. I guess that's part of it. And I'm not ashamed of feeling the way I do. I take my responsibility seriously. It's my job to look after the finances of this church and we can't afford to lose any two thousand dollars. As things stand now, I move we fire the boy."

"I agree with Ed," Norman Henshaw said. "While George may be telling the truth, and while I might be able to trust him for myself, I don't feel I can take that chance for the church. I second the motion."

"And you, Bill?"

"I agree."

There was a knock on the door, followed by the smiling face of the pastor's wife.

"Sorry to interrupt, Dear, but you said let you know. The Martins are waiting."

"We'll only be a few moments more."

The door closed. Then opened almost immediately.

"Oh, Dear, that reminds me. I put last week's deposit in the bottom drawer of your desk. I meant to tell you." □

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I cried against the mountainside
"HELLO, HELLO; HELLO AGAIN."
And then before my voice had died
The selfsame words that I had cried
Came trembling back across the plain,
"Hello, hello; hello again."

*In playful mood I cried aloud,
"I LOVE YOU, FRIEND; LOVE ME TODAY."
The sentiment that I avowed
Reverberated, clear and loud,
As the mountain seemed to say,
"I love you, friend; love me today."*

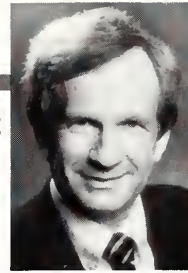
*When, tired at last, I called no more,
The mountain ceased its call to me;
It stood above the valley floor
In silent beauty as before,
But sent no greeting out to me—
Although I listened hopefully.*

*I know the mountain made no sound
In bright response that answered me.
For flinty slope and rocky mound
Can only hear and then resound
In echo's pleasant mockery;
It was my hope that spoke to me.*



The ECHO

by Charles W. Conn



Democracy

THE WORD is from the Greek *demos*, meaning people, and *krateein*, meaning to rule. We normally define it as, "government for the people, by the people."

The word democracy has become rather sacred to us here in the United States. To declare some action, or some idea, as being undemocratic is condemnation of the worst sort and to justify an action as being the democratic thing to do is almost like quoting Scripture.

We're going to hear lots about democracy during the next few months, from Democrats (not to be confused with the word democracy itself) and from Republicans (not to be assumed as being undemocratic). Not only may we find the national political scene somewhat confusing but we may wish to examine the term a little more carefully, perhaps with tongue-in-cheek, as used by the church and in relation to personal decisions.

We pride ourselves, for example, on doing things according to the will of the majority. Such is democracy. It might pay us, however, to remember the Bible does not glamorize the will of the people. During Noah's day, just about everyone thought him a preaching old fool. The majority voted for building the Tower of Babel, a legislative bill which God immediately vetoed. Jesus noted that most people on this earth walk headlong down the broad road to destruction.

He never said it would be easy, but for young and old alike, Jesus definitely recommended the

narrow, less popular way.

So let's keep the word in perspective. Democracy may be the finest form of government upon the face of the earth, it may be worthy of our sacrifice, even our lives, but it is yet a human term, not divine. It is of this world order, not to be bowed down before nor worshiped by those who make up the body of Jesus Christ.

More of us ought to be asking, "Is this right?" rather than, "Is this what pleases people?" We should judge men, and choose leaders, according to

how well they demonstrate Christ's love and His characteristics, rather than on the basis of personal charisma, oratorical skills, or a willingness to go along with our pet peeves or personal ambitions.

"Is this right?" or "Is this God's man?" may not always be the popular questions to ask; but they are the correct ones. If we give more attention to them, prayerfully, it will not be necessary for God to confuse so many of our plans or to bring to naught so many of our projects.

Theocracy, not democracy, is the coming world order. □



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LIGHTED PATHWAY JULY 1984

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From personal experience I know it's important for the Church of God to have a strong youth ministry. Over the years I have been a part of that ministry. Through mid-week and Sunday school service, through development and distribution of curriculum and teaching materials, and through a number of administrative positions—always I've seen the absolute necessity of making sure the young have a place in this church.

In terms of what I wish to say here, there are four reasons why this yet remains true.

FIRST, THE CHURCH OF GOD MUST HAVE A STRONG YOUTH MINISTRY BECAUSE, WITHOUT IT, WE CANNOT BE A CARING CHURCH:

My first memory of involvement in the Church of God was in the early thirties. While just a child on the school bus, I heard talk among the other kids about a new department which had been formed, something called Y.P.E. (Young People's Endeavor). There was unusual excitement over the fact that here was a department, or a program, the church had designed just for us.

I began attending Y.P.E. first as a child and then became so involved as a teenager that it got hold of me. I was still a young man when God saved me; and what I remember most is the uniqueness of that caring church in Lake City, Florida, a church which never ceased to remind me I was a sinner, I needed God, and

Why the CHURCH OF GOD Must Have a Strong YOUTH MINISTRY

by General Overseer E.C. Thomas





Ankers Capitol Photo

there was a place for me in the church.

If we understand properly what the church is—the price God paid in the giving of His Son (John 3:16), and the sacrifice Christ made in the giving of His life (Romans 5:19)—then we must recognize that the church should always care and minister to its youth. The church of Jesus Christ on this earth can be nothing less than a caring church, where young people are recognized as a sacred responsibility.

WE NEED A STRONG YOUTH MINISTRY BECAUSE, WITHOUT IT, WE CANNOT FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST:

Most of us are aware of the familiar scriptures, where Jesus said, “Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven” (Matthew 19:14), or where He took a boy’s lunch and blessed the multitude (Luke 9:12-17); but it’s probably more important to recognize the universality of Christ’s ministry.

Jesus invited all to come. Jesus made place for all classes, all races, all types, and all ages. It was His attitude, His compassion, His total lack of prejudice toward any that convinces me we as His church must not forget or neglect the young.

There is no way to segregate ages within the church from the blessings of God and from the anointing of God.

I recall Sister Christy, one of the blessed ladies of my home church who helped pray me through. Sister Christy had a large family. They lived a quarter of a mile from the church and, so far as I know, never owned a car. They walked to church every time the doors were open.

Sister Christy’s little boy, age eight, was home with her when she became very sick. She told Billy to run get the pastor to come pray for her. Billy left the house but soon returned. “Mother,” Billy said, “you could die while I’m going to get Brother Hammond. I’ll pray for you.” Billy prayed and his mother was immediately healed.

Too easily we discount the prayers of children but we ought not count anybody out in this spiritual race. God doesn’t. He values faith, in people of any age, and He has in fact noted that all of us would be better off if we were more like children when it comes to the spiritual kingdom (Luke 18:17).

IN THE THIRD PLACE, WE NEED A STRONG YOUTH MINISTRY BECAUSE WITHOUT IT, WE CANNOT DISPLAY THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT:

Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—these are characteristics which Paul calls fruit of the Spirit (Galatians 5:22, 23). What beautiful graces they are!

One might say that it takes love . . . and patience . . . and faith . . . and goodness to minister consistently to young people; but one can just as easily note that, without a concern for young people, love . . . and patience . . . and faith . . . and goodness will surely be absent from the church. Christ in us, the fruit of His Spirit in us, irresistibly forces concern for the young; and, if we are truly concerned, if we really love, then we will manifest it through a strong youth ministry that serves the needs of those who come to our doors.

Perhaps one of the weakest manifestations of

spiritual maturity in our midst is revealed in the attitude that we want a youth ministry but we aren't willing to pay for it. We talk about it, we are willing to permit the youth to do certain things, willing even to let certain enthusiastic volunteers help the kids; but, when it comes time to spend money for programs especially tailored for the young, we balk and hold back. Our actions speak louder than our words.

Young people pass through our churches quickly, in but a few short years. We can afford thirty years to pay off the mortgage, and many years for certain programs, but we have only a few years for ministering to the young who are with us at this moment. Youth ministry is not one that can wait. It demands immediate attention because youth themselves move hastily onward.

One of the saddest churches I've ever attended was that of a large congregation in which there were very few young people. The pastor thought he was getting along fine—for the time being, perhaps he was—but I knew the church was dying, it had within it the seeds of its own destruction, unless children and young people were brought into the fold.

Yes, proper function of the fruit of the Spirit will demand a ministry to youth, in any and every church.

AND FINALLY, WE NEED A STRONG YOUTH MINISTRY BECAUSE, WITHOUT IT, WE MISS ALL THOSE WONDERFUL THINGS YOUTH HAVE TO OFFER US:

Of course young people will contribute greatly to our church *when* they grow up and when they take over leadership positions. All of us know that. But do we realize equally well just how much the young contribute even now?

In recent years I've experienced the thrill and the joy of being a grandfather. Aw, but how wonderful to have those grandchildren near me . . . around me. I'm concerned about their future, certainly, but what I enjoy best is the present company and the present blessings they bring.

I believe that is something we as a church ought to think more about. Young people contribute to our lives every week. They help us remember how life used to be. They remind us of our past dreams and our past joys; and they keep faith and confidence alive in our hearts.

Not only that, but young people are often far more able to serve than we care to admit. I was clerk of my home church when I was sixteen years

of age. Maybe I was the only one available—I'm not really sure, you know, for I go back a few years—but I do know I took that responsibility seriously and I'm thankful today there were people who trusted me and who gave me a meaningful assignment within the body of Christ.

Let's not shortchange our youth. We have some of the finest, some of the most intelligent, and I believe some of the most dedicated young people ever to walk on this earth. They have much to offer this church when it comes to service now, and I believe we need to do more to develop an on-going youth ministry that will consider these things.

In conclusion I'd like to ask every pastor, every church: *Just what type of youth ministry do you have?*

Do you consider Sunday school and a mid-week FTH program the full extent of your responsibility?

Do you actively solicit youth workers? perhaps a youth minister? paid or volunteer but one who will seek God for guidance in working with your young people?

Or do you permit things to just rock along? letting the older folks lament what is happening to this generation? and never taking active steps to change things?

Do you believe in youth ministry enough that you are willing to spend money for developing programs?

Good questions, aren't they?

These are some reasons why the Church of God needs a strong youth ministry, in every congregation, and it is my prayer that each church will give full attention to the need.

Paul wrote to one young man in the New Testament church, "I thank God . . . that without ceasing I have remembrance of thee in my prayers. . . . When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice" (2 Timothy 1:3-5). Christian faith moves from generation to generation. We cannot afford a generation gap: that would mean the message lost.

When we win and nurture our young, we bring happiness into the present and we secure the future. That makes youth ministry a bargain at any price. □

OPPORTUNITY FOR MISSIONS AT HOME

by Billy Rayburn



The Department of Cross-Cultural Ministries was formed in 1980, with the Reverend J. D. Golden serving as the first director on a part-time basis. Brother Golden did a fantastic work in this area, especially among the many ethnic groups in New York. In 1982, Billy Rayburn, who had been working with ethnic groups in Chicago, was appointed as the first full-time director of the department.

Two things become obvious when you spend a few moments in the presence of Billy Rayburn: first, he has become exceptionally knowledgeable in the area of ethnic minorities—the ease with which he quotes statistics and the names and groups of people he calls off proves this; and second, he has developed compassion and a sincere respect for these peoples and their unique and individual needs. □



**Taken from an interview with
Reverend Billy Rayburn,
Director of Cross-Cultural
Ministries for the Church of God.**

Young people who desire involvement in missions no longer need leave the United States. In major cities all across this country there are many opportunities for young people to become involved in language-missions.

Immigrants from all over the world, along with ethnic groups of second and third generations, have glaring personal, social, and spiritual needs which make them ripe for the gospel of Christ. These people desire to know Christ just like those on foreign soil, those of whom we normally think when we refer to missions.

In other words, the missions field is moving to the United States. According to the 1980 census, there are 87,000,000 people in this country who declare themselves ethnic, including 40,000,000 minority white ethnics, descendants of immigrants who came to America during the late nineteenth century from Eastern and Southern Europe.

Young people who desire to be involved in a missionary setting can now do so in Chicago, New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, and even Atlanta.

Our biggest need at the moment is for workers who are bilingual. Young people need to study and become fluent in other languages. The ethnics who have come to our nation are struggling to find their place. They are moving into new jobs and into an entirely new lifestyle and we have opportunity to help them tremendously, especially if we can give them leaders who can bridge the language gap.

Our need here is especially acute when it comes to the Hispanics. We have families composed of two generations, families which are themselves bilingual, not totally comfortable in either tongue; and they are ready and willing to hear those who can meet them on a common plane by speaking both languages. The bilingual leader bridges a gap. He or she has opportunity to minister to the whole family—not just to the young who have learned English, and not just to the fathers and mothers who still speak Spanish and cling to the old ways. We desperately need such workers, and I would encourage any young man or woman interested in missions to investigate the possibilities of this ministry.

Most immigrants to this country now come from Asia, Mexico, Central and South America rather than Europe. The center of operation has shifted from Ellis Island to Los Angeles and the West Coast.

Our work with these people aims primarily at sharing the gospel of Christ. However, within the broad perspective of this great commission we have another identifiable goal: first, to minister to those who have no desire to assimilate into American society, meeting them on their present level; second, to aid those who wish the assimilation.

The church is to care for people whatever their

needs and the Cross-Cultural Ministries Department is seeking to do just that. We need and are actively seeking to recruit all the help we can find, both young and old.

The Church of God has been ministering to minority groups for years, through the Evangelism Department and also through the World Missions Department. The Department of Cross-Cultural Ministries does not represent something new: it is merely a new commitment and some reorganization.

Since I came to the department there has also been a broadening of the area of operation, from East Coast to West and from North to South. Our work continues in Chicago and New York, supervised by the overseers of these respective areas, but God has opened up for us new doors, especially in Los Angeles and Miami.

One of the open-door miracles for us has been that of the Korean influx to Los Angeles.



For reasons which I believe can be attributable only to God's grace, I have found the Korean population of Los Angeles, now 200,000 strong, to be receptive to the gospel and especially to the Church of God and the Pentecostal message.

In recent months we have organized seven Korean missions and three churches. We have also established an extension of West Coast Christian College among the Koreans, emphasizing ministerial training, and we expect that emphasis to pay off tremendously within the next few months.

As most know, a great revival has been going on in Korea for a number of years. A number of those ministers have come to the United States and have asked for involvement in our church, though they were formerly associated with another, old-line denomination. We have received applications from eighteen prospective Korean ministers during the past six months alone.

Two years ago we had two Korean churches and a couple of missions; today we have eight churches and fourteen missions.

We have promising churches in San Francisco, and we recently discovered a strong Korean base of operation in Atlanta, where we have one church organized and three missions. From that base we have sent a man to Baltimore, where a church has been organized. From Los Angeles we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Billy Gentry's Eye-Opening Trip

Sixteen-year-old Billy Gentry, a member of the Church of God, Athens, Tennessee, knew he wanted to be an orthopedic surgeon some day. He also liked the idea of helping others less fortunate. But he never would have dreamed these two concepts could mesh so perfectly into one eye-opening week among the poverty-stricken masses of Haiti.

It was Billy's father, William Gentry, Jr., who first came up with the idea. He visited a Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship luncheon and listened as medical doctor Howard Thomas told of work among the Haitians and of his plans to go to Haiti in the spring of '84.

Dr. Thomas planned to make the trip as a representative of International Missions, a para-church service agency. The purpose of his visit would be to render medical attention to people who otherwise would never receive it. His would be a minimal charge of one dollar per patient. This would enable the doctor to concentrate on serious cases only. There would always be more patients than he could take care of anyway. His compassionate presentation made Bill think of his son.

"How would you like such a trip, Billy? It would give you a chance to work with a physician, to see how you enjoy

such tasks, and at the same time it would help you get acquainted with another culture and with people you've never met before."

Billy was all for it.

He began making plans and, right off, came to believe God was in the effort. First he had to raise money for the trip, not the easiest of tasks for a junior in high school; but money came in. Family, friends, Pastor Wayne Fritts, and church members seemed glad to help and, quite miraculously, Billy had the funds in hand.

March 31, 1984, a Saturday morning. Billy rode with another family to Atlanta and from there flew to Miami.

First mistake, late connections in Miami. Though Billy made the scheduled flight, his luggage didn't. He arrived in Port-au-Prince with only the clothes on his back. This was to mean nightly washing of underclothes, drying them with a hair blower, and wearing of the same outfit for the next four days. Fortunately, Billy roomed with a bachelor dentist who was about his size, and this allowed for some sharing of clothes.

Billy spent his first night with fifteen others, sleeping in their host's storage room converted to a dormitory. Early next morning, they all set out

by bus on a tiresome seven-hour ride north to the port city of Cap Haitien.

Haiti occupies approximately one third of that Caribbean island historically known as Hispaniola. The Dominican Republic occupies the other two thirds of the island. Its nearest neighbor is Cuba to the northwest, with Jamaica situated almost due west. For years Haiti has had, and still retains, one unique distinction: It is the poorest nation in the western hemisphere, with a per capita income of \$240 per year.

Billy discovered at once that, to the Haitians, every person from the United States is viewed as rich. When the bus stopped, there was the inevitable rush of children, and even adults, to beg, to offer services, or to receive something from the foreigners.

Such an attitude surprised Billy. He tried to explain that he was only sixteen, his mother and dad had what little money he possessed on this earth, and he was really a poor boy himself. Of course, that's when Billy Gentry realized "poverty" is a very relative term. Being without money back home in McMinn Central High School was one thing; being poor in the Haitian sense was something entirely different.

HAITI

by Hoyt E. Stone

At one point Billy climbed out of the bus with some chocolate candy to share. He expected the children to rush forward but was altogether taken aback when adults and some mothers also joined the rush. Some literally shoved children aside in order to obtain a bite of something sweet for themselves.

Billy's trip to Haiti was unique in that it was for the most part a working visit. His group supported three professionals: a medical doctor, a dentist, and an optometrist. Though it was possible for them to give their Christian witness, and some of the group certainly did, their time was mostly spent ministering to physical needs. International Missions also sponsors regular preaching and teaching teams, but this group's objective was to help the sick.

Billy's initial assignment was with the medical doctor. He checked blood pressure. Things went well until the blood-pressure gauge broke. There was little more Billy could do, so he was asked to help the dentist.

People came from everywhere. There was always a crowd for all three doctors. Village to village, people came in droves. The dentist worked with only one injection per patient. Billy

washed instruments, handed them to the dentist on demand, and looked into a lot of mouths. Most of the Haitians had eaten sugar cane all their life and this made their gums very tough. Some of the extractions were difficult. Occasionally, being unable to understand the language and judging solely by patient gestures, the dentist even pulled the wrong tooth. Billy speculated there had to be a great deal of pain but the people still came and they never complained.

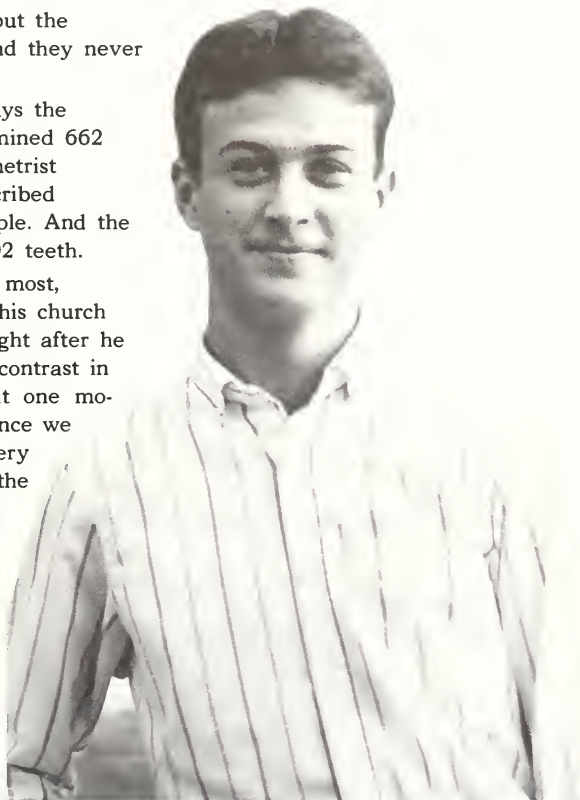
During the six days the medical doctor examined 662 patients. The optometrist examined and prescribed glasses for 316 people. And the dentist extracted 402 teeth.

"What struck me most, though," Billy told his church on a Wednesday night after he returned, "was the contrast in living conditions. At one moment in Port-au-Prince we were among the very elite, the rulers of the country, with their fine homes, swimming pools, and everything; and then, only a few blocks away we would be among hovels, with sewage running in the streets.

"I watched moth-

ers bathing their children in a spring which was the only water for the whole community. I saw animals in that same water. People washed their clothes and then filled pails and carried that same water home for cooking and drinking. Some families carry all their drinking water from as far away as two miles.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



Finding the Fourth

On July the Fifth, I looked for the Fourth.
I saw a firecracker, lying torn and silent on the pavement.

I saw a picnic basket, thrown recklessly into the corner of a closet.

I saw a swimsuit, hanging limp and lifeless across a lawn chair.

I saw a baseball bat, a fielder's mitt beside it, standing on a patio.

I saw an old, wooden ice-cream freezer sitting abandoned on a shelf.

I saw a set of horseshoes, the dust of their day in court still clinging to iron frames.

I saw a bottle of suntan lotion and a pair of dark glasses reposing on a cluttered desk.

I saw a garden hoe standing by the door of a shed.

I saw yellow-red tomatoes, lining a window sill, ripening in the sun.

I saw dirt-streaked tennis shoes reclining in a porch swing.

I saw the leftovers of a barbecued-chicken feast.

I saw pretty girls with red skin and loose-fitting clothing.

I saw a picnic table which looked strangely bare.

I saw three beer cans, clustered in a roadside ditch.

I saw a ballpark, its bleachers mute.

I saw all of these, but I did not see the Fourth

on the Fifth. All I saw was the evidence that it had come and gone.

I looked again—and I found it.

I found it in the beauty of a young woman's smile.

I found it in the strength of a man's hands as he worked on an assembly line.

I found it in the tenderness of a mother holding a baby to her breast.

I found it in the wisdom of an old man, his head crowned with the whiteness of the years.

I found it in the faith of a little boy's prayer.

I found it in the friendship of a firm handshake.

I found it in the hope of a grandfather as he cradled a child in his arms.

I found it in the tears of forgiveness of a woman whose son had confessed some wrong.

I found it in the freedom a man feels as he looks out over a farm he has bought by the sweat of his brow.

I found it in the love that binds a man and a woman together.

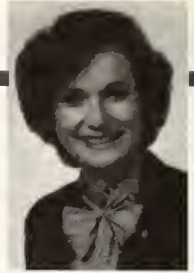
I found the Fourth on the Fifth. I found the true spirit of 1776—the spirit of America herself—dwelling within the hearts and lives of a great people.

God, may it always be there. □



Religious News Service Photo

by Beecher Hunter, Editor,
Cleveland Daily Banner



The Storm

The tornado came without warning. It appeared suddenly, seemingly coming from nowhere and looming angrily over the northern hillside of the horizon. What could I do? Having time to act only upon existing wisdom, I ran to the centermost section of my small home, the hallway, where there were no windows and many strong door casings. I knelt and called upon the only source of help during a storm.

The roar of the destructive winds was deafening. I pulled over my kneeling body the afghan which I had grabbed instinctively from the sofa. I gripped the hall closet doors and began to quote, "For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other created thing shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

The sounds of the surrounding terror overwhelmed my weak, quivering voice. Darkness inundated me. The whole house trembled as it absorbed the beating of the wind, the rain, and the flying debris. Windows shattered, doors banged, furniture toppled, lightning splintered, thunder clapped. Time was suspended. I dangled between life and death.

When I could hear my voice again, I was screaming, "I will not be afraid of the terror by night . . . of the destruction that lays waste at noon day . . . a thousand may fall . . . ten thousand . . . but it shall not approach me. For I have made the Lord my refuge . . . The Lord will be with me in trouble . . . He will rescue me."

Calm now, unbelievable deafening calm.

Slowly I arise from my knees. I walk resolutely back into life and begin cleaning the debris from my shattered world, repeating softly to myself, "No weapon formed against me shall prosper . . . I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me . . . His grace is sufficient for me . . . All things work together for good to them that love God and are called according to His purpose."

I'm interested to know where you go and what you do when storms beat upon your house. □



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

The Church of God Announces



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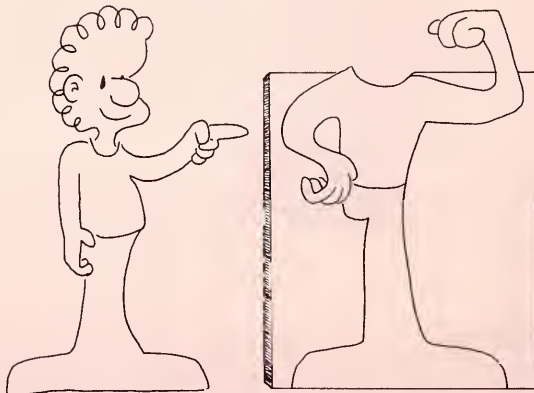
HOW TO

Avoid Setting a Bad Ex

Cultivate faithfulness. Treat your life like a garden. Carefully plant the good, the worthwhile, and the important. Then ruthlessly weed the rest.



Artist/Writer, Larry E. Ne



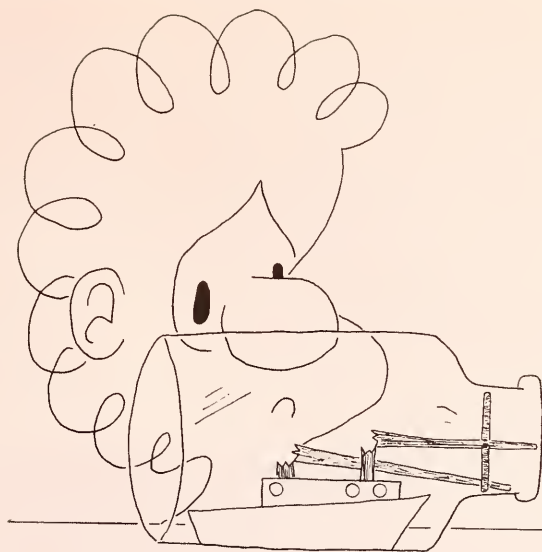
Abandon false fronts. When you fail, others will usually see it. They will also see how you handle it. Don't engage in images and appearances. Refuse to pretend to be more than you really are.

HEAVEN, PLEASE.
AND REVERSE THE
CHARGES.

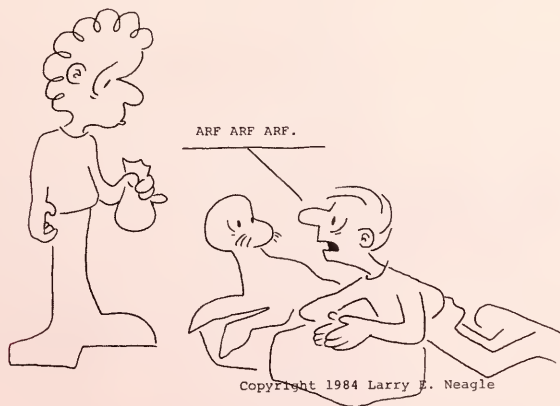
Keep the lines with God
washing to keep the paint
Christians need continual
bright and useful.

Simple

e



Remember that no one bats a thousand. We all bungle, botch, fizzle, and flub. Allow for failure. Give yourself permission to be growing rather than perfect.



n. Just as cars need regular
chrome shining, so
using to keep their examples

Invest in others. Someone out there is hurting. He needs your touch, your care, your love. And nothing less will do.

The bear appeared an hour before sunset. When I first saw her she was more than one hundred yards away padding quietly through the deep mountain forest. She was a regal creature—a magnificent beast. I estimated her to be at least twice my two hundred pounds. Her twin cubs, less than a quarter her size, bumbled along behind like a pair of frisky puppies. After hiking almost one thousand miles solo along the Appalachian Trail, this black bear in Virginia's Shenandoah National Park was the first I had encountered.

The bruin walked self-assuredly, directly toward the log upon which I was sitting. My open backpack lay beside me. I stood to make sure she saw that a human was present. I had heard that a black bear would never make an unprovoked attack on a human. I thought she would be frightened away upon sighting me. I was wrong on both counts.

She continued in my direction until not more than thirty feet away she stopped and sniffed the air. Her massive head bobbed slowly as she now paced deliberately back and forth in front of me. I nervously focused my camera and

snapped a quick shot. Until that moment it did not occur to me that the brute might charge.

It happened with breathtaking suddenness. The powerful beast lowered her head, gave a deep "woof," and hurled herself toward me like frightful black lightning. My mind screamed "Run!" but my body didn't respond. I froze in horror.

As quickly as she had charged she skidded to an abrupt halt with only inches of empty space and my now-forgotten camera between us. Her wild ebony eyes fixed on mine and the stench of her breath was almost overpowering. She emitted a low grumbling sound so deep that it was more nearly felt than heard. The thought of what her knife-blade claws and dagger teeth could do sent a shudder through me and I felt the blood drain from my face. Every nerve ending of my body seemed charged as if by electricity.

Unwilling to accept the dark demon's challenge, I slowly backed away. I dared not run for fear that any quick movement might provoke her. Silently I prayed that I would safely reach the nearest climbable tree some twenty yards distant.

From my perch I watched in semi-shock as

Song of the SHENANDOAH

by J. Stephen Conn

she buried her entire head into my open pack, lifted it, and snorted as she shook it violently. In a moment she emerged with a plastic bag of gorp (trail food) between her teeth and retreated to the base of a giant poplar nearby where she lay down, ripped the bag open with her sharp incisors, and began to eat. The cubs had disappeared either into the forest or up a tree. I didn't see them again. The mama bear had my undivided attention.

As she lapped up the gorp, I cautiously returned to my pack. I didn't want to be around if she came back for seconds. A hungry park bear who has lost all fear of humans, especially a mother with cubs, can be an extremely dangerous animal. With a watchful eye on the beast I threw my things together and hastily departed.

My original plan had been to spend the night in that spot, where I had met the bear. Now I thought it wise to hike another mile or two before setting up camp.

A light, steady rain began as I trudged uphill for the

final mile of what had become a very long day. In the gathering dusk this was a particularly good mile for wildlife viewing. I delighted at the sight of eight whitetail deer, including two spotted fawns and two young bucks proudly sporting new velvet racks. Also, there was a striped skunk near the Elkwallow Wayside, where the trail intersected the famous Skyline Drive. A fat raccoon crossed my path at one spot, and a wood thrush eyed me intently from her nest on a low-hanging branch not more than three feet from the trail. However, the preoccupation of my mind was the hungry bear which might be following my scent. After dozens of peaceful nights alone on the trail—this night I was afraid.

My trail guidebook indicated that the Range View Cabin should be just ahead of me. The cabin

would be locked, unless it was occupied, but I hoped that the overhanging front porch might at least give me refuge from the rain.

Twilight had come in
CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Harold M. Lambert Photo

earnest when I broke into the clearing. Three brightly colored tents decorated the grassy area in front of the cabin. Six young men and women sat Indian fashion in a circle under the shelter provided by the cabin overhang. I noticed that in each of their laps was an opened book. They had not yet seen me. I paused at the edge of the clearing and listened.

Above the gentle whisper of the rain a beautiful melody floated from their lips. It sounded to me at the time like a choir of guardian angels. The words came from the Bibles in their laps, which were turned to Psalm 34:

"O magnify the Lord with me,

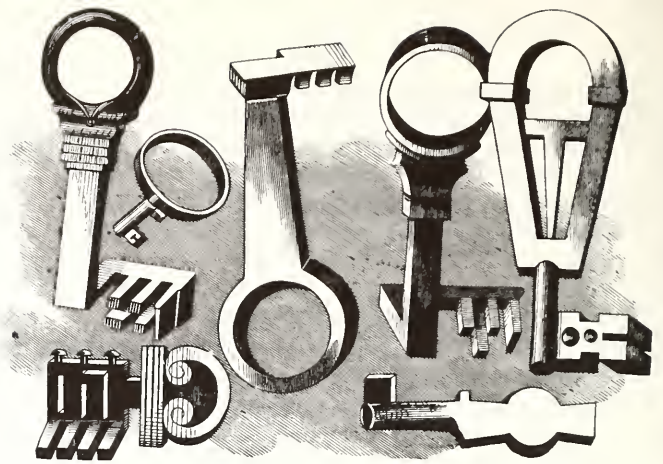
And let us exalt His name together."

I joined in, adding a seventh voice to the chorus:

"I sought the Lord, and he heard me,

And delivered me from all my fears."

God had provided me a safe refuge for the evening. And six members of my spiritual family were on hand to welcome me. □



I was tending to my daily duties as courtier at Chambord Castle when a herald came galloping up with a message from the Captain of the Guard.

"Yes sir . . . that's correct," the herald attempted to explain to me while gasping for breath. "Lucius has laid siege on the northeastern front of the kingdom and presently has an entire township surrounded."

"What does he want?" I asked.

The herald took a deep breath and looked hopelessly down to the ground. "Well, sir, he's threatening to march in and wipe out the entire kingdom if we refuse to bow to his authority and proclaim him sovereign ruler once again."

"Does he have the troops to do it?" I asked, utterly awestricken at the impasse which faced me.

"Yes sir," came the disheartening reply, "the Captain says that Lucius' troops outnumber ours with an eight to one ratio."

I faintly remembered the herald asking should he send word back to the Captain that we would surrender when my mind drifted back to the days of my master—the son of this kingdom's true owner.

* * * *

My master had come to this territory several years ago under the guise of a servant. His aim was to regain the kingdom that had been lost by his father's regent. My master had been hiding under that guise for quite some time before he was discovered and executed for treason. I wasn't there, mind you, but my master told me all about it before he departed from us. It must have been quite a sight seeing King Lucius, his household and friends at the castle in Aix-La-Chapelle the night when Master galloped

The Keys of the Kingdom

by Kenneth W. Maynor

boldly up on his white Arab charger. I can recall how the earth shook throughout the kingdom as Master approached the castle.

"Lower the drawbridge!" Master commanded the guardsman from across the moat.

"I . . . I . . . ca . . . ca . . . can't," was the reply.

"I said lower that drawbridge!" he demanded, not flinching in the least.

"Yes, lower the drawbridge . . . right away," the guardsman obeyed, entranced by Master's power of persuasion. Master crossed the bridge and dismounted.

"What is your business here, Sir?" demanded the guardsman.

"My business is with Lucius."

"I'm sorry, but the king left strict orders that he was not to be disturbed. He and his host are celebrating their triumph over the house of King Victor," the guardsman replied.

"Oh, is that so?" Master said, walking steadfastly towards the castle door with a smirk on his face.

"Wait! Where are you going? I just told you that King Lucius was not to be . . ."

"Stand aside!" Master commanded while making a slight gesture with his right hand.

The guardsman flew backwards into the stone wall of the castle and hit the ground with a thud. Master continued towards the door and motioned again with his hand. He walked inside the dark, cold castle as the door swung open, and stood a few moments looking about him. Suddenly, five guardsmen rushed in from a front corridor and ordered him to halt. Master turned and looked at them.

"I'm not the man you're looking for. You're confused," he said, watching as the guards began to fight one another. He walked further through the corridors listening for revelry until he came upon a room closed off by iron gates.

Almost simultaneously, inside the chamber, King Lucius held up his hand to stop the commotion. "I sense someone's presence," he said, "someone who shouldn't be here." Suddenly, a feeling of unease and tension gripped the hearts of the crowd, and loud murmurings began to be heard.

"Quiet! I want absolute quiet! Someone is here who shouldn't be, and I intend to find out . . ."

"Lucius!" Master called out in an authoritative voice. "Open these gates!"

"What! Who was that?" King Lucius bellowed in an angry yet terrified manner.

"You know who this is!" Master replied. "Now open these gates!"

King Lucius stood shaking his head and turning ghostly shades of white. "No . . . no . . . it can't be! It just can't be!" He trembled, already having recognized the voice. "He's dead; I killed him. I had my servants execute him, and I stood there and watched him die with my own eyes. I've already won; the threat to my kingdom from Victor is over. It can't be . . . it just can't be!"

When the other ghouls in the room turned towards the iron gates and realized that it was Master, they began to faint from the sudden convergence of fear that gripped them.

"Lucius! Open these gates immediately, or I'll shake them down!" Master informed.

"No!" Lucius stubbornly replied. "You're not getting near me." He pointed towards the host of guardsmen policing the area and shouted a command. "Stop him at all costs."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



STEP TEAM TO WITNESS AT SUMMER OLYMPICS

More than two hundred Church of God young people will be a part of an evangelical outreach to the Summer Olympics in Los Angeles this summer.

Among the 700,000 participants and spectators to the summer games will be several thousand individuals sharing their religious beliefs. Many of them will be cultists. To ensure that the message of Christ is heard and to counter the spread of false doctrine, some one hundred evangelical denominations and church organizations are

combining their efforts during the July 24—August 8 games. An Olympic Outreach STEP team will represent the Church of God in this witness.

Jerry Millwood, team leader of the Olympic Outreach STEP team, is also a member of the organizing committee that has been meeting for over a year, making plans for the Olympic Outreach. He says, "This is an exciting venture and a marvelous opportunity to share Jesus Christ. We have been able to tie the Olympic activities into the

activities of the local churches. During the week our STEPers will witness at the Olympic sites and other designated areas in Los Angeles. On the weekends, they will work exclusively with local Church of God congregations."

This will be a cross-cultural effort directed toward Anglos, Hispanics, and Koreans. To increase our effectiveness, we are working closely with California pastor Raymond Pettitt, Billy Rayburn from Cross-Cultural Ministries, and C. C. Pratt from Black Affairs.

Training for the Olympic Outreach STEPers includes three months of correspondence study involving materials developed by Bill George, Grant McClung, Esdras Betancourt and Jerry Millwood. Also included are two days of orientation and training at Fuller Theological Seminary with guest lecturers Peter Wagner and David Haney, former Teen Challenge coordinator.

Following the orientation and training, STEPers will join all the outreach teams in a giant Praise Celebration at the Anaheim Stadium on Friday, July 27. More than fifty thousand are expected to attend this official opening ceremony of the Christian endeavor at the Summer Olympics.

The Olympic Outreach STEP team is one of several STEP teams sponsored by the church this summer. Other teams will go to South Africa, Netherlands, Dominican Republic, Honduras, Haiti, and Gallup, New Mexico. □



OPPORTUNITY FOR MISSIONS AT HOME

Continued from page 7

have sent a man to Seattle. We have taken in a congregation of independent Koreans in Boise, Idaho. We're working already with a group of Koreans in Fayetteville, North Carolina.

The miracle goes on. This work is of God. We did not start it but it is our responsibility to give it direction.

Nor should we forget the miracle taking place in Miami, among the Haitians. We have a number of established churches in this area, one being pastored by the Reverend Eugene Germain. Brother Germain's church was established only eight years ago, starting in a small storefront building, with fifteen people. Today that church averages 220 in Sunday school, with an average Sunday-night attendance of 300.

In Miami it's also true that the Spanish churches are growing, along with the strong West Indian, mostly Jamaican, churches.

All of which leads me to emphasize once again, we have a tremendous opportunity for young people to get involved in a vital cross-cultural ministry right here in the United States.

If you feel God's Spirit leading you into this ministry, there are some definite steps you ought to take now. For example, you should dedicate yourself to becoming fluent in another language: Spanish, French, or Korean would be my suggestion, and this is something you can begin even while still in high school.

Then you should investigate

cross-cultural ministry opportunities at the Church of God college nearest you. I have mentioned West Coast, but we have courses of study at Northwest Bible College, East Coast Bible College, and at Lee College which will prepare you for this type of ministry. At Lee we are presently setting up a new department in cross-cultural ministry.

If you have an earned undergraduate degree already, then I recommend you attend the Church of God School of Theology. Our task is great and God deserves the best you are and the best you are capable of becoming.

If neither of these routes are open to you at the present, then ask your pastor or some church leader in your area how you can become involved with home-missions work among the ethnics in your part of the country.

Ours is a world growing smaller in terms of cross-cultural barriers: It is at the same time a world with broadening opportunities for sharing the good news of Christ.

Find yourself a place. Make full proof of your ministry. ☐

BILLY GENTRY'S EYE-OPENING TRIP TO HAITI

Continued from page 9

"No wonder the average life span is thirty-two years.

"Cap Haitien is a port city which once had large numbers of merchant ships stopping regularly. There used to be tourists and people with money for the local shops. Much of that has now changed, primarily because of the fear of
CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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YOUTH NEWS TO DATE



Current Happenings With Questions for Christian Reflection

BABY-SELLING WRONG; IT SHOULD BE ILLEGAL

In Greenville County, South Carolina, last January, a woman sold her 23-month-old daughter for \$3,500. When the chief of police heard about it, he wanted to make an arrest. But he couldn't. In South Carolina, selling a child, like selling a used car, is legal.

Prospective parents even take out newspaper ads. One South Carolina ad reads: "Loving, financially secure, college-educated couple. Much love to give white newborn. Live like a queen. Legal and confidential."

The demand for healthy newborns is far greater than the supply. In 1982, fifty thousand infants were adopted. But there are at least one million couples who can't become natural parents. And abortion and birth control have reduced the number of available healthy babies. In their rush to find healthy newborns, would-be parents, expectant mothers and aggressive go-betweens are buying and selling babies like commodities in the marketplace. (*USA Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. What kind of problems can you foresee concerning these type transactions?

2. Some people feel adoption is wrong. How do you feel? Why won't most people adopt a handicapped child? Would you? ☐

WHY CULTS SUCCEED WHERE THE CHURCH FAILS

A woman on the West Coast did her doctoral dissertation on families with members who have become involved in a cult. Some of the things she found:

1. The father is frequently weak or absent. Authority has declined in part because our society has shifted away from its Judeo-Christian foundation.

2. Some 80-85 percent of the people who join cults come from nonreligious or nominally religious homes. Very few report ever having been active in a church, though 90 percent report that their parents were members of a church.

In a survey done by the University of Washington of a witchcraft community in Georgia, there was one surprise: There were few young people who had been raised in an evangelical, fundamentalist church.

Another finding was that young people who have had bad experiences in a traditional church often join cults. (*Christianity Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. Do you agree that typical American homes today lack the

proper authority system for healthy relationships and for raising well-adjusted children? What is the proper authority system?

2. What would you term a "bad experience" that a teenager might possibly experience in a traditional church? How may these be eliminated? Or can they be eliminated?

3. What could be done to help young people to recognize the "falseness" of many of the cults that exist? How can the church help to meet the needs of young people so they will not be attracted to the cults? ☐

BRINGING UP WELL-MANNERED CHILDREN

After a decade or so of disrepute, manners appear to be coming back in style. Just as parents themselves are returning to the traditional in terms of fashion, decorating, and entertaining, they are often anxious to rear children for whom courtesy and socially correct behavior are second nature.

One mother expressed her worries: "Most of the kids in our neighborhood are unbelievably rude—they barge into the kitchen demanding Kool-aid, not a drink of water, please."

The need for teaching children the rules of proper etiquette is apparent. Particularly in times of social change, knowing the correct way to behave increases a child's confidence, the ability to make new friends, and the capacity to enjoy new situations; besides, good manners simply make life more pleasant for others. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) ☐

* * * *

1. How are your manners? Do you feel good manners are important? Do you enjoy being around someone who has poor manners?

2. If a child has poor manners, whose fault is it? Will you teach your children good manners?

3. Was Jesus ever rude? ☐

OBSERVANCE OF CASTE HINDERS CHURCH GROWTH IN INDIA

New Delhi, India (MNS)—The observance of the Hindu caste system in certain sections of the church in India has created divisions and hinders evangelism and church growth, says D. John Richard, general secretary of the Evangelical Fellowship of India.

He cited the fact that a number of Harijans from the so-called lower caste (the untouchables) had embraced Islam to escape caste discrimination. ☐

* * * *

What did Jesus teach concerning how we should treat others? Read Philippians 2:3; Luke 6:31. ☐

BILLY GENTRY'S EYE-OPENING TRIP TO HAITI

Continued from page 21

AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome). In terms of the economy, that tourist business is sorely missed."

Billy returned home via the same route Saturday, April 7, 1984, again traveling by car from Atlanta, and arriving in Athens at 5 p.m. Glad to be home, he now sometimes wonders if Haiti were not something of a dream. More likely a nightmare. "You have to see Haiti, and feel Haiti, to

really believe it," he will tell you.

One thing for sure, Haiti has become an experience Billy Gentry will never forget.

At the moment Billy is back in school, just another ordinary boy who enjoys track and hopes with his running to win a college scholarship. He is, however, one young man who knows it's a blessing to live in this nation. A young man who dreams of someday doing something himself to help distressed peoples of this world.

And that alone may make him fortunate. □

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BOOKS

DECISIONS, DECISIONS, DECISIONS by Steve Lawhead

Decisions, Decisions, Decisions is a practical book that will help teens discover a step-by-step procedure for making good choices. They will learn to evaluate alternatives, select the best options, and then move ahead with their lives in confidence and certainty. Adults, as well as teens, can avoid the negative consequences of indecision by adapting the specific guidelines in this book. (Victor Books Elective [high school], Wheaton, IL 60187; paperback, \$3.95) □

MISSION POSSIBLE by Robert and Marian Schindler

An up-to-date book about world missions, *Missions Possible* has a special motivational quality as the Schindlers urge readers to find their place in God's plan. Their goal is to help readers become more informed and responsible Christians.

They devote several chapters to the missionary—his call, his preparation, his problems, his work. They discuss mission strategy and the changes that have taken place in recent years in missions. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187; paperback, \$4.95) □

JEREMIAH: THE PROPHET WHO WOULDN'T QUIT by William J. Petersen

A Bible study. Jeremiah faced many problems similar to those confronting present-day Christians. He was thrust into a job he didn't want; he was often misunderstood; he was unsuccessful in his mission; and he complained frequently to God about his problems. Jeremiah felt forsaken by God. At times, he even felt like throwing in the towel—but he didn't. And through it all, he grew. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187; paperback, \$4.95) □

TRAVELING HOPEFULLY: REFLECTIONS FOR PILGRIMS IN THE FAST LANE by W. Stanley Mooneyham

This work is a collection of thoughtful essays that reveal the author himself as a struggler, not only with issues that produce physical hunger, but those which can either starve or nourish the soul. Dr. Mooneyham gently questions favorite catchwords, glib assumptions, careless thinking and public posturing. This wise and discerning book offers inspirational readings which are sure to ignite meaningful group discussions. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76796; hardcover \$8.95) □

IT'S FRIDAY, BUT SUNDAY'S COMIN' by Anthony Campolo

No one is safe from the poking fun of Anthony Campolo in *It's Friday, But Sunday's Comin'*, a book expanded from the Life-Lifter tape and film by the same title. The book is sensitive to the people's need for a knowledge of God. Its bold claim is that while the world metes out its *Fridays* of doom and gloom, the Resurrection is the last word—*"Sunday's Comin'!"* (Word Books, Waco, TX 76796; hardcover, \$6.95) □

REAGAN INSIDE OUT by Bob Slosser

Millions of Americans will take their religious convictions to the polls in 1984. This important book will enable them to weigh their own beliefs with the remarkable statements of faith made by Ronald Reagan. But what does Reagan mean by his statements? And what are their roots? Bob Slosser answers these questions based on personal interviews, a decade of research, and wide experience as a reporter and editor of national news. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76796; hardcover, \$12.95) □

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

Continued from page 19

Master stood and puckered his lips as if he were going to whistle, and then blew slightly in the direction of the iron gates. When he saw that they were rent asunder, he proceeded forward into the banquet room.

"Stop him!" King Lucius cried frantically to his guardsmen.

Master stopped and glanced in every direction to see the full force of guardsmen coming towards him. He gently raised the palm of his right hand towards them and spoke.

"Don't stop me," he said softly, "just stop."

Master lowered his hand and walked steadily between several of the paralyzed guardsmen towards King Lucius, who was now sinking slowly into the left corner of the corridor. The king was gripping some object tightly with both hands as he sank down onto the floor. Master stopped about five feet away from him and stretched forth his hand.

"You can't win, Lucius! Give them to me. They don't belong to you anymore."

King Lucius looked up angrily, though still frightened. "I won't. I will not do it. They're not yours; they're mine. I won them fair and square from that imbecile of a regent your father set over this territory years ago" (see Genesis 1:26-28).

"Yes, and my blood has just canceled the debt. Now, give me those KEYS before I . . ."

"No! Don't touch me! Here, take the keys!" King Lucius

exclaimed, holding them out with a trembling hand while realizing that he had been treacherously defeated.

"Now, you listen to me!" Master said sternly. "You can stay here, or you can leave; I don't really care what you do; but, you get this straight: Your authority here is gone—finished! This kingdom doesn't belong to you anymore, and it never will again. Lead astray those who have deceived themselves, but if you try to inflict hardship upon any of my subjects, you're going to find yourself as helpless and vulnerable as you are right now in my presence. Do you understand?"

King Lucius nodded but said nothing as Master turned to leave. He hesitated and turned back around.

"One more thing," Master declared, "since you are no longer the possessor of these keys, you shall be subject to the authority thereof."

King Lucius did not respond but sat with his head down.

"Don't bother getting up," Master grinned. "I'll show myself out."

Master walked confidently up the corridor, through the castle to the main door. He crossed the drawbridge, mounted his white Arab charger and galloped away towards Chambord, where his disciples awaited his return.

I was among the scores of servants there waiting to receive Master after his victorious battle against King Lucius . . .

* * * *

I was abruptly jolted back into the present by the herald's persistent appeal. "Sir . . . sir

. . . sir, shall I inform the Captain that we will surrender?"

"Go prepare my horse for battle," I replied to the herald's surprise.

"But sir," he argued in tones that suggested he was questioning my wisdom, "what can we possibly hope to accomplish seeing that Master is no longer with us?"

"We can hope to limit that rogue's power and drive him back to his own land," I said confidently while turning to walk back towards the castle for my shield and bow.

"But sir," the herald continued unconvinced, "Lucius' forces outnumber ours eight to one."

"Go back and tell the Captain of the Guard not to be afraid. Lucius does not have what we possess," I remarked, trying to assure him.

"But sir," the herald pleaded, "what is it that we possess that Lucius doesn't have?"

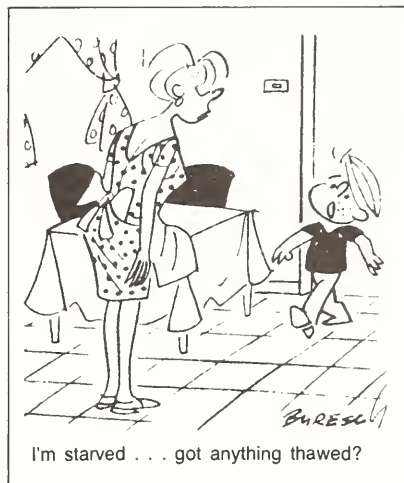
"Why these, of course," I replied, pulling out the keys which the Master had left with me years ago.

"But how can those help us?" the herald persisted, not understanding.

"Master left them with me long ago when he departed; he said they'd be sufficient for our well-being until he returned. They're the keys of the kingdom," I revealed, extending my arm towards him with the two keys in hand. "Here," I exclaimed, "read the inscription on each!"

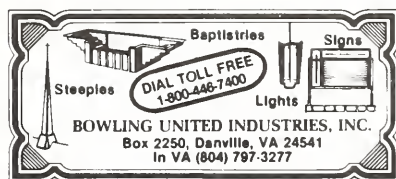
The herald gripped the two keys with trembling fingers and read aloud the words engraved on them:

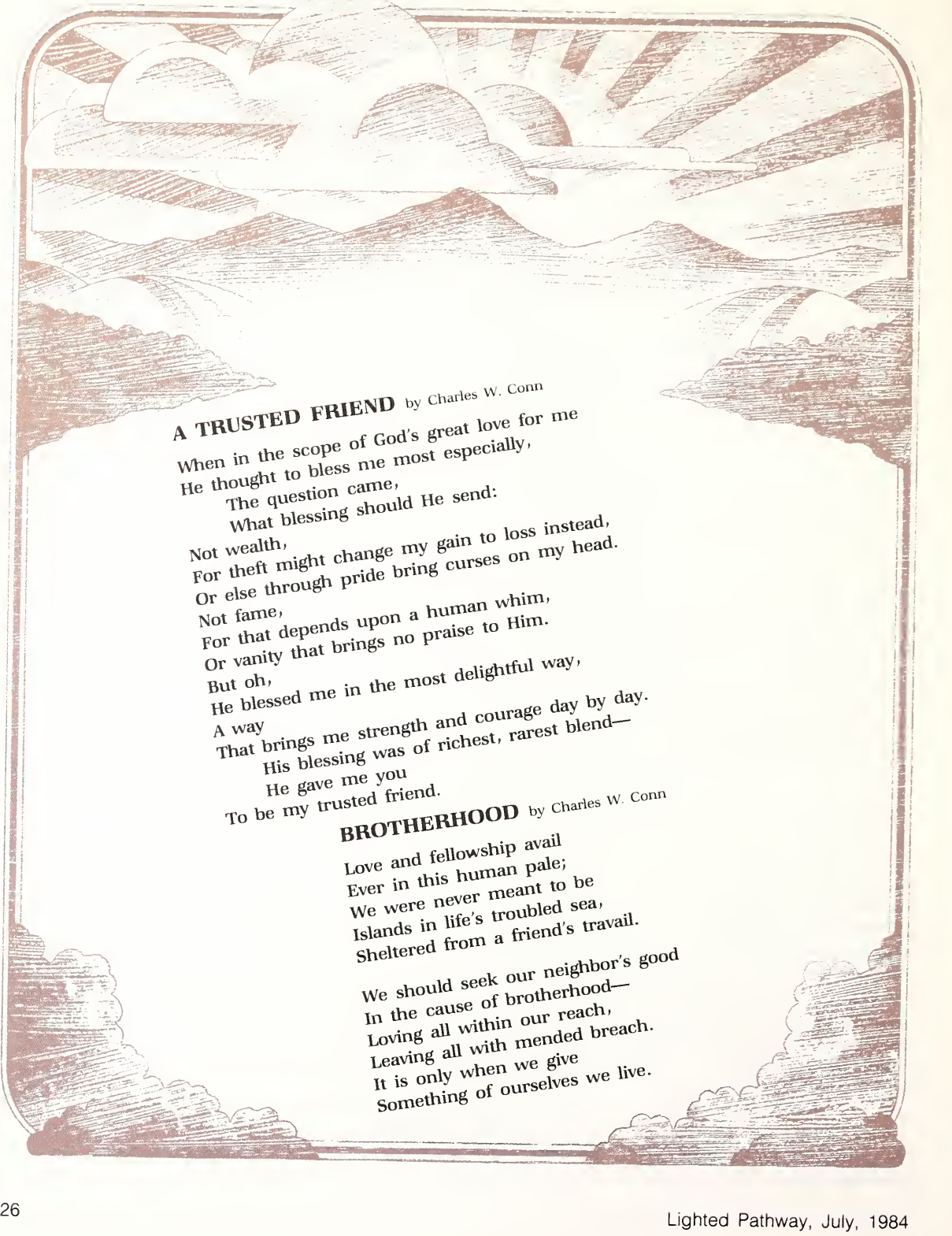
"Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven . . . whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven" (Matthew 16:19). □



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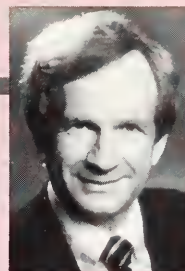
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When in the scope of God's great love for me
He thought to bless me most especially,
The question came,
What blessing should He send:

Not wealth,
For theft might change my gain to loss instead,
Or else through pride bring curses on my head.
Not fame,
For that depends upon a human whim,
Or vanity that brings no praise to Him.
But oh,
He blessed me in the most delightful way,
A way
That brings me strength and courage day by day.
His blessing was of richest, rarest blend—
He gave me you
To be my trusted friend.

BROTHERHOOD by Charles W. Conn

Love and fellowship avail
Ever in this human pale;
We were never meant to be
Islands in life's troubled sea,
Sheltered from a friend's travail.

We should seek our neighbor's good
In the cause of brotherhood—
Loving all within our reach,
Leaving all with mended breach.
It is only when we give
Something of ourselves we live.



Back to Normal

There it was in living color, NBC morning news expressing the medical profession's concern over the new sickness. Proof positive (since everything on TV is always wrapped in an aura of authenticity) that I, along with millions of other well-meaning Americans, had turned an innocent fad into an illness.

Phone call.

"Yeah, I'd better see you soon, Doc. It's only 9 a.m. and already I feel the urge coming on."

His office was packed, as usual. I waited nervously until the nurse called my name. Embarrassed. Glancing furtively at the others, those with normal sicknesses: colds, viruses, backache, stomach cramps.

Could they tell? Did they know? Was my shame obvious? Were my yearnings giving me away?

A magazine hid my face.

"How long?" the doc asked.

"Four years. Nearly five."

"You're going to need help . . ."

"Yeah."

". . . and it won't be easy."

"I know, Doc. That's why I'm here."

The doc waddled out,

returning shortly with my medical records.

"You've lost fifteen pounds."

"Not from running, Doc.

Honest. That was from watching my diet. Keeping the calories down."

He didn't believe me but he pursed his lips and looked over his glasses with comforting pity.

On with the examination. I expected him to call the nurse when it came time to pump up the blood pressure but he took a deep breath and did it himself. Then, breathing heavily, he sat across from me and gave the verdict.

"Blood pressure normal."

"Is that good?"

"Hoyt, how can it be good for a man your age to have normal blood pressure? You're almost a freak."

"Oh. Sorry, Doc."

"No colds in two years? No flu."

"Well . . . eh . . . I may have had a snuffle or two. But . . . eh . . ."

"But not enough to stop you from running? Right?"

A very perceptive doctor.

"I'm worried you aren't gaining weight."

"Can you help me?"

"Maybe. But what concerns me most is that lowered resting heartbeat."

"Still dropping?"

"Fraid so. From 68 when you first visited me . . . to 58 . . . to 50 . . . and now 48."

In spite of myself, I sobbed. He leaned over, steadied me with his hand.

"Hang in there, Hoyt. You'll make it. Here's what I want you to do. Start eating more. Force yourself. Junk food will do for snacks. But for regular meals, steak, potatoes, bread, lots of butter and dairy products. Even ice cream. Plenty of rest. I recommend a nap after lunch and, if possible, during late afternoon. My favorite nap time is during evening news. No running or exercise, other than maybe walking around at the mall."

"Cold turkey? Just like that?"

"If you get real nervous, phone. I'll write you a prescription."

"Thanks, Doc. You're an inspiration."

"My pleasure." He smiled and patted me on the shoulder.

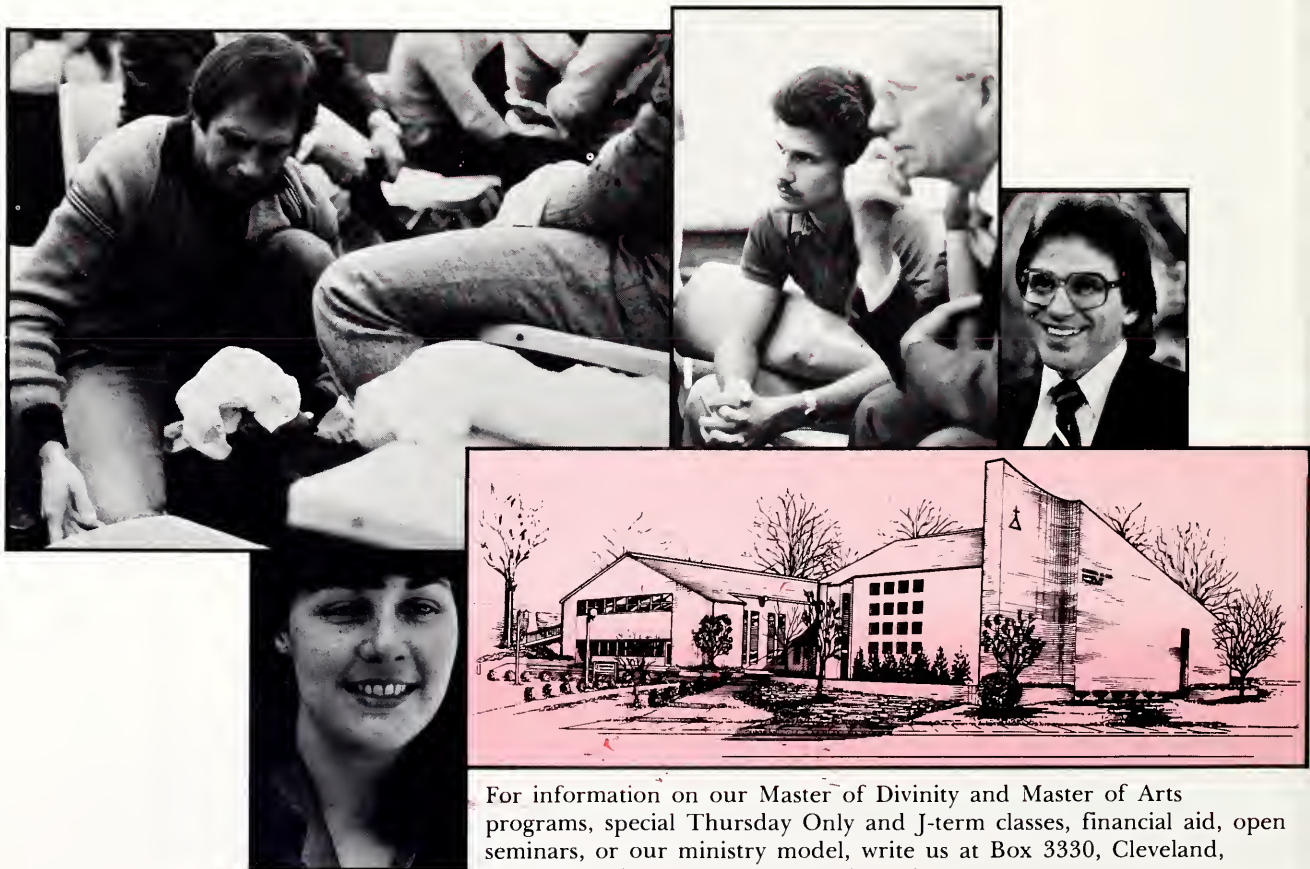
"Remember, normal, that's the word. You'll be back in no time." □

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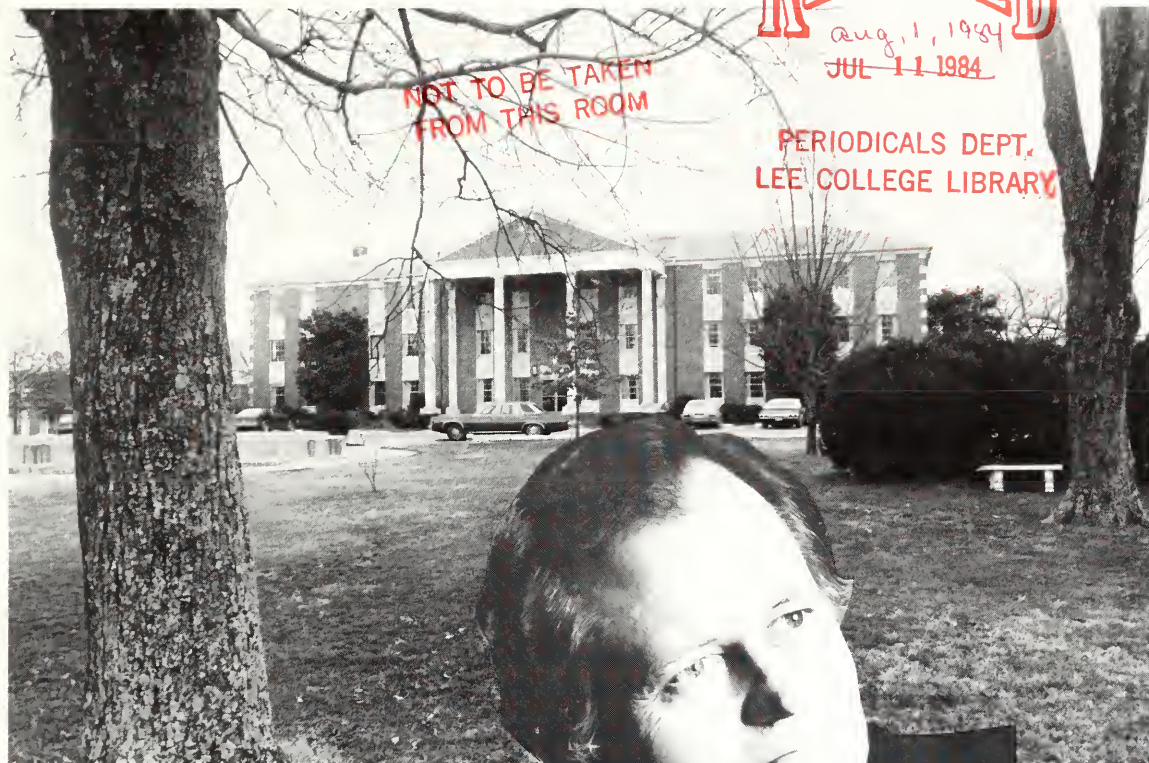
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LEE's NEW PRESIDENT

by HOYT E. STONE



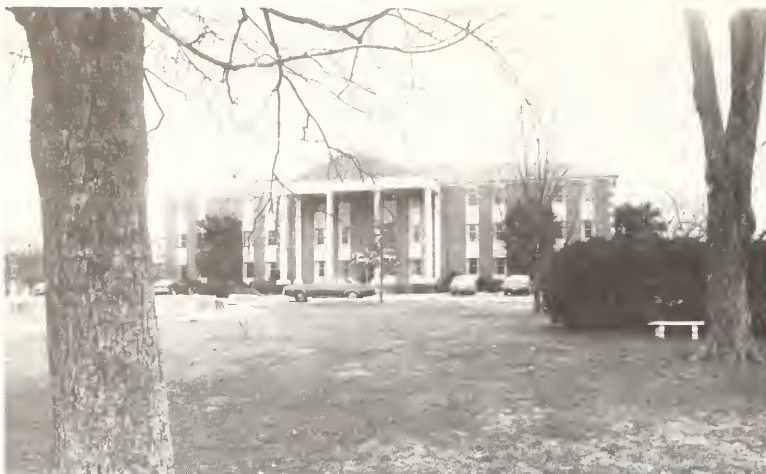
Only in terms of wildest imaginings of the human heart could one say accurately that Lamar Vest ever dreamed of becoming president of Lee College.

Of course, long before it became obvious there would be a vacancy at Lee, Lamar knew his life and ministry would be changing come August of '84. His tenure of office as general director of Youth and Christian Education would come to an end. He would bid farewell to a department he loved, one in which he had worked for twelve years and with which he had associated directly for twenty years of ministry, and he would most likely be appointed as a state overseer somewhere, or as a pastor, just like so many of his predecessors.



Stone Photo

A Church of God Youth Publication



Stone Photo

LEE'S NEW PRESIDENT

Those were things Lamar preferred not to think about. He tried to concentrate on immediate responsibilities. He worked with his assistant director W. A. Davis and with other staff members, and he did everything possible to project the Youth and Christian Education Department through some immediate and troublesome hard times and into a more promising future.

Lamar Vest was, at the same time, human enough to think of his wife, his children, and the future. So thinking—and praying—he looked closely at his personal affairs and prepared for change which most certainly would involve leaving Cleveland.

As the housing market warmed up in late '83, for example, Lamar and Iris put their home on the market. It sold almost at once. They rid themselves of excess furniture and moved into an apartment. They learned to accept philosophically and to smile at all the persistent rumors as to where they would be going

and what they would be doing this time next year.

Inwardly Lamar sometimes chafed at the dilemma. The specter of change and the need to transfer leadership to another in some orderly fashion colored his daily activities; and in some ways, he feared, even interfered with his effectiveness.

Like most other ordained ministers, Lamar would defend the system but this didn't blind him to the realities of what happens to a man, inside, when forced by limited tenure to spend months getting acquainted with a task and then perhaps an equal number of months wrapping up and preparing to leave. Knowing he didn't have a better solution made it easier for Lamar to accept such matters. He committed himself to the Lord. He prayed. And he waited.

It was during one of the low moments of this period of waiting that Lamar received an unusual letter from a minister in Arkansas. The minister was one whom Lamar knew but

casually. "We just never had opportunity to be together, or to work together, in any personal sense," Lamar would tell you. "That made the message all the more unusual."

The letter read:

Dear Brother Vest, An hour before church started, an impression to write you grew stronger and stronger. I told myself I didn't have time but the impression came stronger yet, and I yielded.

God loves you. You are a chosen servant, chosen to walk by faith, though God's complete plan for your life may not be in focus right now. One step at a time is all that is required at this point. Do not outrun the light that He has shown on your path. Do not allow pressures to push you into the shadows.

You are where you are, doing what you are doing, for Him and not another. Your success or failure does not depend upon your popularity. God's perfect will for you is not a location nor a position, but a relationship between you and God.

Work on that relationship. Keep it first, and He will let the light shine forth when it is time for you to move. There are options which will open that you have not yet considered: they too will come to light. He will make it for you, and you will know it is the Lord.

God bless you.

*Your Brother in Christ,
(No response necessary)*

That letter brought Lamar Vest to tears, but even then, he didn't understand just how much it would mean later when it came time to really wrestle with the decision itself. There were suggestions, hints, even outright questions from well-meaning friends and acquaintances; but, in the final analysis, the decision had to be made in Lamar's own heart. Out of that dilemma stepped the new President of Lee College.

"I prepared myself for change," he says. "Then, quite miraculously, God opened a door and said, 'Here is your youth ministry continued and broadened.' I'm still awed by it all, but I'm also anxious to get on with the task. By God's grace.

"I believe in Lee College and in the need for Lee's ministry but it might be helpful if I define my concept of ministry. Ministry is what we preachers do, what teachers and youth workers do, sure, but it is more. Ministry is what every born again Christian does with life itself. Jesus referred to His followers as 'light and salt' on this earth and I've been trying all my life to help young people realize God has purpose for every individual. In this sense, all of us are ministers of Christ and Lee College must continue to drive this message

home to the hearts of young men and women who pass through her doors.

"I can think of no worse tragedy than that a young person would enroll at Lee College, study there, and move out into the marketplace of life without a sense of personal relationship to Jesus Christ.

"I will certainly put forth every effort to enhance and reaffirm Lee's commitment to two truths: first, to see that every student is confronted with the personal demands of Jesus Christ, and that this confrontation results in a decision which affects career and lifestyle. Second, to see that each student develops his or her personal talents and ministry gifts for best use in the kingdom of God.

"Lee is committed to helping young people mature: socially, mentally, culturally, and spiritually. Our young people must develop a world view. They must learn to be comfortable in the midst of many cultures and they must go forth with faith and a conviction that what Jesus taught, and what the Holy Spirit places in our hearts, can make a difference in this world.

"That which parents began in the home during the early and formative years, that which the church picked up on and taught during the young

years, and that which the church emphasized through the pulpit and its weekly ministry—that is the same ministry Lee must continue, though on a larger and broader scale.

"This is the message I'd like to reiterate to Church of God parents: you can trust us at Lee. We want the best for your sons and daughters. We believe they can find the best through a relationship with Christ and through commitment to His kingdom. It may be that Lee will never be able to get this message across to everyone: but we will keep on trying and we'd like to think that none will doubt our commitment to the truth of God's Word and the purposes of the church.

"We are committed to academic excellence and will not back away from that serious responsibility. We are at the same time committed to the traditional values of this church. I believe both objectives are vital.

"Sooner or later, all of us stand before the question of whether or not our puny efforts can really make a difference in this big world. I ask that now, of myself and of Lee College and the young people who are going to come to the campus during the next few years. I ask it and I feel confident in my heart:

"Yes, we *can* and we *will* make a difference. By God's grace." □

MISSIONARY CHILDREN:

by Douglas LeRoy

Nathan Francis Watson

NATHAN FRANCIS WATSON, the son of missionaries Bill and Rhoda, was born on July 14, 1966, in Goiânia, Goiás in the country of Brazil. He is the fourth of five children (four boys and one girl). By birth he is both a Brazilian and an American until the age of 21 to 25 years. At that time he must choose between the two.

For the most part, Nathan enjoys being a missionary child. It gives him a chance to travel, to experience different cultures, and to be involved in the church. His only negative impressions are "being cut off from relatives and close friends in the United States and the absence of his father who travels frequently."

The standard of living in Brazil is rising rapidly. Nathan lives on the fifth floor of a modern six-story apartment building that has an underground garage. He writes:

"We have a refrigerator, a stove, a TV, a radio, and other electrical appliances. I can flick a switch and watch *The Dukes of Hazzard*, dubbed in Portuguese. I can turn on the radio and hear Brazilian, American, and French singers. No one need worry about my having to live in a tree house in the jungle among the Indians. I live in one of the best planned cities in the world. Brasília is only twenty-four years old and has a greater metropolitan population of over one million. It has some of the most interesting architecture anywhere."

Brazil is growing rapidly in technology. Three years ago, microcomputers were almost nonexistent. Today they are the craze. Government branches are purchasing them as fast as they can.

Nathan became interested in computers while he attended school in the United States in 1980-81. At his high school they had an old-style teletype terminal. He started programming in his spare time.



When he returned to Brazil, his American high school had ten Apple II computers. He enrolled in a programming course and learned the techniques quickly.

One day Nathan visited a store and saw a Brazilian copy of the Apple II. He talked to the store manager and showed him some of his programs. The manager was impressed and hired Nathan to work for the store. He demonstrates the computer to prospective buyers, and prepares programs.

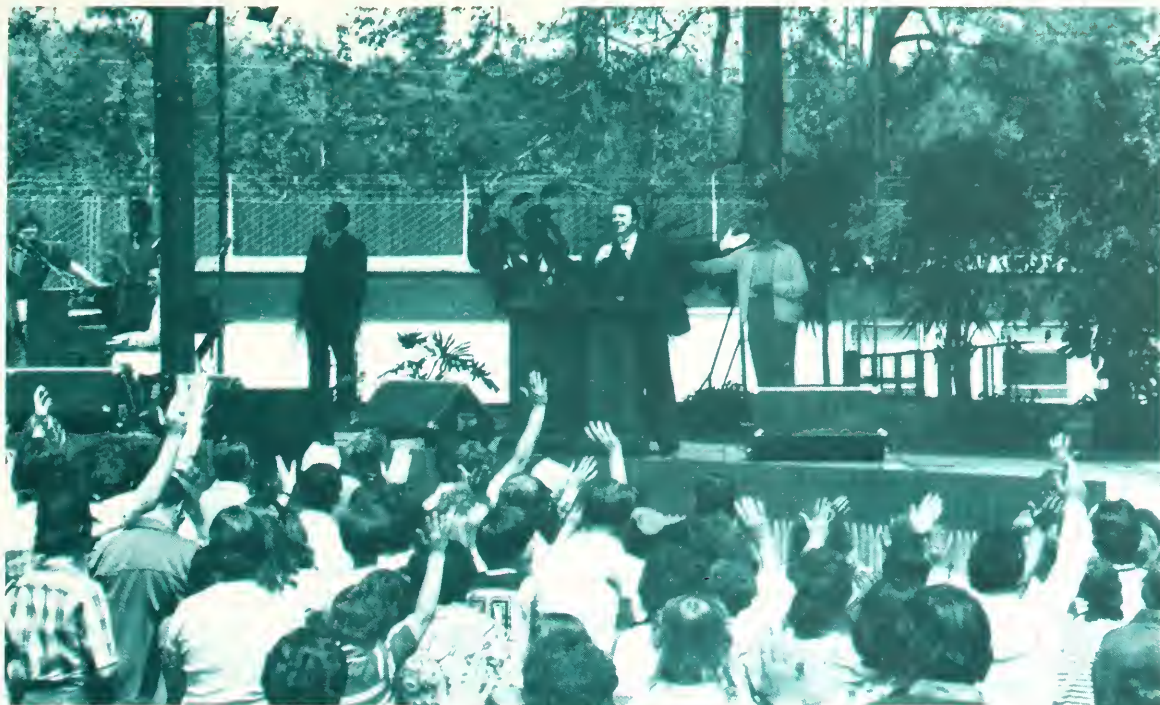
Presently, he and a friend are working on translating a computer language manual into Portuguese. He expects to market the manual in a few months. He also prepares computer programs for companies and government agencies. In March he prepared a videotape for a government agency to show at a convention. Their aim was to bring the next computer fair to Brasília.

Nathan is studying electrical engineering at the Universidade de Brasília (University of Brasília). He has always had a keen interest in physics and mathematics. His work with computers is strictly a hobby. "I did not choose the computer field," commented Nathan, "because I would rather work at a job that does not involve computers as the main part of the work. I do not want to sit eight hours every day in front of a screen."

Nathan plans to return to the States for the 1984 General Assembly and then enroll at Arizona State University to continue his engineering studies.

He summed up his goals by saying: "I plan to find a job after completing my degree, find a wife (probably) and settle down to a calm, suburban life. I have not felt a call to the ministry, but my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



Carl Richardson, Man of Faith

by O. Wayne Chambers

SUNSHINE SPLASHED across the plains of Oklahoma. The day was serene as I sat comfortably at my pastor's desk.

Telephone.

"Mr. Chambers, this is the operator. Will you be available for a conference call from Carl Richardson tonight at 8:30?"

"Yes."

I thought of past phone conversations we Radio and Television Board members had held with Carl, usually centering on a progress report, something to do with the TV program *Power Unlimited*, or a new and innovative concept of ministry. None of my thoughts even vaguely prepared me for the bombshell Carl was to drop.

"Brethren . . ." Carl's voice trembled with emotion. ". . . with deep regret I read the following letter of resignation."

Now, days later, somewhat recuperated from the shock, I'm able to view more objectively Brother Richardson's tenure of office at Forward in Faith. My broad view of what he has done, of how the department has grown during the past twelve years, and of the new avenues of ministry he has pioneered for this church, convinced me he truly *has been* and *is* a man of exemplary faith.

Surely it was by faith that Carl first assumed the leadership of Forward in Faith, back in June of 1972. He moved into the department with dreams, with ideas, with clearly fixed concepts of ministry but I'm sure he would be first to admit he knew little of the technicalities and complexities of radio and television ministry. He did know one thing though: God had called him and God had promised to be with him. He chose then and there to step forward in faith.

Brother Richardson's faith was not that of blind stumbling, as with some, but that of reckoning and counting the cost. He accepted that God expected the best out of him, and he planned and calculated and organized accordingly. He never for a moment believed it would be easy to establish a nationwide radio and television network but he always believed it was possible and he worked constantly to that end, all the while leaning on God and confidently saying, "Yes, it can be done."

Thus believing, Brother Richardson moved yet one step farther and risked everything for success. No man really moves forward in faith without a willingness to run risks—as witness Noah, Abraham, Moses, Joshua and a host of others listed in Hebrews 11—and in this category especially Carl Richardson showed his character.

While some were yet saying, "No way, Carl," he

was planning, promoting, and airing the denomination's first nationwide TV special. While others stood by, questioning, he was adding staff members, expanding the cassette ministry, launching a studio recording business, broadening the department's financial base, adding new radio stations, moving into weekly TV programming with *Power Unlimited*, and recently establishing for the Church of God a satellite TV ministry. There was risk in every venture; but Carl dared to do the impossible because he believes Jesus is coming again, soon. Only faith guides a man through such ventures.

One ought not think, however, that faith does away with the pain of decision, or that faith lets one avoid suffering and the ache of rejection, but faith does help one sit back in confidence and wait on God. Carl knew a task needed to be done and he had courage to wait on God. His was a courage and a faith which has paid off tremendously for this church.

I feel that Carl Richardson has indeed given twelve years of unparalleled leadership to Forward in Faith ministries. Others, I am sure, share this opinion.

In fact, on the evening of May 14, 1984, when Carl gave his "State-of-the-Department" speech to a joint session of the Executive Council and the Radio and Television Board of Directors, this feeling rose to a shattering crescendo as every man in the room spontaneously stood to his feet and gave thunderous applause to the outgoing director.

General Overseer E. C. Thomas spoke with emotion, "Thank you, Brother Richardson, for your leadership at Forward in Faith."

Cecil B. Knight said, "Mr. Chairman, I'd like to commend Brother Richardson for his outstanding

service to the Radio and Television Department of this church."

Raymond Crowley said, "As liaison to the Radio and Television Department I'd like to add my commendation. Brother Richardson and his staff have done an exceptional job."

Charles W. Conn . . . "I express appreciation . . . Carl Richardson's tenure has been a time of media explosion."

James A. Cross . . . "Carl has carried the torch for us in communications."

Chairman of the Board Paul Henson, "I'd like to express appreciation to Carl from the Board. On this Board there is a very positive feeling about what has been accomplished."

Floyd Timmerman . . . "Carl Richardson responded to the challenge, prepared and trained himself in the technical areas, and advanced Forward in Faith more than any of his predecessors" (a knowing and generous statement, since Timmerman was one of Carl's predecessors).

Robert White said, "I'd like to express the love and best wishes of this Executive Council."

And Bennie Triplett . . . "Long before Carl finished his speech, as I listened to all that had been done during these past twelve years, there was an urge inside me just to stand up in his honor."

So . . . thank you, Carl Richardson, for your contribution to the ministry and to the history of the Church of God.

You have indeed proven yourself a man of faith. We as a church are in your debt and I know I speak for thousands of friends and well-wishers when I say, "We love you and we wish you God's best in your next venture of faith." □

ACHIEVEMENTS AT FORWARD IN FAITH

(The past twelve years)

* A weekly radio ministry on as many as 532 stations.

* Three nationwide prime-time TV specials, *New World Coming*, aired in 1974 on 187 network affiliated TV stations; *Freedom Celebration* attracting approximately four thousand people to historic Constitution Hall and a giant National Prayer Meeting on the steps of the U.S. Capitol; and *20th Century Day of Pentecost* televised in all fifty states in 1978 and including scenes of a massive Pentecostal Celebration from South Africa with 37,000 people in attendance and more than one thousand receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost in one service according to the "on-camera" testimony of the late Pastor J. F. Rowlands.

* The creation and implementation of giant overseas crusades such as the Philippines, which according to Far East Superintendent Lovell R. Cary, brought a new era of ministry to the Church of God in that island republic; and a
CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

AFTER MY first year as an electrical engineering student at Montana State in Bozeman, I spent the summer selling books for the Barnum Service Bureau in order to save money for my college expenses. My assigned field was Paradise Valley, near Yellowstone National Park. My assigned headquarters was a small town seventeen miles south of Livingston called Pray.

My job was to walk from house to house in this rural area and to sell four books on health, farm engineering, agriculture and livestock, plus a history book on World War I. During the summer I visited

A
COLLEGE
STUDENT
WHAT DIDN'T
KNOW THE
ANSWER

by **WILLIAM POSPISIL**,
Retired Church of God Missionary

eight hundred homes and received varied responses.

The first house I visited was a summer home for two school teachers. I wanted to talk about books: they wanted to talk about religion. Before I left, they gave me some religious tracts to read.

The next town farther south that I visited was called Emmigrant. I met the railroad station master, and we began to talk about religion. I had been reading the tracts, but I did not understand them. One of the tracts spoke about a beast with seven heads and ten horns. The tract said this represented the Catholic church. Since I was Catholic, this interested me. I had never read this in the Bible, because I didn't even have a Bible.

The station master asked me: "How did this world come into being?"

I gave him the answer that was quite commonly taught in our schools—that the earth and other planets that circle the sun were once part of the sun and an explosion on the sun drove materials from it forming the planets.

"Well," he said, "if that is the way the earth was formed, where did life come from? If the earth had been part of the sun, and it was flung out some 92 million miles, it would have cooled off in a sterilized state."

Then he asked, "Is it not a scientific fact that intense heat will kill all forms of life?"

I responded, "That is true."

He continued, "If you boil an egg, will it hatch?"

I said, "No."

He responded, "If you boil corn, will it grow?"

I said, "No."

Then, he asked me, "Where did life come from?"

I said, "I don't know."

He pointed his finger at me and said, "Young man, if God did not put life on this planet, there wouldn't be any here."

I didn't have the answer for that.

Do you?

It started me thinking. If God is the Author of life, He must be the Author of my life. If God is the One to whom I owe my life, then maybe I should find out how God wants me to live my life.

I decided to read the Bible and to attend church. I would investigate the claims of religion, and after a thorough and honest investigation, I would decide to accept it or to reject it. I started reading the Bible, and I read books about religion and different types of cults.

After the first quarter of my third year in college, I married Lillian Mason and went to work at the O'Leary Electric Shop in Great Falls, Montana. At the church where we were attending, someone asked me, "Are you saved?"

I said, "I don't know, but when I die and stand before Saint Peter, he will tell me."

The man questioned, "Suppose he says to you, 'Go away into everlasting fire.' What would you do?"

I answered, "I suppose I would have to go."

He responded, "Don't you think that would be a little late to find out?"

Then, he quoted a scripture: "He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that

believeth not is condemned already because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3:18).

"You don't have to wait until you are dead," he continued, "you can know that you are saved now by believing on Jesus Christ."

Shortly afterwards, I accepted Christ as my personal Savior. My life was completely changed, I now had something to live for. I followed the Lord in water baptism, and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I continued working at the electric shop for two more years.

One Sunday the pastor was preaching from John 21. Jesus had asked Peter, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Peter replied, "Thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus said, "Feed my sheep."

During this message God called me to preach His gospel. For more than fifty years I have served in the ministry with nearly twenty years of service as a missionary in India. Presently, I am retired and living in Corvallis, Oregon.

Fifty years ago I did not have the answer on the origin of life; but today, I do.

Christ is life.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me" (John 14:6). □



MY TIMES ARE IN YOUR HANDS

MAKING THE MOST of my time is the most challenging task I have faced lately. This age has produced a severe time-consciousness which urges hurry, make it happen, get on with it, do it now, you may never have another chance, time is wasting.

While I remain thoroughly convinced that I must discipline my life around priorities, I have also been evaluating practices of scheduling my life within the context of Holy Scriptures.

As an obedient servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, I have found I must devote my whole life to God. That certainly includes *all my time*. Discipline will determine the boundaries of my life: priorities will determine the direction of my life.

As in all things, God reserves a portion of my time which is holy unto Him. The portion which He alone controls is the *length* of my life. He knows the number of my steps, the length of my days.

When planning a trip in an automobile, one must concentrate on each intricate detail. Discipline dictates the route taken, priorities determine the

stops made. If one fails, however, to check the gas gauge, he may be in serious trouble. Well-laid plans may be interrupted, altered or never fulfilled.

Because God reserves and deserves the right to the length of my times, my life can never be planned without Him. He holds a vital piece of the essential data—the amount of gas in the tank—the length of my days.

With this knowledge, I clearly understand that my *times* must be planned with His complete guidance. No amount of self-effort to discipline my life or set priorities will achieve the goal God has planned for me. Each day, I must remain consistently sensitive to His voice in order to fulfill the boundaries and direction of my life along the way He has ordained. To waste even one moment, one hour or one day may limit the potential and productivity of my life which is dedicated to His pleasure.

When I stand before God, may my heart be able to say . . . “But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God. My times are in thy hand” (Psalm 31:14, 15). □

Special Announcement

LIMITED EDITION COIN SET

The Church of God Executive Committee has announced that a Limited Edition Coin Set will be produced to commemorate the 60th General Assembly that will convene in Ft. Worth, Texas. August 14-19, 1984. Only 1,000 sets will be prepared.

BE A PART OF HISTORY

The coin set has been prepared especially for those who want to be a part of history and to keep the memories of the 60th General Assembly fresh. The set contains two coins, 1 5/16", antique bronze with reeded edges. The coins picture the Assembly logo, outline of the state of Texas, Church of God emblem, and the Star of Texas. The coin set will be a collector's item. Supply is limited. Place your order today.



ORDER FORM

LIMITED EDITION COIN SET

Church of God General Assembly

Mail to:

**Church of God General Offices PR
P.O. Box 2430
Cleveland, TN 37320-2430**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

- ☐ Reserve me a limited edition coin set; \$10 (only one set per person)
☐ Enclosed is a check for \$10 ☐ Mail set to me
☐ Bill me ☐ I will pick up set at General Assembly (Hospitality Booth)

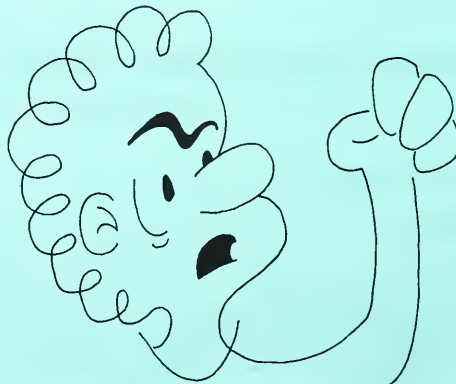


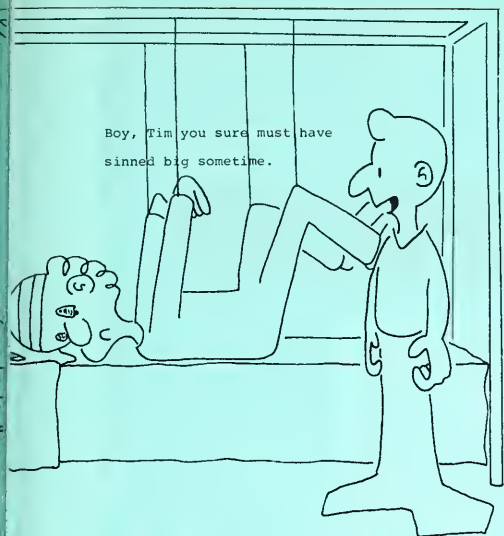
Accept what is, because it is. Stop clutching at what is not. Reach for wholeness rather than clinging to the past and to pain.

How to Handle Undeserved Suffering

**Artist/Writer,
Larry E. Neagle**

Don't give in to bitterness. Disappointment that He didn't arrange things better or anger that what we received was so far from what we wanted are prime breeding grounds for rebellion. As much as you can, steer clear.





Boy, Tim you sure must have
sinned big sometime.

the right question. "Why did this happen
?" and "What have I done to deserve this?"
both pointless. The better question is "Now
this has happened, what am I going to do
about it?"



YOU WANT IT?
COME AND GET IT!

Make your loss a matter of give, not take.
Give it to God freely and completely. Make your
suffering an act of worship.

I hate it when I fall.

What's the use?

Nothing ever works out right for me anyway.

If I get up I'll just fall again.

Why try? It isn't worth it.

Stumble, fall. Stumble, fall. Stumble, fall.

I'll just stay here.

There's an interesting pattern in the floor anyway.



Expect stumblings. Recovery from tragedy takes
time. Expect that. Expect to occasionally fall. And
keep on trying.

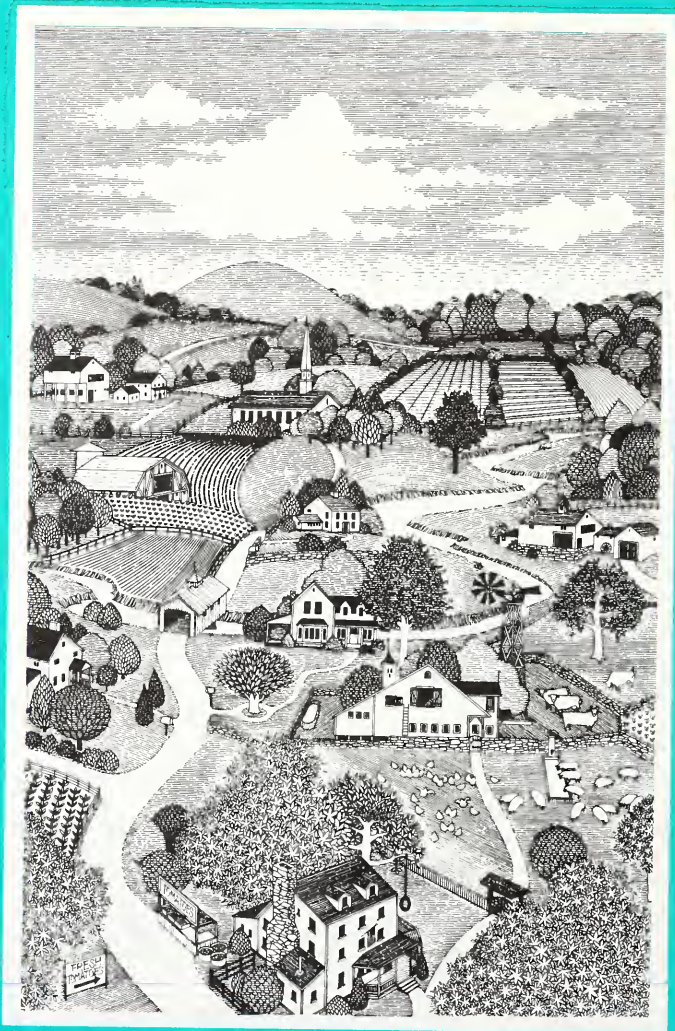


There, there. I know it
looks black. But He still
loves you. He sent me just
to give you a hug.

Copyright 1984 Larry E. Neagle

**Remember that no matter what happens, God
is still in control.** His love and care remain the
same. It's all right to run home to Him when
times get tough.

The Inheritance



by Wanda Cato Brett

HAD KNOWN for a long time. In fact, I think I had always known, somewhere deep inside, that she would never watch me graduate from college. So when the news came that she was gone, I was not really surprised.

I read the telegram in my dorm room only once. Packed my blue Samsonite suitcase with deliberate motions, feeling a slow numbness creeping through me. This kind of numbness: it has finally happened only I'm not ready. So instead of crying I just got numb and answered questions and filled out forms and all the while kept waiting to wake up from a bad dream.

She was gone. Quietly, the same way light fades into dusty eveningtime. Quickly, the way a rainbow dries up and evaporates before your eyes.

I took the bus. When it stopped in my small hometown, familiar faces were waiting. There was so much packing to do: boxing things which had lived on her shelves for a lifetime, finding funny letters which had once made her face break into smiles, giving bits and pieces of her world to the relatives that came to touch what was left, packing the favorite set of dishes. The hanging lamp of beveled glass. The antique washstand. The fragile crystal. Realizing with every piece of newspaper, every worn-out box, that I had never known her. None of us had. She was always busy knowing us. Somehow, that was enough.

Of course, there was also the matter of a will. I did not want to go and hear her wishes read by a cold, impersonal attorney who never

knew her. But in the end, I went. She would have wanted me to. And somehow, I couldn't stay away. It was like having contact with her one more time, an opportunity I couldn't resist.

We met that morning in the waiting lobby of the attorney's office. He had not arrived yet. I felt out of place in the chic office, wearing my college clothes. I should have thought of that when I packed. Everything was so tastefully arranged. The plush beige carpet under my feet harmonized well with the rust and gold patterns of color on the wingback chairs.

I wanted the long morning to be over. I wanted us all to go back to our safe and separate lives. Back to the way things were before we knew her secrets.

We didn't hear the attorney open the door and he startled us. He apologized for being late. Our voices sounded too loud, echoing against the walls and sliding into the waiting carpet. We were noisy. I suppose it was our way of trying to fill up the emptiness she left in our lives.

The attorney looked at us with serious eyes, not smiling; yet I thought his voice sounded surprisingly kind.

"I'm sorry she's gone," he said.

He seemed quite ordinary. Business suit. Glasses. Rather tall. I don't know what I had expected.

We went into his office in groups of twos and threes and found ourselves chairs and places to sit on the brocade couch. It was uncomfortably still in the room and I felt I was being suffocated by legal

phrases and jargon as he began to read the will. But as it turned out, the will was what we had all expected.

Only a few surprises. One was that she left me the house. I couldn't believe she left me the sprawling, Southern style home I loved for so many years. It represented security to me. Perhaps she thought I needed it the most.

There was some open resentment over that, but otherwise things were equally divided and fair. It was all over in a few minutes. As we all filed out of the office, the attorney handed me an envelope, asking me to read it when I was alone. I recognized the handwriting on the front of it, and a little hurt passed through the numbness I'd been wearing so well.

Dinner that night was filled with relieved laughter, very little tension, and lots of goodwill. Most of the discussion involved how various pieces of furniture and glass would be moved from the house. I suppose we were trying to laugh our grief away. It worked for a while.

Finally, the leaving. Harried trips back to nearby motels. Last minute hugs and kisses. Some small arguments over why I got the house. Assurances that I would be alright staying in the house by myself over the holidays. The last car pulled out of the circle driveway and I was alone.

The rooms looked so bare with all the pieces of living packed away.

The letter was in my sweater pocket. I held it easily in my hands and stared at the handwriting—so familiar and so faraway. When I opened the

envelope a few pictures of me as a child scattered to the floor.

Direct and to the point, just like she always was:

If you are reading this letter, then I am gone now. You are probably angry with me for leaving you this way, especially so close to graduation and when you needed me. But there's no changing anything, so don't mope. You lose all the color in your face when you mope. It's so bad for your skin!

Did I leave you everything you wanted? I tried to remember the pieces you especially admired. I hope you wanted the house. I broke up all the sets of furniture and dishes so you would put things together for yourself and not leave the house as some sort of shrine to me (which would be just like something you would do).

I wanted to leave you something tangible, so I hope you enjoy the house.

My hands tire easily now.

I'm closing with one request. Find God. Look for Him in your own way. You need Him. You need His gentle love to help you put the past behind you and live. It's time to find your way back home to Him. I gladly give you my possessions, trinkets of a lifetime here, but I've failed you if you don't have faith for a new life when this one is through.

She scrawled her name at the bottom of the page in large, bold letters—comfortable letters, unsteadied by time. I looked around the house with its wide, spacious rooms and couldn't believe it was actually mine. It was all too much.

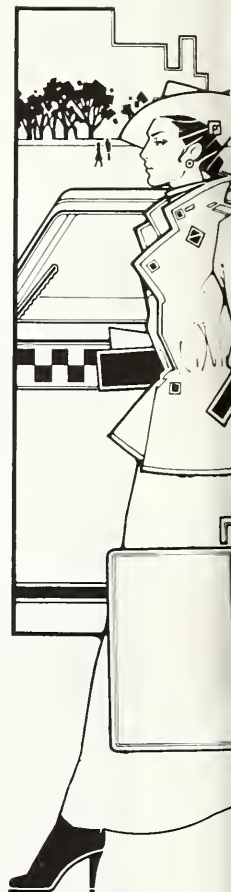
My feet found the evening outside and walked to the

road's end where I watched the sun sink behind sloping Southern hills.

She was right. It was time to find faith again. Time to believe in something and someone other than myself. I walked barefoot over damp grass. I needed God. Deep inside I had always wanted Him to erase the brittle edges of resentment and restlessness that drove me.

How wise she was to know that all the activities which surrounded me never took away the searching of my soul. I glanced up at the sky. The sun stayed hidden behind the hills.

Yes, it was time for me to find my way back home. □



OF

IN THE DUST



THE ATTIC

by Darlene Vaught

Bill didn't like clocks, but he welcomed the news which the one on his office wall now gave. It was 5 p.m., the beginning of his long overdue weekend off.

"Guess you won't know what to do with a free weekend," his secretary said as he exited from his office, entering hers.

"Huh, guess I will, too, and the weekend won't be long enough to do it all."

"The way that gray on your head is catching up with the black, you ought to rest this weekend. You're much too old for your age, Bill. If I had to judge from your looks and your ever-serious demeanor, I'd swear you were at least fifty."

"Well, I'm just 32, and don't you forget it. And as a matter of fact, recreation is on the agenda for tonight. I'm going to my favorite get-away right now. Goodnight, Betty."

"Goodnight, Bill."

Leaving the Tonn Road Concrete Company behind, he headed for the William Hobby Airport.

Too old for my age, he thought. I guess she's right, but I was born in this trap, and I guess I'll die in it. When I was in college, I couldn't wait to graduate so I could get out from under the pressure. Now, ten years later, I'm still going in a never-closing circle. No rest. No peace.

After the preflight inspection he taxied to the runway. "William Traffic One Niner Two Three Niner preparing for take-off runway one-five."

"Control to One Niner Two Three Niner, runway one-five is clear for departure."

He centered the aircraft on the familiar yellow line. Putting one lean hand on the throttle and one on the stick, he slowly, steadily pushed the throttle in as his feet voluntarily worked the rudders. When he reached the right speed, he pulled the stick gently and expertly, keeping the plane perfectly balanced as he climbed the air.

Looking straight across at the clouds and down at the green squares, circles, and odd shapes, interspersed with specks of other colors, Bill was lost in the roar of the engine and the sense of eternity, of freedom.

At dusk, the sun turned the clouds pink, then it sat down to rest, and the moon checked in for the night shift. Scattered lights shone below. Bill felt like he was suspended between two starry skies. He wished it could last forever.

But it couldn't, and it didn't. Soon he was
CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



E. C. THOMAS

General Overseer
of the
Church of God



FAMILY WALK: A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

It has been said that the natural exercise of walking is the best life insurance policy one can obtain. Walking has been described as the most efficient exercise for improving overall fitness. According to

Gary D. Yanker, "It uses more muscles in a continuous, uniform action than most other forms of exercise, and it remains accessible to you throughout life." It is safe to assume, then, that taking advantage of the natural powers of walking is a "step" in the right direction.

So it is with family devotions. The exercise of "walking" through the Bible is also the best life insurance policy one can obtain. A meaningful walk through the Scriptures is the most efficient exercise for improving overall spiritual fitness.

The family unit of the 80s has been and continues to be bombarded on every side. Troubled relationships have developed among family members. The subsequent bitterness, resentment, and discontent lead toward divorce, separation and delinquency. Children and adolescents are experiencing tremendous stress through peer pressures and challenges. Those not equipped to handle such situations often turn to drugs, alcohol and even cults. Teenage suicide rates are ever-increasing. Legislation, court decisions, and public policies have become openly antagonistic to biblical moral values.

Society has a tendency to present as truth many philosophies and concepts which are in actuality contrary to scriptural principles. But there is an answer for the dilemmas and questions presented by society.

The church has long been aware of the value of a knowledge of the Word of God. Only through a study of the Word can questions be answered adequately. Only through knowledge of the Word is a defense against controversial doctrines and theories provided. Family members may easily be deceived if not grounded in the Word.

The need to bring family members together to study the Word formed the basis for the adoption of *Family Walk*, the official devotional guide of the Church of God. Many parents have been searching for the right tool to help them minister to their family in a meaningful and interesting way. *Family Walk*, has ended that search by providing stimulating and enjoyable materials geared for the entire family.

Because the social tendency today is to present as truth many ideas which are false, parents must accept the responsibility for the spiritual direction of their family. They must set an example of spiritual maturity for all family members. By appropriate training, they can assist in combating such ills as divorce, delinquency, drug abuse, loneliness, and broken relationships. Their role is crucial. Children need a structured and somewhat controlling world of social institutions—including the family.

Findings indicate that beliefs—about lying, drinking, cheating, and other principles—and behaviors are connected. Therefore, it is necessary to instill beliefs rather than to inflict guilt. Recent data also indicate that religious indoctrination has far-reaching implications in the lives of young people. A personal faith is tied to a positive attitude toward the church, a positive self-concept, considerate behavior toward others, and an inhibition of antisocial behaviors. Although peer pressure is quite often an overwhelming influence, research concludes that adolescents are less likely to use alcohol and drugs if family closeness and affection are high and if commitment to the church is high.

Family crises such as divorce or separation can be minimized and even avoided if youth—potential husbands, wives and parents—are firmly grounded in the Word. Proper instruction will enable them to deal effectively with the conflicts likely to arise in any marriage.

Children must be taught basic principles, godly character, scriptural convictions, and wise standards. The Church of God believes this can best be achieved through coming together regularly around God's Word. Thus, the primary objectives of *Family Walk* are (1) to strengthen families,
CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

MISSIONARY CHILDREN: NATHAN FRANCIS WATSON

Continued from page 6

highest goal of all is to be used by God, and to remain a faithful Christian. I know that God can use a real Christian in his work, no matter what his profession or socioeconomical position."

Nathan's parents have been missionaries in Brazil since 1956. □

IN THE DUST OF THE ATTIC

Continued from page 19

home. His aunt, who lived with him, was talking over the phone to one of her hypochondriac friends, lamenting old age as usual. When she hung up, Bill said, "Aunt Mattie, tomorrow I'm going to work on the yards like I've been meaning to, and Sunday I'm going to clean the attic."

"Oh, how nice, Dear. A weekend off. There's no telling what you'll find in that attic. Listen, Billy, just don't work too hard, or you'll end up like me, old and helpless."

"Come now, everyone's going to end up old if they don't die first."

"Just don't be rushing either one."

As expected, the yard took all of Saturday. On Sunday, Bill climbed the rickety drop-down ladder into the attic. After a few sneezes he adjusted to the dust.

First he cleaned, then he straightened and organized things. On top of a box of books lay a Bible.

As Bill sorted through the contents of the attic he

separated them into piles—one for Goodwill, one for trash, one for items to be placed elsewhere in the house.

It was a big black Bible, with gold letters on the front. Bill was still bothered by the thoughts he had on the way to the airport, the thoughts he almost always had.

Other than being dusty, the Bible was in good shape.

No rest. No peace.

Bill picked up the Bible, examined it with the same swift manner he used for the other contents, then he nonchalantly threw it on the trash pile. □

FAMILY WALK: A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

Continued from page 20

(2) to ground children in the Word of God, (3) to create togetherness around biblical values, and (4) to enrich the devotional life of families. By encouraging and aiding families in conducting meaningful family devotions, the church can help the family unit avoid society's pitfalls.

Utilization of *Family Walk* will insure a step in the right direction for families and will fulfill scripture: "And thou shalt teach them [the words of God] diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up" (Deuteronomy 6:7).

The family unit is too important to neglect. □

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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE



Current Happenings With Questions for Christian Reflection

BIBLE ILLITERACY

NEW YORK, NY (ABS)—In deploring the fact that young people today are neither taught the Bible nor made to memorize it, the minister of one of New York's leading churches has called for an end to what he termed "Bible illiteracy."

Speaking at the 168th annual meeting of the American Bible Society, the Reverend John G. B. Andrew, D.D., Rector of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, said "I am never quite sure why educators today think it unhelpful for children to learn things by heart."

He reminded an audience of several hundred people who believe in the power of the Scriptures that Jesus knew the Psalms by heart. They were the treasure box of His prayer life.

Scriptures are not something to be read politely but, as with the Savior, they should be in "a person's bloodstream." (American Bible Society News Release) ☐

* * * *

1. Do you memorize Scripture daily?
2. If all Bibles were to be destroyed and you were never to read or hear another copy read, would you have enough Scripture to sustain you in your Christian walk for the rest of your life? ☐

TOAD WATCHDOGS, HERE'S GOOD NEWS

Including the Association of International Associations (in Brussels) itself, there are now 14,792 international groups (requirement: meetings or members in at least three countries).

Among the organizations formed solely to be "against" something are groups opposed to radiology, noise and gout.

Then there are those organizations created to play the advocate: Black-magic women have gotten together in the International Organization for Working Witches. Or consider the International Committee for the Protection of the Planets Against Microbes from Earth, which we imagine intends to do exactly that. And in case you've been worrying, there is indeed a group called Global Action for Fair Treatment of Frogs. (Family Weekly) ☐

* * * *

1. How did you feel when you read the sentence about the International Organization for Working Witches?
2. Are witches found only in fairytales? Do they dress in black and carry (or ride) brooms?
3. Does Scripture say anything about witches? (See Exodus 22:18; Deuteronomy 18:10; 1 Samuel 15:23; Galatians 5:20.) ☐

ROMANCE NOVELS TERMED VALIUM

Romance novels are dangerous because they tell women true love is the only great adventure of their lives, a professor says.

"They are the valium of women," said Patricia Frazer Lamb, an English professor at Westminster College in Pennsylvania.

Ms. Lamb said contemporary romance novels are aimed at well-educated working women.

Some women read up to one hundred romance novels a month and such books account for 40 percent of the book market in the United States. (Chattanooga News Free Press) ☐

* * * *

1. What kind of books or magazines do you read?
2. What about television? Is it numbing to the senses? Is it addictive? Is it dangerous? ☐



CARL RICHARDSON, MAN OF FAITH

Continued from page 9

crusade in Kakinada, India with some 35,000 people per night coming to hear the gospel with as many as 15,000 Hindus praying the sinner's prayer in one night. And, other crusades which filled the largest baseball stadium in Puerto Rico with over 21,000 people and also two other crusades in the Roberto Clemente Coliseum in San Juan.

* The creation of a cassette tape ministry that has provided over ten million ministry tapes and now averages some one million cassettes annually. Included in this international distribution of tapes are nineteen different cassette tape albums.

* The creation of a monthly tape service for ministers with more than two thousand ministerial subscribers who contribute some \$10,000 each month to the Forward in Faith ministries.

* The creation of fifty-six "Minute Messages" for hundreds of additional radio stations and two professionally produced TV Minute Messages for scores of television stations and all four Christian TV Networks.

* The creation of a monthly sermon service for ministers with more than three thousand ministerial subscribers.

* The writing of more than one hundred fifty books and booklets with international distribution of over two million copies.

* The acquisition of an office complex "The Forward in Faith Center," to house Forward in Faith and the Church of God Computer Center.

Substantial equity was donated by the men and women of Vision Foundation toward this purchase by the General Church.

* The construction of a new professional recording studio with new twenty-four track computerized state of the art equipment throughout.

* The creation of "Faith Productions Record Company," to serve the recording needs of the total church and to help provide additional funding for other ministries.

* The institution of the biennial "Vision Awards Banquet" at each General Assembly for the purpose of recognizing and rewarding spiritual vision on the local church level.

* The creation of "Faith Productions Video Studio" with the purchase of approximately \$150,000 in television equipment.

* The purchase of approximately \$1 million in equipment which adds to the overall asset account of Forward in Faith.

* The creation and implementation in 1982 of a nationwide weekly television ministry, *Power Unlimited*, seen in all fifty states on some 1,800 television stations and cable systems.

* The creation and launching of the Church of God Satellite TV Network which provides a low cost delivery system for the Church of God around the world to better serve the needs of the total church—locally, regionally, nationally, and internationally.

Carl Richardson has personally represented the Church of
CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

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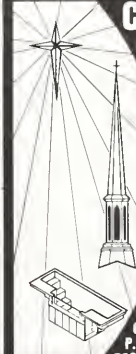
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THE NECESSITY OF PRAYER by E. M. Bounds

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E. M. Bounds was a great man of faith who believed that God listens to His children. In this book, he shares methods of effective prayer that will help you to:

- * know the will of God
- * advance your prayer life
- * grow in faith
- * adhere to God's Word and
- * receive answers to your prayers!

After reading this message, you will better understand the "how" and "why" of prayer and realize that God is the source of all provision. (Whitaker House, Springdale, PA 15144) □

WITHIN HEAVEN'S GATES by Rebecca Springer

There is life after death! In this awe-inspiring book, Rebecca Springer shares the wonders and joys of her glorious vision of heaven as she offers hope for the future of mankind.

As her beautiful story unfolds, you will be reassured by her accounts of: celestial homes and friends, reunions with loved ones, heavenly principles, the River of Life, meeting the Master, and much more!

This uplifting book is essential reading for Christians because it is a glimpse of our eternal home and an inspiration to continue in our spiritual walk.

Come venture within heaven's gates and embark on a divine journey that will comfort and encourage you. (Whitaker House, Springdale, PA 15144) □

ON FIRE WITH THE SPIRIT by Fr. John Bertolucci

John Bertolucci has captivated thousands of people across the world with the message of the gospel. What has happened to transform this parish priest into an extra-ordinary preacher, the foremost Catholic evangelist of our day?

On Fire with the Spirit tells the remarkable story of this most remarkable man, from his early life under the shadow of the Catskill Mountains to the beginning of his television ministry and his travels around the world to preach the gospel. Whether behind the Iron Curtain, in a stadium speaking to a capacity crowd, behind the podium at a parish church, or in the living room of friends, his one desire is to bring the Word of God to others. (Servant Books, Ann Arbor, MI 48107) □

REMEMBER THE EAGLE DAY by Guenn Martin

This book is the story of a junior high schooler Melanie LaRue from Anchorage, Alaska. Her father buys a commercial salmon fishing business on a small island and Melanie must leave her beloved horse, Kenai, to help fish for the summer.

On the island she tries to befriend Long Jake, the grouchy old hermit who owns most of the island. The friendship grows when she rescues a young goat that has been stranded on a rock by the tide. Melanie discovers Long Jake to be a lonely man who enjoys teaching her about the wildlife on the island.

One day Long Jake takes Melanie on a hike to the eagles' nest and reveals his past and his long years of pain from refusing to accept the deaths of his wife and daughter. He breaks down and begins to cry and asks Melanie to call him Grandpa Jake.

Long Jake dies. Now it is Melanie who refuses to accept the death of her dear friend until she realizes that Long Jake would not want her to follow his example of denial and seclusion. (Herald Press, Scottsdale, PA 15683) □

God, during these twelve years, in the following ways:

* A night speaker for the 1972 General Assembly at the Dallas Coliseum.

* A night speaker for the 1975 International Training Conference at Roberto Clemente Coliseum in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

* A featured speaker at "Washington for Jesus," a media-event in 1980 attended by over 500,000 people in person and millions more participating by nationwide television and radio.

* A featured speaker at four conventions of the National Religious Broadcasters.

* A member of the Board of Directors and chairman of several major committees of the National Religious Broadcasters for twelve years, and as the official press spokesman for the N.R.B. for the past eight years.

* A featured speaker at the P.F.N.A. in Springfield, Missouri.

* A featured guest on numerous occasions on every major daily Christian TV program and network. □

TO MY BROTHERS

*I was the cougar, Roly Poly was the bear and
Baby was the weasle.
Wise beyond our years, castaways in a dream world,
We were a band of merry adventurers . . .
A tramping league of rogues
In a world with no doors to open.
We were warriors in the race of the young.
Our youth ruled our lives and nothing would,
Usurp that ruler.*

*Then age came like a silent invader.
I moved out of the band and left only two.*

"Please play with us," they'd say.

"No," I'd say.

*"There's a vicious viper in the vicinity," Bear would grumble.
Little weasle whispered, "The witches have come,
he's a changeling."*

*The band disbanded; the hardness set in.
The leaches came and sucked away the laughter.*

*I think back on the old days often
and nostalgia grips me like a vise.*

*I go back to the woods to remember . . . but
I can't find the old magic.*

*The broken pieces have been covered by dirt and time,
And my brothers, I doubt they even recall
The adventures we traveled through.
But . . . I do!*

And life, with Him, is no longer a fantasy!

—Duane Coulter

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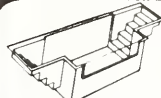
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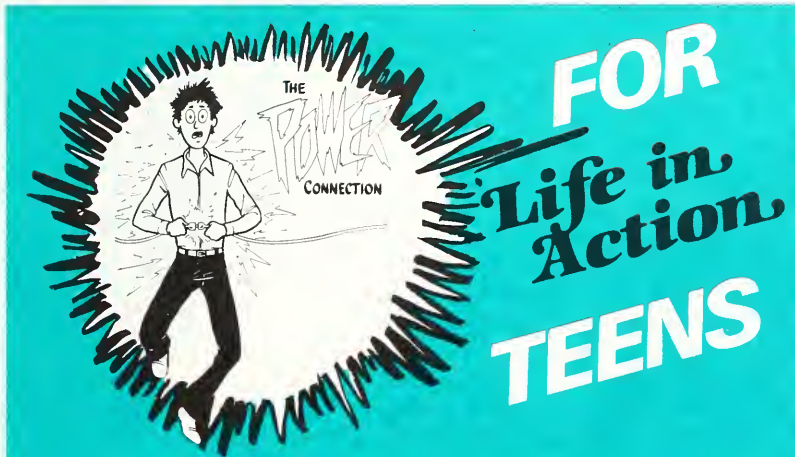
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Who can more love the light of day
And sing when skies shine bright
Than he whose path has been the prey
Of bitter, woeful night?

When death
And gloom,
And constant snares
Loomed large to catch him unawares—
And fling his soul to lowest hell
With all the damned that be.
O Dawn! O Day! No tongue can tell
The cheer you bring to me.

Who can more love the mountain height
And breathe its fragrant air
Than he whose path was hid from sight
In valleys of despair?

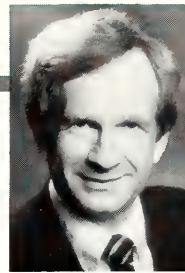
When pits,
And thorns,
And gruesome death
Like demons lurked with heated breath—
To snare his feet that he might fall
Into the slough, and drown.
O mountain high above this pall,
Lift me upon thy crown!

Who can more know the worth of prayer,
The solace of its way,
Than he whose soul was racked with care,
With lips too vile to pray?

When sin
And pain,
And fiendish fears
Filled every day with anguished tears—
That seared the cheeks and mocked the soul
But ne'er removed the rod.
O Prayer, Sweet Prayer, you made me whole
And lit my path to God.

LIGHT

by CHARLES W. CONY



A GOOD RUN

IT'S BEEN A GOOD RUN, these past six years during which I've edited the *Lighted Pathway*.

Years of excitement as I've watched each issue germinate from central idea to identifiable entity.

Years of joy, as I've received your letters and reveled in good accomplished through this magazine which remains a tribute to the recurring need for family and youth inspiration throughout this church.

I now look back with appreciation even for those few negative and critical letters, those which disagreed with the magazine's position or viewpoint: they also served a purpose, speaking to this editor's heart, telling me you were reading, you were concerned, you were aware of what we were doing.

I've had the privilege of parading a host of fine young people across the pages of this monthly—seventy-one issues in all, of children, teenagers, young married couples, those seeking the right path, and those having found it—and

among those faces I've found friends. Within the stories of those lives I've discovered personal inspiration. Hopefully, I've given some of the same.

I've met and perhaps encouraged a few budding journalists . . . taken some materials and improved them . . . latched on to some ideas and expanded them. In the doing of these routine chores I've grown and learned again how exciting and personal life really is.

Always I've been conscious of the fact that I wrote, at least to some extent, for this church and what it represents. I am a minister first, a writer second, and I have certainly tried to maintain my commitment to responsible Christian journalism. A few disappointments, of course, but then I have never claimed or for a moment thought myself perfect.

Yes, it's been a great run—my editorial time spent here at the Church of God Publishing House—and there's a part of me which aches at the thought of leaving.

Nevertheless, I leave . . . to pursue my ministry as Assistant Director of the Department of General Education.

Thanks to all my colleagues here. They have been like family: I know of no better way to say it. Only to add, I will miss each of them.

My good friend and longtime associate Marcus Hand will now edit this magazine, bringing to it I am sure new perspective and excitement. Marcus is an excellent writer. He will give himself fully to this new challenge.

Brother Hand moves from the General Department of Youth and Christian Education where he has been highly instrumental in development of the YWEA and STEP programs. Many readers are acquainted with Marcus already and I dare say you will take joy in firming up a new relationship with this servant of the Lord who retains such a loving heart for young people.

God in His wisdom keeps life moving for us all.

Until He comes. □

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SEPTEMBER 1984
VOLUME 55, NUMBER 9

Lighted Pathway



Finding Your Place, p.3
Impress Your Teacher, p.6
Changing Schools, p.8
Designer Jeans and Genes, p.13
And More!

Lighted Pathway

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LIGHTED PATHWAY SEPTEMBER 1984

VOLUME 55, NUMBER 9

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Cover photo by Johnny Hughes



BY DEBBIE LOVELACE

Finding Your Place

WALKING DOWN THE HALLS, looking for the classroom, waiting for the teacher. It's the first day of school!

The week before school begins is always exciting. You talk with your friends and discuss the new year. Sure, everyone says they dread the beginning of school. Way down, however, you feel a spark of excitement begin to burn as you talk on the phone.

Each year the same concerns are there. Whose homeroom will you be in? Will your history teacher be moody, or will he or she have the same disposition every day? Which lunch period will you have? Will that cute guy who was in Chemistry I last year be in your Chemistry II this year? Will you have enough nerve to try out for chorus, or the drama club?

You will be making some of the same purchases. You'll be getting brand new notebooks, pencils, and other supplies that are absolutely essential to the start of a new school year. It doesn't matter that you just bought those items at the end of last

Excitement! A brand new school year! Debbie Lovelace tells how to make the most of it by improving our attitudes and cultivating a fresh relationship with Jesus Christ....

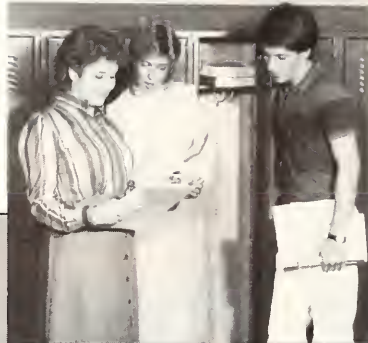
year. A new year must begin with new equipment.

A new school year means new clothes. Fall is coming and you must dress for the season. New jeans so stiff you can hardly sit down, new shoes so tight you can

barely walk, plaid shirts; long-sleeved dresses, and wool skirts—these are necessary to let your peers know you are abreast of the latest fashions.

Decked out for the new year, you're ready for the first day of classes. What is your first impression of your teachers? Is it going to be a really tough class? Does this teacher think that his or her class is the most important one in school? Is this class going to be a breeze? Is your English teacher one who can "take a joke" or one who means business all the time? Same questions year after year.

Questions also bombard you about your classmates. Is your best friend in any of your classes? Who'll be the "brain" of the class—the one who sets the curve? Will you have to sit in alphabetical order or will the teacher allow you to sit with your friends?



Susan Hand, Victoria Knight and Greg McCarn compare notes as the new school year begins.

Johnny Hughes Photo

What about books? Will you luck out and get some brand new ones? Or will you get one signed by Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, President Carter, and Tom Selleck. Maybe you'll luck up and get one signed by last year's class valedictorian! Surely, some of that ability to acquire knowledge has rubbed onto the pages.

A variety of new experiences awaits you. You may have to adjust to a new style of teaching. Or a different grading system. Although the teacher feels it is the fair way, it doesn't seem that way to you.

No close friends are in your class. You must learn to make friends quickly or you may get lost before you've hardly begun.

Perhaps a new lunch period. Waiting until 1 p.m. to eat is sometimes a little hard on the ol' stomach when you are accustomed to eating at 11:30 a.m.

There's gym class in the morning instead of the afternoon. Freezing outside on the ball field instead of burning up is something you have to get acclimated to.

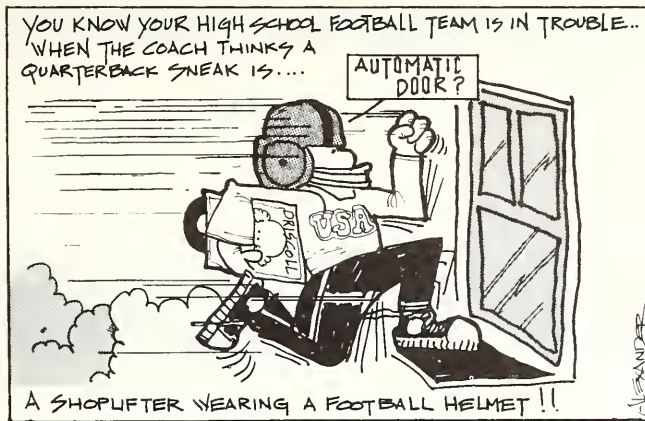
The new student in school seems to be ahead of everyone in class. You may have to strive a little harder this year to be at the top of the class.

They've adopted a new set of rules. It may be hard to get in the habit of finishing your ice cream in the cafeteria instead of taking it with you outside as you've always done. Before long, however, that rule will be part of you just like all the others.

There is a new club adviser. You've been on student council for three years and the new adviser doesn't know the first thing about student council. You learn that it's sometimes difficult to establish a give-and-take situation. Given a little time and flexibility on both ends, however, you can cultivate a lasting friendship.

All students face many of these questions and dilemmas at the beginning of each school year. As a Christian, you have an even greater challenge facing you. As you find your place at school this year, determine to make a brand new commitment to Christ and to witnessing.

Are you going to admit that you are a Christian



only when asked? Or will you confess your faith and the wonderful power of the Holy Spirit when a friend is hurt deeply and is searching for answers that only God's Word can give?

Are you going to be filled with jealousy and rage when your so-called best friend starts dating your former boyfriend? Or are you going to remember God's Word that says in Romans 8:28, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Are you going to be cross toward your friends and teachers because you stayed up late the night before in order to finish a research paper? Or are you going to count to ten and ask the Lord to give you the strength to be an example of His kindness.

Are you going to spend your time with classmates who are not really your type, going places, doing things that you know are not pleasing to God? Or will you yield to the Holy Spirit and turn away when you are first confronted with un-Christlike speech or actions.

Are you going to take a negative attitude

towards a required course because you've "never really been very good at it?" Or are you going to ask God for help and really believe Paul's declaration in Philippians 4:13, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

What about that subject that has always come easy to you? Are you going to be content with "good grades" or are you going to dive into the subject and learn everything you can about it? In 1 Corinthians 12:28 Paul tells us that every Christian has been called for a specific purpose. You may not know your purpose yet, but the subject that comes easy to you may have a big part to play in God's will for your life.

This is the year to find your place in Christ.

As the new school year begins, the familiarity will be there along with the newness. Both work together to fill the school year with excitement, challenge, and a good feeling inside. Those feelings will be even more powerful if you've decided to have a new relationship with Christ, rather than the old familiar one.

This school year can be the most satisfying and rewarding you've ever experienced! ☐



Impress Your Teachers

All teachers are not perfect. They do, however, turn in grades! Tanya Bell gives some important tips that will get you off to a good start with your teachers....

TWO THINGS IN LIFE ARE CERTAIN, it is said, death and taxes.

Actually, there are three: death, taxes, and going to school—not necessarily in that order!

Although many people look on attending school as a slow death, it is, without doubt, one of the most wonderful privileges of life. Because so much time is spent in the classroom, it is important for this experience to be as pleasant as possible. One of the most important factors in determining how much you enjoy school is your teacher.

You walk into class that first day and wonder, "What kind of person is this teacher? Is she understanding? Is she funny? Is she merciful?" Thoughts flood your mind: "Wow! Is she ever short! The last time I had a short teacher we didn't get along at all. My friend said this was the hardest class he ever had. The teacher didn't smile until December!"

Don't allow past experiences with a teacher who may resemble this one cause you to prematurely judge this person. No two people like the same things or the same types of persons, so don't let a friend influence your opinion about this teacher. She may turn out to be your all-time favorite!

As a teacher I can give you some "tips" on how to get off to a good start with your teacher this year.

First impressions are important! Be on time to class and be prepared to work from the first day.

Be consistent. Work every day. A person on a

job cannot work one day a week and expect to be paid a full week's wages. You cannot hope to make good grades, or even pass the course, if you only

complete one or two assignments.

Grades. Dare I say that word? Why do we have to have grades anyway? They measure how much of the subject matter you have managed to grasp and how much you can return on a test. On the other hand, grades do not always tell how intelligent you are or how much effort you put forth in that class.

If you set a goal for a certain grade, find out at the beginning of the semester what is required to reach that goal. You can't wait until the last week of the term to worry about passing the class. If you do not pass the class, never ask the teacher, "Why did you give me an 'F'?" The answer you should always get is, "I didn't give you anything—you got what you earned!"

Approach this school year with a positive attitude. Make up your mind in September that you are going to make good use of your time in all of your classes, even the ones you don't enjoy! Learn now how to develop good study habits. Your teacher will recognize these good attributes and your time spent in that class this year will be more rewarding.

All teachers are not perfect! That may be hard to believe, but it is true. As in all professions, there are persons teaching who have no business in education. If you are unfortunate enough to be placed in one of those persons' class, do the best

you can to meet the requirements for the course so that the time won't be wasted.

A poor teacher can teach you many things. If you don't learn very much about the subject matter, you may learn a lot about *tolerance*. Many times in life, you will find knowing how to be tolerant is more important than knowing how to work an algebra problem. *The most important thing you can do to insure a good school year is to ask God's help in all you do.*

He is interested in you and in the things that are important to you. He will give you guidance and encouragement if you ask for it.

Going to school—life's third certainty—can be enjoyable.

By the way, if you can read this article, thank a teacher! □



BY TANYA BELL





Changing Schools

"It's a terrible feeling to change schools between your sophomore and junior years." The trauma and triumph of going to a new school is told by Cyndi Howell Joiner, who grew up in a Church of God minister's home. . .

MY LIFE, definitely, had come to an end . . . Or so it seemed.

I was fifteen years old when my dad announced to me, at the 1976 General Assembly, that we would be moving. Little did I realize that I was about to go through one of the most traumatic experiences of my life.

We moved and I remember sitting in an algebra class at King High School in Tampa, Florida, drowning in self-pity. I was angry at the world, angry at my parents, and most of all, unhappy with myself. The hot September days passed and nothing seemed to get any better.

How could they, when I had an attitude like I did! I had come from a high school in Fort Lauderdale where I knew everyone and was active in student council. What did I have now? Nothing.

It's a terrible feeling to change schools between your sophomore and junior years. These were supposed to be the prime of my high school days and I felt I was a nobody. But this is an experience that many kids face.

My biggest problem was my attitude. Boy, was it bad! During the first several months of school, I almost failed. For some reason I was sick at least one morning a week and had to miss school. Looking back, I know that Mother must have understood because

she never gave me a hard time about going to school. I hated my circumstances and I was determined to make things as bad as possible.

Those first few months seemed like an eternity. Now I

can look back and understand why it happened.

Before I knew it, things began to look up. I signed up for the girls varsity basketball team. I wanted to be involved, but I was enjoying having a pity party. I wanted to excel and make the team, but I enjoyed the misery; I liked feeling sorry for myself.

Guess what! Out of over one hundred girls, I made the final cut for the team. I couldn't believe it! I wasn't supposed to make it. Our team went on to a 26 and 1 record. We were second in the state of Florida. All of a sudden there weren't enough hours in the day to keep up with all I had to do.

During the season, I met two friends who had changed schools as I had. Our friendships grew into meaningful relationships and they were a great source of strength.

Spring came and I had the world on a string. I made the tennis team. We were one of the top-rated teams in the district. I was selected to the all-district team. That, along with



being chosen the most improved player, is a memory I will always cherish.

I became involved in the high school newspaper. I guess that is partly responsible for where I am today. After high school I majored in communications at Lee College. Today, I am news reporter and anchorperson for US101 FM, a radio station in Chattanooga.

That school year was great. I met so many people and was even dating a football player! Wow!

How could things be so good when just six months earlier it seemed my life was over?

Now that I look back, I know I went through those circumstances for a special reason. My confidence wavered many times, but I never lost faith in God.

If you are changing schools this year, here are some things you can do: You must *face reality*. Go ahead and be angry. Get all of the frustrations out of your system. The feelings are normal and once you get over the frustrations, things will be great.

Look for God's plan. Remember that life in general works in a continuous cycle. If the Lord moves your parents for a specific reason and He has a plan for their lives, then God has a plan for you too! God is not one-sided! You are just as important to Him as your parents are.

Keep the faith. With time and a lot of patience, everything will come together. Although the days may be long, tomorrow is coming.

Determine to grow. View your situation as a growing experience. I was taught during this time to handle change. Little did I realize that God was preparing me for much bigger changes in my life and my family.

God was molding me from the start. I can truthfully say that I am a better person for my experiences then and now.

No matter what comes into your life, know that God has a special plan for you. Many times you may question, but remember, *God always makes the right decision!* □

BY CYNDI HOWELL JOINER





It Pays to Cheat?

Cheaters—even some less obvious ones—chance a payoff they don't want to accept....
by Sonja Lee Hunt

CHEATING PAYS?

That's right. Why else would so many kids in school cheat? In a survey conducted last year, 31 percent of over 1,263 ninth graders cheated three or more times in one school year. They wanted something and cheating seemed the method most likely to succeed.

Cheating pays but its wages are unpleasant.

For most who cheat, the worst consequence to consider is the possibility of getting caught. Just the thought of it is enough to deter some would-be cheaters. Other brave souls overcome their fear of detection and take the plunge. The desire to get what they seemingly can't get any other way becomes paramount.

Cheating in school takes many forms. As a junior high school teacher for five years, I saw many of the obvious forms of plain old cheating. You are probably familiar with them.

Some obvious forms of cheating:

1. Giving or receiving answers during a test
2. Stealing a test
3. Concealing and using notes during a test
4. Copying during a test
5. Turning in someone else's work as your own.

No one would argue that a person who does these things is cheating. Other forms of cheating, however, may not be quite so obvious. Some might question whether these things should be classified as cheating. Others would classify them as "less serious," and therefore more acceptable, offenses.

Less obvious forms of cheating:

1. *Copying someone else's homework*

Because there may be no grade involved in the completion of a homework assignment, copying someone

else's homework may not seem to be cheating. The act is sometimes rationalized because of too many assignments and/or activities and not enough time. Or "just this one time won't really hurt." Besides, "everyone does it now and then." With these excuses the conscience is assuaged and the incident is forgotten.

2. *Letting your parents do your homework*

This may sound comical, but I have actually known of parents who, with their own hands and pens, have completed their children's homework assignments. Admittedly, they were rare birds and those occasions were few and far between. But it has happened.

3. *Hiring someone to do your assignments*

Another unheard-of method of cheating (at least in my day) is the hiring of someone to do your assignments. The principle is the same. If someone else does the work, whether it's for free or for hire, the work is not yours. The fact that payment is given, or that you earned the money, or that other activities may be keeping you from doing the assignment does not change the fact that turning in someone else's work as your own is cheating. With the increasing amount of money teens have, this method is becoming more common today.

4. *"Cooperative" completion of an assignment*

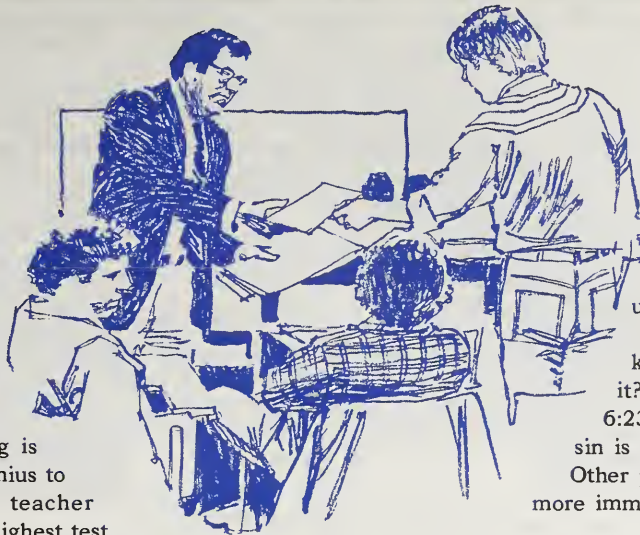
Once, in college, I convinced myself that my doing part of a project and my friend doing another part was not cheating. We were pressed for time with heavy assignments, and we convinced ourselves it was the professor's fault. Luckily, we

were caught. Cheating paid but we didn't like the penalty!

5. "Shaving" the curve

The tough part to this method of cheating is convincing the class genius to go along. When the teacher curves the grades, the highest test score gets an A, no matter what that score is. The lower the highest score, the better chance the average Joe has of passing or scoring well. If the curve setter will purposefully miss some or several answers, then the rest of the class has a better chance for a better grade.

Obviously, in every potential cheating situation, the "wise" student weighs the consequences of getting caught against the rewards of success. The penalty is not worth the risk. The payment cheaters actually receive is of greater consequence than the good grade they are seeking. Cheating's



ultimate reward is death.

Death?! That sounds kind of stiff, doesn't it? Remember Romans 6:23 says, "The wages of sin is death."

Other payoffs for cheating are more immediate:

A Cheater Wants This:

Good Grades; Self-Esteem; Peer Respect

A Cheater Gets This:

Lowered Self-Esteem; Lowered Peer Respect; Guilty Conscience; Broken Relationship With God



Cheating is lying. According to Scripture, "All liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death" (Revelation 21:8). Lucky cheaters are the ones who get caught or come to their senses before cheating becomes a habit that is difficult to break.

Need forgiveness for cheating? Forgiveness is available. John wrote, "My little children, these things I write unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous" (1 John 2:1).

Cheating pays—but the payoff isn't worth it! ☐

BY SONJIA LEE HUNT



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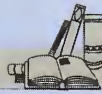
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Designer Jeans and Genes

BY MARCUS V. HAND

The *Lighted Pathway* began publication in 1929. An expressed purpose of Alda B. Harrison, founder and first editor, was to publish "a young people's Bible lesson" in each issue.

Beginning with this issue, the *Lamplighter Bible Study* will be a regular department of the magazine.

The purpose of this feature will be:

1. To provide a discipleship study of substance that will assist Church of God young people in personal growth and spiritual development.
2. To provide a Bible study around which the youth leader in a local church can conduct a youth meeting.

around the world.

Social psychologists, lacking something better to do, have looked at jeans from the social scientist's perspective. They say that jeans are a type of uniform. Jeans permit the wearer to say, subconsciously, "I fit in. I belong. I'm one of the group."

Designer jeans, on the other hand, permit you to say, "I don't fit in with everybody. I'm part of a special group!"

Sometimes you wonder. On occasion you feel as though you're like everyone else. At other times you know there's no one in the world like you.

You're a breed apart. One of a kind. Distinct and distinctive. And you were made that way!

.....

- ☐ Describe the clothes you are wearing.
- ☐ Why do kids in school like parachute pants? The punk look? Discuss other fads.
- ☐ What kind of statement are you making by the clothes you wear?

JEANS.

They are universal.

They are comfortable, rugged, easy to wear. They go anywhere.

They pack easy when you're traveling.

Jeans have been denounced as symbols of western decadence by communist governments in Russia and China. Yet, the citizens of those countries willingly pay premium prices on the black market for western-style jeans.

Four billion pairs of jeans are sold each year. Laid end to end, side by side, they would make a denim carpet a half mile-wide all the way

Finding out what and who you are is what this Bible study is all about. Who made you like

Pretend you've just met a

friend by telephone. He has never seen you. Describe yourself to him. Write it down.

Now name the negative ones:

[illegible]

There are thousands of genes in every cell. They group into clusters called chromosomes. They influence chemical and physical processes during growth and during aging. Your genes are preprogrammed by God.

Which of the following things can you change?

- _____ your age
_____ your height
_____ the place you were born
_____ your parents
_____ your attitudes toward yourself

"The more we get what we now call 'ourselves' out of the way and let Him take us over, the more truly ourselves we become. . . . He made us. He invented—as an author invents characters in a novel—all the different men that you and I were intended to be. In that sense our real selves are all waiting for us in Him. It is no good trying to 'be myself' without Him. The more I resist Him and try to live on my own, the more I become dominated by my own heredity and upbringing and surroundings and natural desires."—C. S. Lewis

LOOK IN THE WORD

Study *Psalms 139*. See *The Living Bible* paraphrase.

1. Read *verse one* and discuss why this statement is true. _____

2. Read *verse two*. How does it make you feel to realize that God knows your thoughts? _____

3. *Verse three*. Which aspect of God's guidance encourages you most? _____

4. Read *verses four and five*. What do you think it means when it says that God "precedes and follows" you? _____

5. *Verses thirteen through fifteen* describe God's creative power when He was programming your genes. List five things that demonstrate the marvelous workmanship of the Master Designer:

- a. _____
- b. _____
- c. _____
- d. _____
- e. _____

6. According to *verses seventeen and eighteen*, how does God continue to care for you? _____

"The meek man is not a human mouse afflicted with a sense of his own inferiority. Rather he may be in his moral life as bold as a lion and as strong as Samson; but he has stopped being fooled about himself.

"He has accepted God's estimate of his own life. He knows he's as weak and helpless as God has declared him to be, but paradoxically he knows at the same time that in the sight of God he is of more importance than angels—in himself, nothing; in God, everything."—A. W. Tozer

**SATAN WOULD HAVE YOU
SAY . . .**

GOD'S WORD SAYS . . .

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. I am nothing! | "Once you were less than nothing; now you are God's own. Once you knew very little of God's kindness; now your very lives have been changed by it" (1 Peter 2:10). |
| 2. I can't do anything right! | "I can do everything God asks me to with the help of Christ who gives me the strength and power" (Philippians 4:13). |
| 3. I can't stand my _____
(nose, eyes, flat feet)! | "It is God Himself who has made us what we are and given us new lives from Christ Jesus; and long ages ago He planned that we should spend these lives helping others" (Ephesians 2:10). |
| 4. I don't have anything to
be pleased about! | "Let not the wise man bask in his wisdom, nor the mighty man in his might, nor the rich man in his riches. Let them boast in this alone: That they truly know me, and understand that I am the Lord of justice and of righteousness whose love is steadfast; and that I love to be this way" (Jeremiah 9:23, 24). |
| 5. I am so weak! | "Every time He (God) said, 'No. But I am with you; that is all you need. My power shows up best in weak people.' Now I am glad to boast about how weak I am; I am glad to be a living demonstration of Christ's power, instead of showing off my own power and abilities" (2 Corinthians 12:9). |
| 6. I won't say anything good
about myself because I
don't want to boast! | "We dare to say these good things about ourselves only because of our great trust in God through Christ, that He will help us to be true to what we say, and not because we think we can do anything of lasting value by ourselves. Our own power and success comes from God" (2 Corinthians 3:4, 5). |
| 7. Nobody can tell me what
to do! | "Haven't you learned that your body is the home of the Holy Spirit God gave you, and that He lives within you? Your own body does not belong to you. For God has bought you with a great price. So use every part of your body to give glory back to God, because He owns it" (1 Corinthians 6:19, 20). |

A COVENANT WITH MYSELF

I will not give a distorted picture of God by misusing or mutilating my body.

I will not be lifted up with false pride because this gives the impression that God is of minor importance to me.

I affirm that God is a wise Creator and that I am His creation.

I affirm that He is trustworthy and able to make something significant out of my life.

I pledge to give honor to God by honoring His creation, my body. ☐

Discover Your Special Gifts

God has unusual ways of showing His love and balancing life's scales.

Did you know that if you lost your arm in an accident, your other arm would develop unusual strength? Some of the extra strength will come through double use but there's more to it than that. Biologists are amazed at what the body does under such circumstances.

God has programmed your body so that it will send extra blood, extra chemicals—muscle-building supplies—into the tissues of the remaining arm, thus making up to some extent for the loss.

God does the same thing in terms of our other gifts. Many people, obviously weak in one area, are just as obviously strong in others.

A son was born to French parents during the early nineteenth century. When the parents discovered that the child had a club foot, they wept. They grieved that their child would never walk as a normal boy. He would never run and play. He would never march in Napoleon's army.

What a terrible thing, it seemed!

The parents didn't realize it at the time, but God had given that boy a compensating gift. He had a keen mind. He had the ability to think and reason in an unusual way. From the mind of that boy came discoveries which blessed the whole world, discoveries which even now benefit all of us.

The club-footed boy was Louis Pasteur (1822-1895), best known as the microbiologist who established the validity of the germ theory of disease.

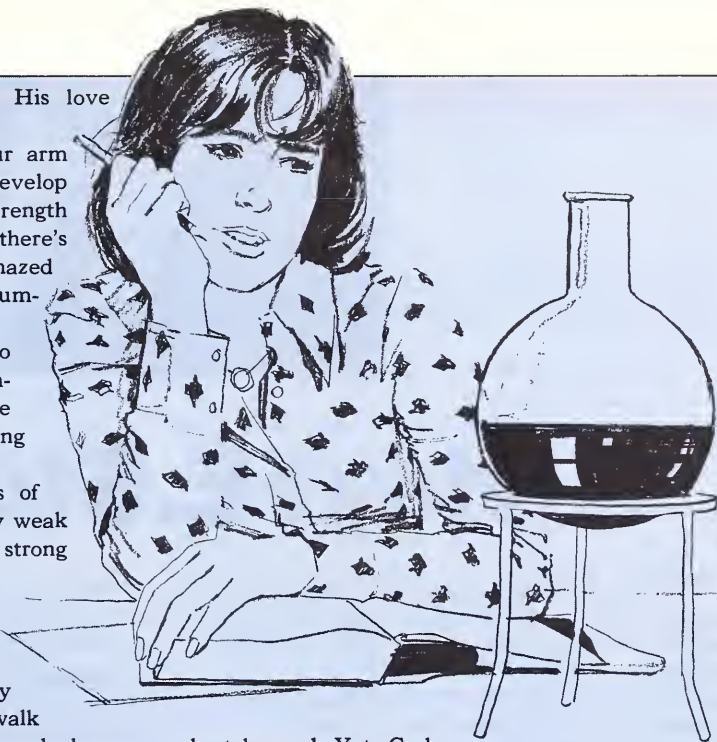
You, at this moment, may feel you have been

shortchanged. Yet, God has given you compensating gifts. If you look closely you can find them.

Time will prove the justice and love of God beyond question. ☐

—Adapted from *Using Our Gifts*, a publication of the Department of Youth and Christian Education.

"Those parts of the body that seem to be weaker are indispensable, and the parts that we think are less honorable we treat with special honor. . . . God has combined the members of the body and has given greater honor to the parts that lacked it" (1 Corinthians 12:22-24, NIV).



Thank
You,



Hoyt E. Stone

ON BEHALF OF the Church of God Publishing House, the readers of the *Lighted Pathway*, and those who read our youth and Christian education literature, we thank the Reverend Hoyt E. Stone for serving as editor of the *Lighted Pathway* and editor of youth and Christian education literature in a commendable manner for the past six years.

Brother Stone's expertise as an editor, writer and author of distinction is reflected in his work.

Thank you, Brother Stone, for the exciting, interesting and informative issues of the *Lighted Pathway* you have edited.

Thank you for the capable editorial direction you have provided for youth and Christian education literature.

Thousands of young people and Sunday school and Family Training Hour attendants have been influenced for good through your editorial ministry.

You have established yourself well in the field of Christian journalism, and we believe you will continue to contribute to this important ministry in an even greater way in the future.

We congratulate you on your promotion to the position of assistant director of the General Education Department. We are confident God will especially inspire, enable and bless you in your new work. □

—Dr. Oliver C. McCane
General Director of Publications

—Dr. O. W. Polen
Editor in Chief

10 Ways to Motivate Yourself to Study

Fawnia Taylor, a graduate of Lee College, attends graduate school at CBN University.

1. **CREATE LONG-TERM GOALS.** Determine what you want your grade point average to be when you graduate. Decide where you are headed in the career world so you will know which areas to emphasize. Be creative in your planning.

2. **Set short-term goals.** What grades do you want to make this year? What grade do you want on your next test? Make a commitment to a certain amount of reading and studying time. Stick to it! After meeting a long- or short-term goal, set new goals immediately and begin reaching for them before depression sets in.

3. **Take the Word of God seriously.** "Do your best [study—*King James Version*] to present yourself to God as one approved, a workman who does not need to be ashamed and who correctly handles the word of truth" (2 Timothy 2:15; *New International Version*).

4. **Develop a positive outlook toward studying.** Don't make it a chore. It is something you eventually *must* do, so make it fun. Enjoy learning. Make up games with your studies. Practice memorizing the material while it is being lectured and while doing the assigned readings. It is amazing how this simplifies studying, improves mental retention, and enhances intellectual conversation.

5. **Make studying a habit.** Designate a certain amount of time each day for studying. Stick with it for three weeks without missing a day and it

will become a good habit. Don't forget to keep it up; even good habits can be broken if not kept up.

6. **Don't let small failures make you quit.** If you fail to meet a goal, let it be an incentive to get on your feet and try again. Try harder, work more, and concentrate more intensely.

7. **Reward yourself after achieving major goals.** You achieved your semester goal of a "B" in biology so treat yourself to a meal of frog legs and catfish. Seriously, after reaching a major goal, take a day off, go swimming, play ball, go hiking, buy a new record or shop for some needed clothes. Give yourself a special treat.

8. **Remind yourself that no matter how useless the material you are learning seems now, you never know when you are going to need it.** You will be amazed at the number of opportunities you will have to use that "useless" material you learned in school. You will be amazed even more at how much of that "useless" material you will wish you had learned!

9. **Increase your available study time and increase your drive to study and learn by cutting down on television viewing.**

10. **Ask the Holy Spirit to motivate you to be and to do your best.** Then let Him—and He will! ☐

BY FAWNIA TAYLOR



Downstairs Attic Photo

BARBARA CUMMINGS was quiet and shy; her grades were pretty pathetic.

"I'm just not the brainy type," she'd say, tucking her report card between the pages of her book before any of us could look at it.

One day a funny thing happened.

I was sitting right in front of her in science class when our teacher gave us back the tests we'd taken the day before. Barbara, grinning, poked me in the shoulder and handed me her test paper. It had a big, red B-plus on the first page.

Then I saw that, for some unexplained reason, the teacher hadn't tallied the mistakes on the second page at all.

Fortunately I kept my mouth shut. Next test we had Barbara got another B-plus and after that she got a couple of A's. She actually got better in all her classes and before too long she made the honor roll.

That first B-plus, that fluke, had gotten her attention. It led her to discover she had the W.O.W. within.

Whether we're young or old, male or female, brunette, blonde, brownette or redhead we all have what you might call a *Well of Wonderfulness* inside.

Norman Croucher knows he's got it. He's climbed the 21,509 foot Himalayan peak called White Needle, the Jungfrau and the Monch, the treacherous west flank of the Eiger and the Matterhorn. All of which is pretty impressive stuff. But it's even more impressive when you know that Norman lost both his legs just below the knee in a train

“The W.O.W. Within”

BY GERRY MADDREN

**“Commit to the Lord whatever you do,
and your plans will succeed” (Proverbs 16:3, NIV).**

accident when he was nineteen.
All that climbing came afterwards!

When Norman came to after his train accident the first thing that whizzed into his mind was “Can I climb again?” And as soon as he got his artificial legs he started practicing. As he pulled himself onto higher and higher branches of trees or stopped to get his breath on a rocky ledge, he felt that good feeling, the one you get when you begin to recognize the W.O.W. within.

In 1981 Norman went to South America to tackle the Andes. He was 13,000 feet up the icy slopes of Mount Ameghini when one of his artificial legs broke. Because his W.O.W. was intact he kept going for five more days, crawling, dragging himself on hands and knees for another spectacular 3,000 feet. He knew he had the inner strength, that well of wonderfulness that never dries up, so he drew on it.

Walt Disney had the W.O.W. Even though his first drawings were rejected he kept trying, finally renting a cheap, mouse-ridden garage to work in. There, in a crummy cubicle, Mickey Mouse was born. That was the start of thousands of animated cartoons, comic books and amusement parks that delight people all over the world.

Walt Disney wouldn't listen

to those who wanted to put him down. He had faith in his own wonderfulness and as time went by others began to see it too.

King Lear suffered all his life from epilepsy but he wrote jolly nonsense rhymes like:

There was an old man with
a beard
Who said, “It is just as I
feared!

Two owls and a hen, four
larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in
my beard!”

He also wrote about the Owl and the Pussycat who went to sea in a beautiful pea green boat. Like the Owl and the Pussycat he traveled extensively. He learned to speak and write seven languages and was considered one of the finest natural history draftsmen of all times. Atlantic's “Brief Lives” calls him a rival to James Audubon.

Lear, one of twenty-one children, had to go to work when he was fifteen. He was soon working as a nature artist for the zoo. Later, he spent two years touring India and Ceylon, turning out over fifteen hundred drawings.

Webster's dictionary says the word *well* means a natural spring and pool, a source of abundant supply. You can't see the well within, but neither can you see the air without. The

air is there for you to breathe and the *Well of Wonderfulness* is inside to be used, to bring you joy and accomplishment.

Paul Webster was confident of his W.O.W. too. Though his beautiful song “Love Is a Many Splendored Thing” was turned down by sixteen record companies, he eventually saw it become what they call in show business “an overnight success.” He wrote more than five hundred songs and was nominated for sixteen Academy Awards, eight Gold Records, and many Grammys.

Mozart was a celebrity when he was six years old. Grandma Moses exhibited her first paintings when she was eighty. Age makes no difference.

The Well of Wonderfulness is there when you say yes to God. When you know that it's there, then you are at your best. Nothing can stop you.

All you have to do is trust and use this beautiful gift from God. □

Take Five

A DAILY DEVOTION ON PRAYER

- Sept. 1. Luke 11:1-9
 Sept. 2. Mark 1:20-24
 Sept. 3. John 14:10-13
 Sept. 4. 1 John 5:11-15
 Sept. 5. 1 Corinthians 14:12-15
 Sept. 6. James 5:16-18
 Sept. 7. Luke 18:9-14
 Sept. 8. Matthew 6:5-15
 Sept. 9. Matthew 18:19, 20
 Sept. 10. Luke 22:39-46
 Sept. 11. Acts 4:23-31
 Sept. 12. Acts 20:36-38; 21:3-6
 Sept. 13. 1 Timothy 2:1; James 5:16
 Sept. 14. Romans 8:24-28
 Sept. 15. Mark 11:22-26; Luke 11:2-4
 Sept. 16. Luke 11:9-13
 Sept. 17. James 5:13-16
 Sept. 18. Luke 18:1-8
 Sept. 19. Luke 22:39, 40
 Sept. 20. Luke 16:22-34
 Sept. 21. 1 Thessalonians 5:17; 1 Timothy 2:8
 Sept. 22. Job 42:7-10
 Sept. 23. Matthew 5:43-48
 Sept. 24. Romans 10:1-10
 Sept. 25. 1 Samuel 12:19-24
 Sept. 26. Acts 12:5-12
 Sept. 27. Matthew 9:36-38
 Sept. 28. Acts 13:3; 14:23
 Sept. 29. Hebrews 13:17, 18
 Sept. 30. 1 Timothy 2:1-6

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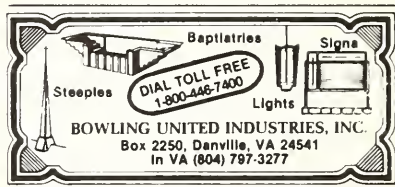


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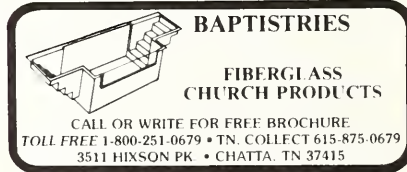
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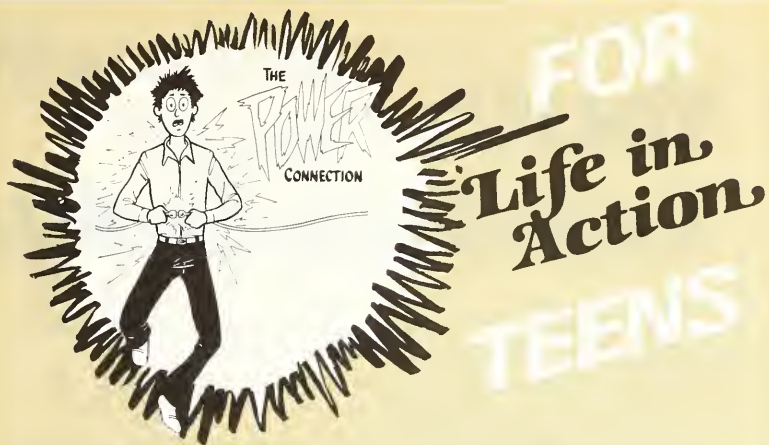


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THE LIGHTED PATHWAY is your companion for personal growth and encouragement. It is also designed as a supplement for you to use in your weekly youth meetings. Here is how you can use this issue:

* Take ten minutes up front to discuss an important issue dealt within an article.

* See that everyone participates; don't allow a few to monopolize the discussion.

* Don't take too long. Stop while there are still issues unresolved; then the discussion will continue after the meeting.

* For an exciting new curriculum that will put a "power surge" in your youth meetings, see page 23.

WEEK 1:

The issue: How to get started off right in the new school year.

Resource: "Finding Your Place," page 3
"Impress Your Teachers," page 6

WEEK 2:

The issue: What if I'm going to a new school?

Resource: "Changing Schools," page 8
"The W.O.W. Within," page 20

WEEK 3:

The issue: Who am I? Why am I like I am?

Resource: "Designer Jeans and Genes," page 13
"Discover Your Special Gifts," page 17

WEEK 4:

The issue: Cheating

Resource: "It Pays to Cheat?" page 10
"10 Ways to Motivate Yourself to Study," page 19

Marcus V. Hand Becomes Editor of Lighted Pathway

The Reverend Marcus V. Hand has been named editor of the *Lighted Pathway*. He is the sixth person to edit the official youth journal of the Church of God which was first published in August, 1929. Previous editors have been Alda B. Harrison (1929-48); Charles W. Conn (1948-52); Lewis J. Willis (1952-62); Clyne W. Buxton (1962-78); and Hoyt E. Stone (1978-84).

Youth-minded, a capable editor and writer, former successful pastor, Brother Hand has served as Editor of

Missions Publications and more recently as YWEA Coordinator in the Youth and Christian Education Department of the Church of God. He assumes the editorship of the *Lighted Pathway* with a rich background of training and experience.

The editor takes up his new position with excitement. He feels keenly the challenge of speaking to and for young people through the *Lighted Pathway*.

We extend a hearty welcome to Brother Hand. And, we are certain the readers of the *Lighted Pathway* will remember the new editor in their daily prayers.

Marcus and his wife, Janie, are the parents of two children, Susan and Marc.

God bless you, Marcus, as you enter this new field of Christian service. We believe you will serve in a splendid manner. □

—Dr. Oliver C. McCane
General Director of Publications

—Dr. O. W. Polen
Editor in Chief

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FANNY JANE CROSBY was born healthy and normal. At six weeks, the light in her doe eyes dimmed forever.

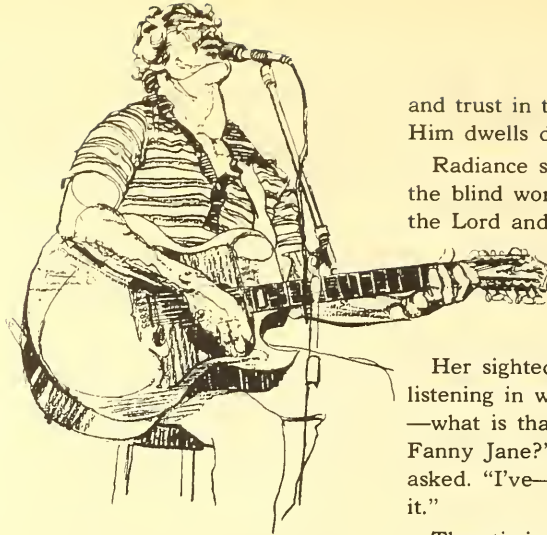
No one knew exactly how or what, but somehow, a terrible mix-up occurred. The wrong medication was applied to little Fanny Jane's eyes. She would never be able to follow forms, never see the faces of loved ones, never behold God's wondrous, beautiful creations.

In other respects, she developed and grew normally. She was exceptionally bright and wanted to see God's magnificent world. Fanny Jane was also unusual. As a child she sensed the presence of God and soon learned to be content, happy, and cheerful in a sightless world.

"I see things, too," she would say cheerily. To emphasize her point, she would touch the ticking clock, a growing plant, a purring kitten, the wagging tail of the dog, or whatever was near. "I think the Lord must love me very much to give me such special blessings."

She referred, of course, to her other senses. "With these two hands, these two ears, and this not very long nose," her lips smiled as she happily stroked each of her blessed gifts, "I can see God's wonderful and beautiful world."

As a woman, she was very



spiritual. God was everything to her; He was her very life. Her love for the Lord kept her complacent, serene, and happy to be alive.

"Oh, Fanny Jane," the voice of a sighted friend caught with emotion, "you—you are such a brave person. . . ."

"Brave? It's not bravery at all," Fanny Jane answered earnestly.

"Yes, it is!" The very thought of her friend's life made her shudder. If she were blind, she would be bitter and angry. Even worse, she'd not care to live at all!

"No, it's faith and love," Fanny Jane said softly. "It's always easy to be unafraid when good fortune abounds. But it's also easy to be unafraid in the face of misfortune, adversity, sorrow, affliction . . . when faith

and trust in the Lord and love for Him dwells deeply in the heart."

Radiance suddenly touched the blind woman's face. Love for the Lord and the need to praise Him was so strong that a song came from her lips.

Her sighted friend stared, listening in wonder. "What—what is that you're singing, Fanny Jane?" she finally asked. "I've—I've never heard it."

The stirring song ended, and Fanny Jane's lips became a wreath. "It's one of my songs. . . ."

"Yours? Oh, Fanny Jane, did you compose that one too?"

This brave and noble woman wrote many poems of inspiration. Her hymns and gospel songs number in the thousands! Notes of joy and gladness pour out her fervent thanks to God in these well-known, beloved hymns: *Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross; More Love to Thee; All the Way My Saviour Leads Me; Blessed Assurance; and Close to Thee.*

"God is good to me," Fanny Crosby confessed. "'I will . . . sing praise' (Psalm 7:17). I will praise the Lord in song all my life." □

Songs of Praise

BY CLARE MISELES



First Thoughts

I don't like must and mildew.

The archives of this magazine, however, are anything but stale.

Alda B. Harrison, founder and first editor, spoke warmly and intimately to young people. She liked to call all youth her "boys and girls."

Charles W. Conn sat in this chair after she did and wielded a pen that charted courses for our denomination.

Lewis J. Willis was loved and lauded for his compassionate concern for Church of God youth.

Clyne Buxton and Hoyt Stone guided the journal to new and unaccustomed heights—in a professional and a practical sense.

The heritage of the *Lighted Pathway* is a proud one. The goal of this editor is to build on the accomplishments of the past.

It is said that to forget the past is futile, to ignore the past is folly, but to be wedded to it is fatal.

You, the regular reader, may detect subtle differences in style over the next several issues. The *Lighted Pathway* will, inevitably, reflect my burdens, my philosophy, my emphases. At the outset let me set down a few guiding principles.

The Lighted Pathway will be true to the Word of God. Its very name reflects Psalm 119:105, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Each issue will shine the light of truth in the pathway of youth.

The Lighted Pathway will lift high the banner of youth. It must be relevant; it must be concerned

with the things young people are concerned with. It must speak to the right issues. It must speak for and to the youth of the church.

The Lighted Pathway will be faithful to the Great Commission. For twelve years God has placed me in ministries directly involved in world missions. To obey the Great Commission and to motivate others to do so is my all-consuming passion.

The Lighted Pathway will be loyal to the Church of God. It is the "official youth journal" of the church. I look forward to working closely with my colleagues in ministry, Dr. O. C. McCane, general director of publications, and Dr. O. W. Polen, editor in chief.

The Lighted Pathway will be personal. It will be a warm friend, a companion. It will speak to you. I hope you will feel free to speak back to us.

The other day I received some warm and sincere congratulations.

"I know you and I know your work," the retired missionary was saying, "if there was to be a change in editors I'm happy you were selected as the new one."

We chatted and tears welled in her eyes as she said, "I remember the guidance the *Lighted Pathway* gave me in my youth!"

Ask any well-known leader or missionary in the Church of God and they will tell you the same thing.

By the grace of God, the *Lighted Pathway* shall continue in its ministry of guiding youth! □

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OCTOBER 1984
VOLUME 55, NUMBER 10

Lighted Pathway



**"Train
yourself
to be
godly"
(1Timothy 4:7 NIV)**

*BE A REAL MAN, p.6

*A SPIRITUAL PHYSICAL, p.27

*YOUTH MINISTRY AND THE SMALLER CHURCH, p.21

*MORE....

Lighted Pathway

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Marcus V. Hand

Lighted Pathway, October, 1984



W. A. (DICK) DAVIS, JR.

CHURCH OF GOD YOUTH'S NEW LEADER FOR NEW TIMES

BY MARCUS V. HAND

W.

A. (Dick) Davis, Jr., was elected Church of God general director of Youth and Christian Education at the recent General Assembly. In an interview with the *Lighted Pathway* he shares some of his background and his views of the ministry of the Department of Youth and Christian Education.

W. A. (Dick) Davis, Jr., was elected Church of God General Director of Youth and Christian Education at the recent General Assembly. He shares with the *Lighted Pathway* his views of youth ministry.

Lighted Pathway: Brother Davis, tell us about yourself.

Dick Davis: I grew up in Greenwood, Delaware. I was raised on a dairy farm. For several years I milked fifty Guernsey cows every morning and evening. I learned the work habit early in life.

When I was fourteen, on Labor Day in 1954, I had an accident that made a tremendous impact on my life. Some of us were swimming in the ocean at Rehoboth Beach. When I dived into the waves my head hit the bottom. Nearly drowned, I finally dragged myself out of the water. The fifth and sixth vertebrae in my neck had been smashed and I had to wear a brace for six months. That accident made me realize how fragile life is.

Lighted Pathway: Yet you're known as an athlete.

Dick Davis: Yes, I enjoy athletics. I played third base and pitched for my high school baseball team. In basketball I was a first string guard. That's one reason I always enjoy youth camp.

Lighted Pathway: What about your religious background?

Dick Davis: My parents have always been devout people. I grew up attending Sunday school at the Methodist church. But I was never taught to make a commitment to Christ. When I was a teenager Floyd Burris and his family moved to a nearby farm. They were members of the Church of God. Donnie Burris became my best friend and one night I went to church with Donnie.

Lighted Pathway: What were your impressions?

CHURCH OF GOD YOUTH: NEW LEADER FOR NEW TIMES

Dick Davis: The worship was frightening to me. I had never been in a church service quite like it! But the friendliness of the people made me want to go back. They acted like they cared for young people.

Floyd Burris made a tremendous impact on my life. Sister Irene McCane preached the night I gave my heart to the Lord. She was a fantastic lady.

Lighted Pathway: When did you decide to attend a church-related college?

Dick Davis: I graduated from high school and went to work for Woolworth's in Seaford, Delaware. In six months they transferred me to Washington, D.C., as assistant manager in one of their stores there. In Washington I attended the National Church of God and lived with the Burkett family. By this time I felt that God was calling me into the ministry. God made a way for me to enroll in Lee College.

Lighted Pathway: Did Lee have an influence on you?

Dick Davis: I could not have made it without going to Lee College. I needed the Bible courses. I needed the fellowship of other young people who shared the same values and the same faith I had.

The things that molded my life, my future ministry, happened to me at Lee. I remember a revival on campus. Brother D. C. Boatwright was the evangelist. I traveled with the Lee College Touring Choir, the forerunner of the Lee Singers. Charles Beach greatly influenced me. It was great to sit under the preaching of Ray Hughes in chapel service.

The thing that had the greatest impact on me was probably my involvement in Pioneers for Christ. I went with the first summer witnessing team that was sent out from Lee. We went to Providence, Rhode Island. Two others I worked

with were Ray Sanders, who is now state overseer of Illinois, and Gerald Johnson, a pastor in New Port Richey, Florida.

Lighted Pathway: You met your wife at Lee.

Dick Davis: It was during my third year at Lee. I saw a new student who had just come to the campus and I asked someone, "Where is that girl from?" I learned she was Glenda Hobbs from Georgia. We were married after I graduated and left campus.

Lighted Pathway: Tell us about your ministry.

Dick Davis: When I graduated I had no idea what I was going to do. I got a call from Brother J. H. Hughes asking me to go to Arizona. I served as pastor of the East Tucson Church before going as interim pastor of the Mesa, Arizona, Church. Later, I pastored East Phoenix.

During this time, from 1963-1968, I was also state youth director of Arizona. Then I went to Virginia where I was state director for four years. Beginning in 1972, I served a four-year appointment as state director in Tennessee. Then to South Carolina where I served as state director until I came to Cleveland in 1980 as assistant general director of the Youth and Christian Education Department.

Lighted Pathway: You were also chairman of the General Board of Youth and Christian Education.

Dick Davis: It was my privilege to be a member of the general board from 1972-1980. I served the last two years as chairman.

Lighted Pathway: So you've been in full-time youth ministry for twenty-one years. What is the most noticeable change in young people you've seen in the past ten years?

Dick Davis: The biggest change is a change in attitudes. On the negative side, young people are more materialistic than they were ten years ago. They are more interested in things, in the



dollar. On the other hand I see a lot of positive signs. Young people have a greater seriousness about spiritual matters. They are more interested in studying what God's Word says than ever before.

Lighted Pathway: What do you see as a danger facing the church world today?

Dick Davis: So many things that we do are not being guided by biblical principles. We must examine everything we do in the light of spiritual precepts. If something we are doing cannot be justified by Scripture, we ought to quit doing it.

Lighted Pathway: What are your priorities for the General Department of Youth and Christian Education?

Dick Davis: I am convinced that the greatest opportunities a local church has for discipleship training is through the Sunday school, the Family Training Hour, and the local youth ministry. We need to discover and train youth leaders in every local church. *Upward Bound—A Handbook for Youth Group Ministry* has just been released by the general department. We are accumulating a resource of materials that we feel will greatly help the local youth leader.

I am concerned about the job our church colleges are doing in preparing youth workers. I attend a lot of seminars and hear enriching lectures that I feel I should have been exposed to in my preparation. Church schools—Lee College, East Coast Bible College, Northwest Bible College, West Coast Christian College, and the Church of God School of Theology—have an obligation to prepare youth leaders for the church.

One of the greatest needs is to equip parents to disciple their kids. If we can equip parents, we can solve the "youth problem," whatever it is. A lot of problems we have in youth ministry would be overcome if parents were properly equipped in dealing with their children.

Lighted Pathway: What has the department projected that will help the local youth worker?

Dick Davis: Our emphasis is on serving the local church. This month we are promoting a Sunday school outreach campaign called "Friend Day." Our goal is to have one thousand churches participate on October 28. By 1986 we want to have one million people attend Church of God Sunday schools on Friend Day. Think of the possibilities for a local church!

We are planning Upward Bound Youth Ministry Seminars across the nation this year. The Family Training Hour theme for the year is "Focus on Discipleship." The spring Sunday school outreach campaign is scheduled for March 3 through April 17, 1985.

Young people will continue to go to the missions field with STEP on a short-term basis. With the establishment of the World Evangelism Action Centers, young people, young adults, professional people and others will be permitted to serve on Church of God missions fields. There will be groups going into Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Miami and other great American cities every summer. We cannot wait to mobilize our young people to be involved in the harvest. The future is now.

We will have a special STEP Holy Land Victory Tour on August 13-21, 1985. Hundreds of young people will join together for this exciting time of learning and fellowship, as they visit Jordan and Israel. Special events include two giant youth rallies and a walk around the wall of old Jerusalem.

Lighted Pathway: It looks as though you have a full year of exciting things for youth in the Church of God. The *Lighted Pathway* pledges our prayers and full support in this needed ministry. □

How to Be a Real MAN

BY BILL DECKARD

W

HAT DO Mr. T., Boy George, Tom Selleck and Bob Newhart have in common? They each represent a different idea of what it means to "be a man."

Growing into manhood is not easy when you're not sure what a "real man" is supposed to be. . . .

You know guys at school who try to be like one of these Hollywood prototypes of "masculinity." The world presents many different pictures of what a real man is. You may even feel pressured at times to join your friends' "A-Team" or "Culture Club" when you happen to be an ordinary guy.

Some people don't think you're a real man unless you've taken advantage of someone. Or they make athletic ability or a fat paycheck a requirement to really being a man.

Others make a joke of the idea that such a thing as manhood even exists. These are often people who encourage feminine or homosexual behavior by men.

What is a man? How do we, as Christians, reach manhood? Do we have to reach a certain age—18, 21? Do we have to get married, have children, or finish our schooling?


Manhood begins when you

are willing to humbly accept God's will for your life and responsibly pursue it. God has a calling and purpose for each of us. A real man recognizes the responsibility of that calling, and willingly takes it on himself.

Jesus was a man with a special calling from God. He said, "I have come down from heaven not to do my will but to do the will of him who sent me" (John 6:38, *New International Version*). Jesus knew exactly what God's will was for His life. In short, His purpose in life was the salvation of mankind.



We too can be sure of our purpose in life. Paul says, "We are . . . Christ's ambassadors, as though God were making his appeal through us. We implore you on Christ's behalf: Be reconciled to God" (2 Corinthians 5:20, *NIV*).



You are first and foremost an ambassador of Christ. You may someday earn a lot of money. You may be a doctor or a banker. But that's not what makes you a man. As a Christian, you become a man when you respond to the challenge to be Christ's ambassador, to be His spokesman to bring the message of salvation to your world.

Jesus was a perfect example of manhood. In His character, we find at least four essential qualities of Christian manliness: Unselfishness, compassion, courage, and perseverance.

GRAB THE GUSTO

In many ways, unselfishness is the key to Christian manhood. It sets the Christian man apart from the worldly man.

You've seen the commercial that says, "You only go around once in life, so grab all the gusto you can get." Many a "self-made man" has followed that rule ever since Adam

decided to disobey God and do things his own way. Since then, man has been a slave to selfishness. Everyone grabs for his "fair share." There just aren't enough fair shares to go around! So we quarrel and fight.

The only answer to selfishness is to center your life on Christ instead of yourself. Paul says that Jesus "died for all, that those who live should no longer live for themselves but for him who died for them" (2 Corinthians 5:15, *NIV*).

I once met a minister in his office during my lunch hour and didn't have time to eat. He had a sack lunch with him, and without me saying anything, he automatically shared. I don't remember what we talked about that day, but I will never forget his generosity and godly example. Sacrificial giving is rare. It is the mark of a man of God.

Jesus and His disciples went to a small village for a much-needed "weekend retreat." The crowds found out where they were and came looking for them. When Jesus met the crowd that came to interrupt His rest, He could have told Peter to turn them away. "Tell them I'm not in. Don't answer the door." Instead, he "welcomed" the intruders and began ministering to them (see Luke

9:10, 11, *NIV*). I'm sure the disciples were impressed, if not puzzled, by such unselfishness.

The real test of manhood comes when you are called to give of yourself. It comes when you must put yourself totally at the disposal of another person. That's what Jesus did. Paul says Jesus took upon himself "the very nature of a servant" (Philippians 2:7, *NIV*).

It is one thing to give a needy person some money; it's quite another to do everything you can for that person. Unselfishness involves more than giving time and money. It requires giving up pride and humbling yourself.

Jesus set the standard when He washed His disciples' feet (see John 13:1-7, *NIV*). To make it perfectly clear, Jesus commanded, "Now that I, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also should wash one another's feet" (v. 14). You will never be too much of a man to wash someone's feet.

In fact, you will never be *more* of a man than when you stoop to such lowly tasks. Jesus was the greatest man who ever lived, and He washed His *disciples'* feet. The man of the world can grab for all the gusto he wants; we have a higher calling and purpose.

How to Be a Real MAN

MY LIPS ARE STIFF

In grade school, my three brothers and I somehow got the idea that “real men” talk without moving their lips. So we went around mumbling to each other through tight lips. Crazy? Our parents certainly thought so. But many men today have a similar idea about letting their emotions show. They feel they must maintain composure at all times—don’t lose it, and whatever you do, don’t cry.

Just as my brothers and I learned to put our childish ideas of being tough behind us, so too, we Christians must learn to express emotion and compassion.

Jesus was a compassionate person. “When he [Jesus] saw the crowds, he had compassion on them, because they were harassed and helpless, like sheep without a shepherd” (Matthew 9:36, *NIV*). Compassion was natural for Jesus. It fit Him like a hammer in a carpenter’s hand.

As ambassadors of Christ, compassion should characterize us as well. Each of us is surrounded by people who are like sheep without a shepherd, suffering, and needing salvation.

Paul tells us to “mourn with those who mourn” (Romans

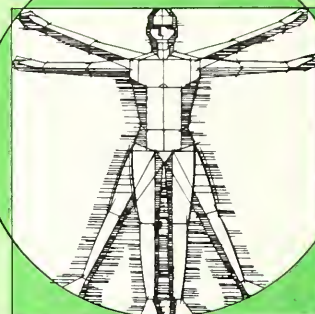
12:15, *NIV*). On occasion, Jesus openly displayed His emotions in this way. Remember that old favorite memory verse, “Jesus wept” (John 11:35, *NIV*). If you read the whole chapter, you find that Jesus walked into a situation full of emotionally distraught people and took charge. He was able to “be a man,” and at the same time be free to show His emotions.

There is no contradiction between manliness and emotion. Christian men are compassionate. And compassionate men will often show their emotions.

WHAT IS COURAGE?

Jesus was a man of courage. Each day He walked toward the cross with courage. As His death drew near, He “resolutely set out for Jerusalem” (Luke 9:51, *NIV*). Jesus knew what it was to be afraid, but His sense of purpose overcame His fear. “Now my heart is troubled, and what shall I say? ‘Father, save me from this hour?’ No, it was for this very reason I came to this hour” (John 12:27, *NIV*).

As ambassadors of Christ, we can be courageous in tough situations, if we remember our purpose for being there. You expect a discussion on religion



today in Psychology class? Seize the opportunity to speak out for the Lord. As a man of God, do this courageously, knowing it is for this very purpose you are sitting in that classroom. You aren’t there just to get a good grade. You are there as God’s ambassador.

Sometimes you must have the courage to do things that look foolish in the eyes of the world. You have an evening job at the neighborhood Fast Buck Foodstore. The owner decides to install a rack full of pornographic magazines for sale. You feel you must quit your job in protest. From a practical standpoint, such a move is foolish. After all, you do need the money for college. But God’s ambassador courageously takes a stand, and trusts that God will speak to the other workers through his actions.

You have taken Janet home from a party. She invites you

in. A few moments on the couch and you realize she wants to do more than just watch Johnny Carson. A man of the world would take advantage of such a situation. But that doesn't take any courage.

Being a *man of God* at such a time takes courage. Paul tells Timothy to "flee the evil desires of youth" (2 Timothy 2:22, *NIV*). He doesn't say *fight*. He says *flee*. Fleeing doesn't *seem* very manly. That's why it takes courage.

A REAL MAN IS . . .

We sometimes admire men we see on television. Their lives seem to be one heroic deed after another. But real life isn't like that. Real men aren't like that either. Real men must endure; they must persevere.

There are at least three ways in which we must persevere. First, we must persevere under *trials* and *temptations*.

Take, for instance, the problem of thinking unwholesome thoughts. This can be a long-term problem. Just when you think you are victorious, your mind changes channels and the "X-rated" thoughts are back in full color. There are no easy victories in this battle. Rather, we have to

persevere and "take captive every thought" (2 Corinthians 10:5, *NIV*).

Second, the man of God must persevere in *relationships*.

What kind of relationships has God entrusted to you? Is there someone who looks to you as an example? As you continue to grow into Christian manhood, more and more people will come into your life. Be faithful in pointing them to the Lord.

Finally you must persevere in the *tasks God gives you*. "Let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us" (Hebrews 12:1, *NIV*). A race takes endurance. The glory doesn't come until the end.

As we run this real-life race, there is only one person who provides an adequate example: "Let us fix our eyes on Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith" (Hebrews 12:2, *NIV*).

If we keep our eyes on Jesus, we will grow into manhood. We will put aside the things of childhood, and take our place as ambassadors for God's kingdom. We will even have something in common with Mr. T. and Tom Selleck. But the difference will be that *we'll* exemplify what real manhood is all about. □



CHURCH OF GOD CHRISTIAN SERVICE BRIGADE

Brigade is a ministry to boys between the ages of 8 and 18. It is an achievement program that offers men the opportunity to disciple boys. For more information, please write: Christian Service Brigade, Church of God General Offices, Keith at 25th N.W., Cleveland, TN 37311.

Girls on the Move

BY LINDA GODWIN

Girls growing into women for God is what Church of
God girls' clubs are all about. . .

IN THE CHURCH OF GOD, young girls are on the move for Jesus Christ.

To be on the move, you have to be coming from somewhere and going to some place.

Where do these "girls on the move" come from? From small, large, and in-between churches. From country, city, and mission field churches. They come from California and Maine, from Texas and North Dakota, from the faraway islands of the sea.

Where are they going? They are on their way to becoming women living for Christ.

Who are these young girls? They are members of Church of God girls clubs: the YLA, Joy Belles, and Bluebelles.

Girls clubs are a relatively new part of our church history. For many years women in the Church of God felt a need to provide more opportunities for girls to use their talents for the Lord and receive proper Christian training. They wanted to obey the biblical injunction for "older women to teach the younger ones."

The dreams of these dedicated women began to be realized in 1969, when under the leadership of Willie Lee Darter and the Department of Ladies Ministries, the Young Ladies Auxiliary (YLA) was formed.

YOUNG LADIES AUXILIARY

YLA is for teen girls in grades seven through twelve. It was designed to meet the needs of young girls living in today's society.



Although winning girls to Christ is the main purpose, it is not the only one. Counselors are trained to help each girl establish and develop her spiritual life. Girls are taught the biblical pattern of holiness in lifestyle and choicemaking.

During the years of attending YLA meetings, a teenage girl is provided opportunities to train for effective Christian leadership and service. By promoting Christian fellowship and recreation among girls, the church counteracts worldly influences and pressures that teenagers come in contact with today.

February 1973 was a red letter month! The first issue of the *Rapporter*, a magazine for and about YLA's and YLA'ers, was sent to teen girls around the world. This changing and growing publication reflects a changing and growing YLA.

From back issues of the *Rapporter*, you sense the desire of YLA'ers to do for others, whether it is in foreign lands or as close as their own backyard. Many instances of projects accomplished, monies raised, studies completed, and spiritual revival have been reported over the past eleven years. The girls who received those first *Rapporters* are the young Christian women of our church today.



Teen girls, grades seven through twelve, develop a biblical lifestyle and learn to make mature choices through YLA.



Junior girls, grades four through six, grow through an active and exciting achievement program in Joy Belles.



Bluebelles, for girls in the first three grades of elementary school, is the newest girls' club in the Church of God.

JOY BELLES

In 1974, another step was taken. A new girls club was created called the Joy Belles.

Joy Belles is designed especially for junior girls in grades four through six. Through this ministry, a young girl can receive inspiration, direction for service, and a sense of security in knowing that she is a definite part of her church's program.

Each Joy Belle has her own achievement book that challenges her to learn more about the Bible and herself. The achievement program consists of eight units of study. After completing each unit of study, the Joy Belle receives a merit badge to wear on her sash.

Joy Belles are an active group. The national office receives many reports regarding Joy Belles involvement in visitation, worthwhile projects, and monies raised for needy causes.

In November 1981, the first official magazine for Joy Belles was printed. The magazine is called *The Daisy*. The flower for the Joy Belles club is the daisy.

The Daisy is filled with stories, puzzles, makeables, and other interesting features. One feature that is a favorite is the "Missionaries and Home-for-Children Junior Girls' Birthday" list. Some of the clubs send birthday cards and gifts to the girls having birthdays.



BLUEBELLES

1984, the fifteenth anniversary of YLA and the tenth anniversary of Joy Belles, is special because it is the birth of the newest girls club—Bluebelles.

Although Bluebelles is a baby compared to its big sisters, the girls who comprise Bluebelles are definitely not babies. They are young girls with tender hearts and a desire to love. The program is designed for primary girls in grades one, two, and three. They need to know why God created them and how He helps them to become a prized possession for Him. Bluebelles program accomplishes this through interaction between counselor and student, activity participation, and an achievement program designed for each grade.

* * * * *

Since 1969, the number of girls clubs in the Church of God has grown to two thousand. These clubs raised over \$200,000 in 1983-84 for various projects.

Now you can understand the statement at the beginning, "In the Church of God young girls are on the move."

The ministry of girls clubs—YLA, Joy Belles, and Bluebelles—is a vital arm of the church meeting the needs of today's young girls. □



Sensational News for Youth Groups

"No Risk" Fund Raising



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Until now the hardest thing in the world to find has been a fund raising project that offers a popular and dependable product which is both easy to sell and highly profitable. Pecan Producers Int., offers you the very best quality native pecan nutmeats for the very best price. Our pecans are not only high in consumer appeal but will contribute to the success and future of your local organization. Once you have tried our tremendous fund raising program you can't stop. Your customers will request these high quality nutmeats every year!

Our "No Risk" Program

ORDERS . . . Your organization will be selling pecan meats packaged in 1½ pound cellophane bags with your choice of either native halves or native pieces. Minimum order is 1 case consisting of 12 bags.

PROFIT . . . Pecan prices are set in September of each year. The price list is mailed to your organization at that time. You add your profit to our wholesale price to you to determine your selling price; we recommend at least a 25% markup, which will still allow your price to be competitive with local markets.

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will supply your organization with all the printed materials necessary to conduct a successful campaign.

SERVICE . . . Allow 2 weeks for delivery. There is no unsold merchandise to return or get stuck with, because you order only those pecans which you have already sold.

FINANCING . . . PPI finances the program. You have 10 days from receipt of the pecans to make payment.

GUARANTEE . . . All orders from Pecan Producers Int., are satisfaction guaranteed.

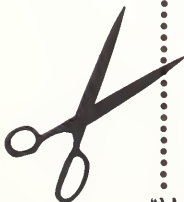
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Mail to: **Pecan Producers International, Route 3, Box 139, Goldthwaite, TX 76844.**

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Organization _____
Advisor _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____
Office Phone _____ (area) _____
Home Phone _____ (area) _____
When do you plan to start your sales campaign? _____ Mo. _____ Day _____ Yr.

Call Collect: 915 948 3312

"We are the Pecan people you talked to at the General Assembly...."





**“Fan into flame the gift
of God, which is in you”
(2 Timothy 1:6 NIV).**

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP

KERMIT THE FROG was welcoming movie star Peter Sellers to the *Muppet Show*. The actor was a bit tense and uptight as Kermit tried to get the interview rolling.

“Just relax,” Kermit urged. “Take it easy! Just be yourself.”

“Be myself,” Peter exclaimed, “I could never be myself! There is no ‘me.’ Peter Sellers does not exist any more!”

He had played so many “parts,” assumed so many roles, and worn so many masks that he had lost his own self-identity! Apparently, he no longer liked who he was. He preferred to be someone else.

We begin this Bible study on friends and friendship with a foundational principle: *Before you can have friends or be a friend, you must make friends with yourself and with God.*

You have to be someone special because God sent His only Son to die for you. . . .

You have to be someone special because no one else in the whole universe is made exactly like you. . . .

You have to be special because God’s plan of salvation was fashioned with you in mind. . . .

Fear of people hinders your ability to be a friend to yourself. You worry about what others may think, about what they may say. Your fear of others makes a coward out of you.

Concern for your looks is another hindrance. Are you always criticizing your looks? Do you continually put down your physical features? A sign of self-centeredness is the act of thinking and talking about yourself all the time—even if the talk is negative.

A *critical spirit* is a third hindrance to effective friendships. Are you constantly complaining, “Nothing I do ever turns out right”? Are you continually critical of yourself?

Declare a cease-fire in the war with yourself. God earnestly desires to be your friend. Therefore, you can be friends with yourself.

On a sheet of paper write a brief paragraph or a list for each of these questions:

1. Why is it important to have close, personal relationships with other people?
2. What are some of the qualities you feel are important in a friendship?
3. Why do you think your friends are important to your relationship with God?

FRIENDSHIP CHECKLIST

1. On a sheet of paper, write the names of four friends (two male, two female).
2. Assign each a code: A, B, C, or D
3. Using the code, assign points on this checklist. Do not use names on this sheet.

Agree somewhat—1 point

Agree moderately—2 points

Agree strongly—3 points

	A	B	C	D		
I enjoy being with						
It is easy to laugh at myself when I'm around						
I can always depend on						
I don't feel ill-at-ease around						
My self-esteem is strengthened when I'm with						
I never feel that I'm being "put down" by						
I don't feel smothered by						
I can safely share personal secrets with						
I can count on a word of encouragement from						
One who gives as much to the friendship as I do is						
I hear very little gossip when I'm with						
I have no feelings of jealousy when I'm around						
I feel no resentment toward						
One who genuinely cares about my problems is						
I'm a better person when I'm with						
It is easy to share a testimony about Christ with						
My devotional life has improved since I've known						
I'm strengthened spiritually when I'm with						
I'm challenged to be a better Christian by						
I want to be a better friend, as well as have a better friend when I'm with						
TOTALS						

Use the last column of the Friendship Checklist to score yourself. If you feel you are strong in a particular area, give yourself three points. If you are average, give yourself two points. If you need improvement, give yourself one point. If you

are very negligent in an area, don't give yourself any points. This will show you the areas of your life you need to work on in order to be the kind of friend you like to have.

LOOK IN THE WORD

See the phrasing used in The Living Bible

1. Discuss the two kinds of friends mentioned in *Proverbs 18:24*. _____

2. List three ways to meet new people.

a. _____

b. _____

c. _____

3. "You can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people than you can in two years by trying to get people interested in you."—Dale Carnegie

4. Read *Proverbs 27:19*. What does your choice of friends say about you? _____

5. Why is it important to "be yourself" if you wish a casual relationship to develop into a mature friendship?

6. Discuss "smothering" versus "giving room to breathe" in a relationship you genuinely wish to nurture.

7. Read *Proverbs 17:17*. A true friend is _____

8. How can you put *Ephesians 4:2* into practice? _____

9. Every time you open the door to friendship you are risking rejection. Is it worth it? Why? _____

10. Discuss "wounds from a friend" in the light of *Proverbs 27:5, 6*. _____

11. According to *Proverbs 18:19*, what is more difficult than capturing a fortified city? _____

12. Discuss some of the reasons why. _____

13. Friendships develop better in small groups than in large crowds. Write down the names of two persons you would like to invite to your home in order to create the proper social environment to get to know them better.

a. _____

b. _____

14. Read *Ecclesiastes 4:11, 12* and discuss why friends grow stronger and better together than they do alone. _____

15. Work at building a friendship. Ask questions. Be open. Express your interest and feelings without forcing yourself or dominating the other person. Look for common interests.

16. Read *Matthew 18:19, 20*. What important ingredient makes it easier for you to overcome life's problems with friends than you can alone? _____

17. Pray with a friend today. Share a request and agree for an answer. _____

THINGS I DON'T LIKE
IN MY FRIENDS

_____ Bad Temper	_____ Excessive Talking
_____ Snobbishness	_____ Bossiness
_____ Insincerity	_____ Nagging
_____ Discourtesy	_____ Disrespect for Authority
_____ Noisiness	_____ Dullness
_____ Disloyalty	_____ Impatience
_____ Frequent Lying	_____ Gossiping
_____ Dirty Language	_____ Moodiness
_____ Poor Manners	_____ Rudeness
_____ Stubbornness	_____ Narrow-mindedness
_____ Pessimism	_____ Selfishness

1. How many of these characteristics do you see in your own life?
2. Write them down on a sheet of paper.
3. Place the sheet of paper before the Lord in prayer and ask God to forgive you.
4. Destroy the sheet as a symbol of your faith in God's forgiveness.
5. Determine that these characteristics have no more place in your life.

FROM THIS MOMENT

_____ I resolve to be stimulating and enjoyable to be around. *Hebrews 10:24*

_____ I resolve to encourage my friends. *Hebrews 10:25*

_____ I resolve to be sensitive to others and to their needs. *Romans 12:15, 16*

_____ I resolve to truly love my friends. *1 Thessalonians 4:9, 10*

_____ I resolve to be a forgiving person. *Colossians 3:12, 13*

_____ I resolve to be a caring and supportive friend. *1 Thessalonians 5:11, 14*

1984 National Teen Talent Winners

WRITING DIVISION:

Category	Winner	Church	State
<i>Short Story</i>	Chris Sustar	Tremont Avenue	South Carolina
<i>Articles and Essays</i>	Amy Spano	Edgewater	Colorado-Wyoming
<i>Plays And Skits</i>	Chris Mathes	Topside	Tennessee
<i>Poetry</i>	Tami Frazier		Virginia
<i>News Writing</i>	Danny Paul Smith	Ackerman	Mississippi

ART DIVISION:

<i>Ceramics and Glass</i>	Michelle Carter	Homewood	Pennsylvania
<i>Graphics</i>	Raymond Cline	Amarillo	Texas
<i>Layout and Design</i>	Mike Wittman	East Ridge	Tennessee
<i>Drawing</i>	Michelle Hall	Penn Forest	Virginia
<i>Oil and Acrylic Painting</i>	Robert Guy	Steward Road	Michigan
<i>Wet Media Painting</i>	Robin Kelly	Homeland	South Carolina
<i>Photography</i>	Beth Barker	Sunset Boulevard	South Georgia
<i>Sculpture</i>	Ronald K. Johns	Northwest	Florida
<i>Textiles</i>	Lisa Collier	Nortonville	Virginia
<i>Mixed Media</i>	Donnie Day	Greenfield	Indiana

BIBLE DIVISION:

<i>Bible Reading</i>	Lewis Bell	Conyers	North Georgia
<i>Bible Teaching</i>	Aubrey Robertson	Paris	Texas
<i>Bible Quizzing</i>	Westmore Quiz Team	Westmore	Tennessee

DRAMA DIVISION:

<i>Monologue</i>	Genevieve Gazez	Humberlea	E. Canada
<i>Small Group (Short)</i>	Shekinah	Maranatha Fellowship	North Georgia
<i>Small Group (Long)</i>	Claiborne	Claiborne	Louisiana
<i>Music Drama</i>	Soular Power	Mountain West	North Georgia

MUSIC DIVISION:

<i>Vocal Solo—Male</i>	Chad Carter	Lee Highway	Tennessee
<i>Vocal Solo—Female</i>	Debbie Wesson	Sherman St., Decatur	Alabama
<i>Instrumental Solo Keyboard (Piano)</i>	Reginal Stone	Forrest Street, Valdosta	South Georgia
<i>Instrumental Solo Keyboard (Organ)</i>	Joel Luallen	Forrest City	Arkansas
<i>Instrumental Solo Non-Keyboard—Brass</i>	Reginald Spires	Columbus	South Georgia
<i>Instrumental Solo Non-Keyboard—Woodwind</i>	David Chaney	Princeton Pike, Hamilton	Southern Ohio
<i>Strings</i>	Betsy Pearson	Eastway Drive, Charlotte	North Carolina
<i>Percussion (Definite Pitch)</i>	Melody Hitte	Franklin	Southern Ohio
<i>Percussion (Indefinite Pitch)</i>	Jeffrey Freeman	Boaz	Alabama
<i>Small Instrumental Ensemble</i>	Power Company	Sumiton	Alabama
<i>Large Instrumental Ensemble</i>	North Cleveland Hand Bells	North Cleveland	Tennessee
<i>Small Vocal Ensemble</i>	Dalton Trio	Dalton	North Georgia
<i>Large Vocal Ensemble</i>	New Dimension	North Cleveland	Tennessee
<i>Small Choir</i>	Dalton	Dalton	North Georgia
<i>Large Choir</i>	North Cleveland Youth Choir	North Cleveland	Tennessee



Intense competition



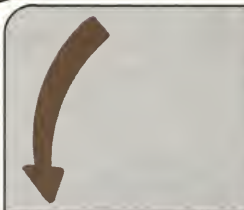
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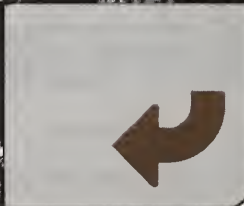
Power Company, Sumiton, Alabama

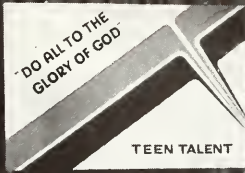


Junus Fulbright awards Tony Holder



Sonjia Hunt awards Chris Sustar





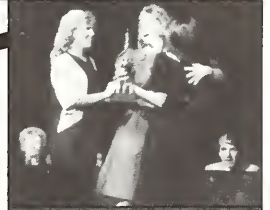
Galena Park, Texas



North Cleveland, Tennessee



Excitement of winning



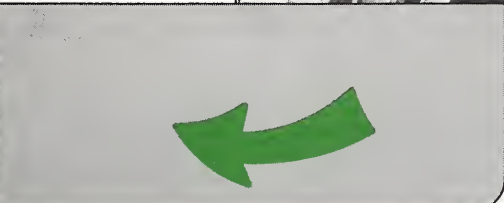
Spirit Express, Doraville, Georgia

International atmosphere



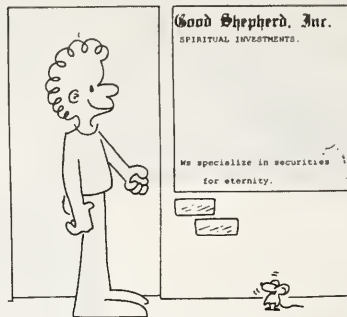
Worship. Far right, W. A. Davis

Here's the trophy!



HOW TO RECHARGE YOUR SPIRITUAL BATTERIES

By Larry E.
Neagle



Make spiritual investments. Schedule personal survival seminars. Plan moments for prayer, worship and Scripture study.

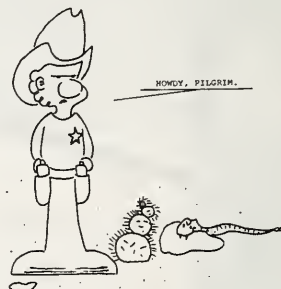


Relax. Untie yourself. Loosen up. "Come away by yourself to a lonely place and rest awhile."

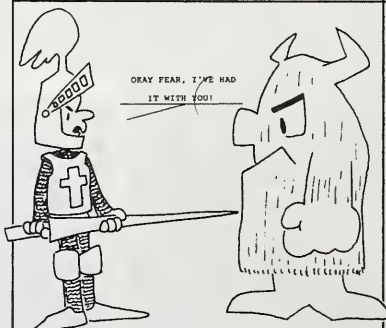
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE STARING AT?



Laugh. Christians shouldn't look or act like dill pickles. Seek out wholesome humor. Learn to experience laughter's healing power.



Seek community. Distancing, detachment, and withdrawal drains you; fellowship, closeness, and mutual edification recharges you. Don't try to be a spiritual Lone Ranger.



Face your fears. Name them. Commit them to God. Then turn them loose. Let Him dispose of the garbage; refuse to retreat from what He has done.



Practice the art of thanksgiving and praise. Zest in living comes from the habit of noticing and nurturing the good things that happen to us.

Copyright 1984 Larry E. Neagle

Your church, regardless of its or the community's size, can minister effectively. . . .

A Youth Ministry

HOW CAN A small church have a successful and exciting youth ministry?

Begin with a revival. Sponsor a youth revival or a youth-night service. Have the young people to present the special music. Circulate among the congregation, giving a spontaneous witness, shaking hands, putting an arm around the elderly and expressing God's love during prayer time in the altar.

Schedule a time of Christian fellowship after the service. Serve refreshments in the fellowship hall, a large classroom, or at a nearby home. You will hear comments like, "I don't know when we've felt this kind of warmth and fellowship." The comments will come amid sounds of happy voices in enthusiastic conversation. As young people mingle, laugh, and enjoy themselves, they spread Christian love and the joy of the Lord.

THE MAGIC OF MUSIC

Organize a youth choir or a youth singing group. Those who show up for practice will form the nucleus. You will reach out to others. Sing as often as possible for the Sunday evening services, then meet for fellowship. A social chairman, one who relates well to youth, should arrange for the group to



BY R. EDWIN MORRIS

meet in various homes for fun and refreshments.

Gather in a convenient place each week for a youth prayer meeting and Scripture study. Here you learn to enjoy fellowship within a Christian atmosphere. Your love for God and for each other will grow as you become more deeply involved with Christ spiritually.

Properly planned, a recreation program in a church will lead your young people to respond to God's love and to love each other with devotion. The natural action for a

for the Smaller Church

Christian is to "pass it on." The exuberance of youth discovering that Christianity is fun, and that Christ can be a part of every happy occasion, will reflect in glowing faces.

If your town or community is not large and does not afford a great deal of recreational opportunities for young people, it will make the church recreation program even more important and attractive. There are adequate facilities, even in a small town or

A Youth Ministry for the Smaller Church



community, for baseball, softball, basketball, football, and other things. These facilities can usually be utilized by the local church. A trip to a larger nearby town can be, in itself, a fun experience.

Other activities to be enjoyed by young and old in a small church include biking, hiking, swimming, camping, softball, walking, and so forth. Note that these activities can be enjoyed on a very limited budget. In addition to table tennis and other games, indoor activities may include dramas, learning to work puppets, popular hobbies, and crafts for all ages.

THE MIRACLE OF MINISTERING

A weekend retreat at a campground or park facility can become a special time of Bible study, prayer, and meaningful fellowship. The church may see the need for a bus or van for the youth program as well as for the Sunday school. Other members will take pride in the ministries

of the youth group, not only for the music of the youth choir, but for the change that is wrought in young lives.

Have a "Pause for Christ" over the long Thanksgiving weekend or some other holiday. Young people can man rest stations along highways and interstates to encourage weary travelers to stop for coffee, soft drinks or ice water. Present each with a small packet of tracts (from Church of God Evangelism and Home Missions) pertaining to life's travels. Young people trained in "Evangelism Explosion" should witness for Christ.

A good church recreation program helps revitalize a church. It provides activities for

youth that place emphasis on church life and Jesus Christ as the center of living. It gives a sense of belonging that all youth so desperately need. It provides young people fellowship in their own peer group. Even the generation gap begins to evaporate as God's love breaks down barriers.

Spontaneous, unplanned occasions may arise. The Lord will provide the opportunity, if you're alert to recognize and take advantage of them. In times of disaster such as tornadoes, hurricanes, floods, and so forth, open the fellowship hall for the night and provide a place for people to bed down, along with impromptu games, skits, songs and devotions. Leave a witness for Christ in troubled times.

A church, no matter how small, can have an effective Christ-centered youth ministry. □

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Take Five

A DAILY DEVOTION ON SPIRITUAL FITNESS

- Oct. 1—John 13:1-17
- Oct. 2—Galatians 6:9
- Oct. 3—Philippians 2:3-11
- Oct. 4—Romans 2:6-8
- Oct. 5—Matthew 6:3-4
- Oct. 6—James 1:12
- Oct. 7—1 John 3:16, 17
- Oct. 8—Romans 5:3, 4
- Oct. 9—Romans 12:10
- Oct. 10—Colossians 3:23, 24
- Oct. 11—2 Corinthians 8:1-15
- Oct. 12—Hebrews 12:1, 2
- Oct. 13—John 11
- Oct. 14—Luke 12:11, 12
- Oct. 15—John 19:25, 27
- Oct. 16—1 John 4:4
- Oct. 17—John 21:1-4
- Oct. 18—2 Timothy 1:7, 8
- Oct. 19—Matthew 23:37
- Oct. 20—Philippians 4:13
- Oct. 21—Luke 7:11-15
- Oct. 22—1 Peter 5:7
- Oct. 23—Matthew 9:9-11
- Oct. 24—1 Corinthians 16:13
- Oct. 25—Matthew 20:29-34
- Oct. 26—1 Samuel 17:32-50
- Oct. 27—Daniel 3:8-24
- Oct. 28—Matthew 19:13-15
- Oct. 29—Matthew 21:12, 13
- Oct. 30—Luke 10:25-37
- Oct. 31—Matthew 9:9-11

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Youth Leaders Only

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY is your companion for personal growth and encouragement. It is also designed as a supplement for you to use in your weekly youth meetings. Here is how you can use this issue:

* Take ten minutes up front to discuss an important issue dealt with in an article.

* See that everyone participates; don't allow a few to monopolize the discussion.

* Don't take too long. Stop while there are still issues unresolved; then the discussion will continue after the meeting.

WEEK 1:

The issue: How do you develop friendships?

Resource: "Friends and Friendship," page 13

"Basics of Friendship," Page 26

WEEK 2:

The issue: How to build your youth ministry, part 1

Resource: "A Youth Ministry for the Smaller Church," page 21

"A Spiritual Physical," page 27

WEEK 3:

The issue: How to build your youth ministry, part 2

Resource: Boys Ministry—"How to Be a Real Man," page 6

Girls Ministry—"Girls on the Move," page 10

WEEK 4:

The issue: How to build your youth ministry, part 3

Resource: Sponsor a Basic Body Building Youth Retreat, page 25

"How to Recharge Your Spiritual Batteries," page 20

A Special Youth Emphasis is planned for this month. The theme is "Basic Body Building—Learning to Love One Another." A retreat schedule is printed on the next page. For a complete package of materials and resources, including games like Buzz-Fizz, Feet Ball, and a Humility Contest, write:

Church of God Publishing House, 1080 Montgomery Ave., Cleveland, TN 37311.

Basic Body Building Retreat Schedule

FRIDAY

- 6:00 p.m. Leave from the church
 7:30 p.m. Protein Building (Dinner)
 8:15 p.m. Continue to destination
 9:15 p.m. Camp building
 9:45 p.m. Disciple Building
 Session 1—What does it mean to be a member of the body of Christ?
 10:45 p.m. Protein Building (Refreshments and "Humility Contest")
 11:00 p.m. Relationship Building (Full Activities)
 1. "Off to the Races"
 2. "Buzz-Fizz"
 3. "Getting to Know You"
 4. "Feet Ball"
 12:15 a.m. Lights Out

SATURDAY

- 8:00 a.m. Protein Building (Breakfast)
 8:30 a.m. Cleanup
 9:00 a.m. Disciple Building
 Session 2—How every Christian is to be accepted and cared for by other believers
 10:00 a.m. Relationship Building (Balloon Soccer)
 12:00 a.m. Protein Building (Lunch)
 1:00 p.m. Disciple Building
 Session 3—What gifts and talents do you have to offer to other members of the church?
 2:00 p.m. Relationship Building (Free time, hike, or group game)
 5:30 p.m. Protein Building (Dinner)
 6:30 p.m. Disciple Building
 Session 4—Dealing with problems between fellow Christians
 7:30 p.m. Break
 7:45 p.m. Spirit Building (Worship and praise time)
 8:45 p.m. Protein Building (Refreshments)
 9:15 p.m. Special Feature (Film)
 10:45 p.m. Free time
 12:15 a.m. Lights Out

SUNDAY

- 9:00 a.m. Protein Building (Breakfast)
 10:00 a.m. Disciple Building
 Session 5—Building unity in the body
 11:00 a.m. Cleanup
 12:00 a.m. Protein Building (Lunch)
 1:00 p.m. Leave for home

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EVERYBODY NEEDS FRIENDS.

The Bible says, "A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly" (Proverbs 18:24).

Ralph Waldo Emerson echoed the sentiments of Solomon when he wrote, "The only way to have a friend is to be one."

For you to become my friend, it is not only important that you care for me; I must care for you. Friendship is a caring relationship.

A FRIEND SHARES

There is a beautiful story of friendship in the Book of Ruth. This story is of a young woman, Ruth, who chose to share with Naomi, her mother-in-law and friend. She left her own land and people to care for Naomi.

Mark Twain once said, "Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of joy, you must have someone to divide it with."

Not only is it necessary to share joy; it is also essential that we have someone with whom we can share our grief. A friend is someone with whom you can share anything and everything.

Many people say, "I'll be your friend as long as you agree with me and do what I want you to." That isn't true friendship. Friendship can withstand disagreements, but it never becomes disagreeable.

Of Jesus and His friends, the Bible says, "Having loved his own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end" (John 13:1). Speaking to us as His friends, our Supreme Example said, "And lo, I am with you alway" (Matthew 28:20).

A FRIEND KEEPS CONFIDENCES

Never limit your friends to one or two. Seek to constantly broaden your circle of friends, and thus, deepen the reservoir from which you can draw. Many strong friendships have been shattered

because "she told her what he told him that she told her that he said (whew!)."

Once a confidence is broken and a story has been repeated, it will never again be quoted properly or in its proper context. Any person in your circle of friends who insists on your breaking another friend's confidence, is not worthy of your friendship.

Peer pressure is an ever-present reality. Often a peer will insist, "If you were really my friend, you'd tell me!" That person needs to understand that if you would reveal someone else's confidence to *him* (or *her*), you might eventually reveal *his* (or *her*) confidence to someone else.

Tucked away in the last chapter of John is a verse that has been extremely helpful to me. The passage says that Peter inquired of the Lord regarding John, and what John had done or was about to do. Jesus replied to Peter's inquiry by saying, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me" (John 21:22).

There may be times when friends pressure you regarding information about mutual friends. Your response may be like Christ's: "What is that to you? I cannot betray the confidence of another friend, any more than I can betray your confidence in me."

As a Christian, your primary ambition in life should be to live a life which exemplifies Jesus Christ to others. All of the aspects of friendship—caring, sharing, unconditional devotion, and keeping of confidences—go into developing that lifestyle.

As a follower of Christ, you must put forth a special effort to be a witness. It must be a natural witness—an "outflow" of our "infilling" that continually testifies to the grace of God in your life. □

—Adapted from *Winning Ways*, a publication of Youth and Christian Education

The Basics of Friendship

BY JAMES E. COSSEY



A Spiritual 'Physical'

THESE ARE rough times for young people.

Social and spiritual pressures are more intense than ever. Contemporary culture is hostile to spiritual values. Current trends ignore anything that even suggests a sense of morality. Questions arise concerning loneliness. Peer pressure. Alcohol. Suicide. Drugs. Sex. Help is needed.

You are correct in looking to the church for guidance. This is why the youth group at your church is so important. Maintaining the health of the youth ministry is vital. Regardless of its size, you must keep the "body" strong.

So give your youth group a spiritual "physical." Take its spiritual temperature. Count its spiritual pulse beat. Here are four guidelines:

1. *Check your menu for proper spiritual diet.* Young believers crave and need the pure, spiritual milk of the Word of God (1 Peter 2:2). Others, more mature, need a stronger diet from the Word (Hebrews 5:14, *NIV*). That diet should be varied, balanced, and fitted to the maturity level of your group. Doctrine, instruction, warning,

inspiration and encouragement should all be a part of your teaching.

2. *Check your group for proper spiritual breathing.* Many youth groups are ineffective because they haven't learned to breathe properly. A physical fitness instructor may say, "You're not breathing correctly. You're using only part of your lungs. Breathe deeply and you'll feel the difference."

What breath is to the natural man, prayer is to the spiritual. Are you praying properly? Are you learning the various aspects of prayer in all its dimensions? What about thanksgiving prayer? Intercessory prayer? Communion prayer? Meditative prayer? Praise prayer? Pray deeply; you'll feel the difference!

3. *Check your schedule for proper spiritual exercise.* "Everyone who competes in the games goes into strict training. They do it to get a crown that will not last; but we do it to get a crown that will last forever" (1 Corinthians 9:25, *NIV*). "Train yourself to be godly. For physical training is of some value, but godliness has value in all things"

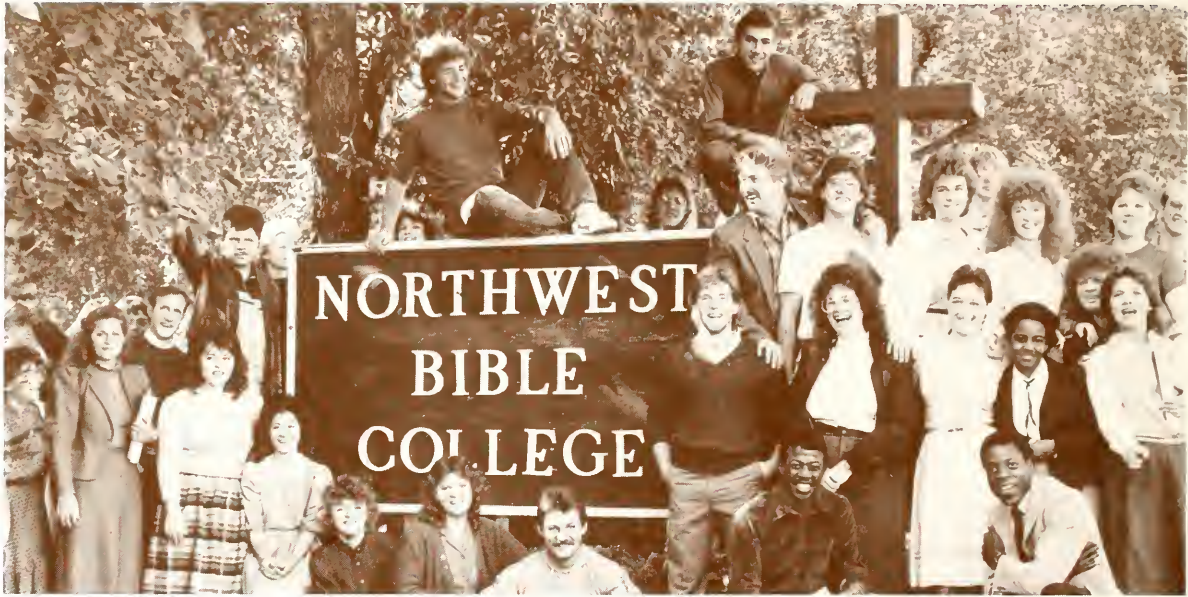
(1 Timothy 4:7, 8; *NIV*).

Even hardship, enduring things we don't really enjoy, helps us. "Endure hardship as discipline. . . . No discipline seems pleasant at the time, but painful. Later on, however, it produces a harvest of righteousness and peace for those who have been trained by it" (Hebrews 12:7, 11; *NIV*).

4. *Check your group for proper spiritual rest.* It is impossible to function effectively over the long haul if the group is always stretched to its limit and always engaged in a flurry of activity. Learn to relax. Plan for pauses. Know that life, like the tide, ebbs and flows. So does the human spirit. Spiritual rest is necessary for the health of the body. "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Philippians 4:7).

"Take time and trouble to keep yourself spiritually fit. Bodily fitness has a limited value, but spiritual fitness is of unlimited value . . . both for this present life and for the life to come" (1 Timothy 4:8, *Phillips*). □

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VOLUME 55, NUMBER 11

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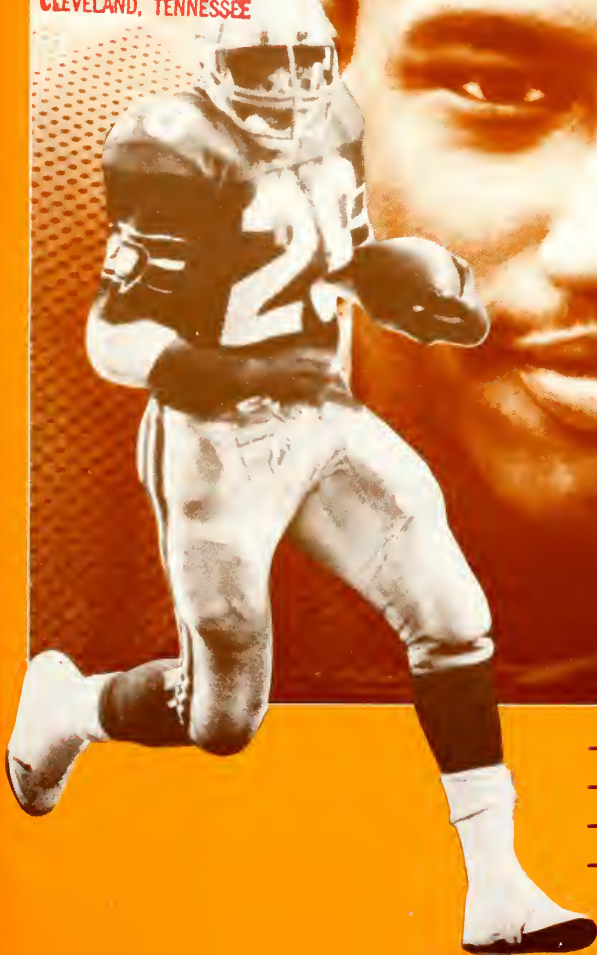
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- PARATROOPERS, WATERMELONS AND MISSIONS, p.17
- MORE!

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Allen Reesor



The Joy of Missions

by Allen Reesor

HERE COMES A couple more eight footers," I shouted. We felt the wave lift us. As we slid down the back of the first one, we prepared to take the second. We wiped the salt spray out of our eyes.

I am a missionary educator in Haiti. People often emphasize what we must give up to follow the call that Jesus has laid on our lives and forget that He has also promised to add to us in the degree to which we obey His call.

One of my fondest dreams has always been to take a sailboat and make a voyage—not just go for a ride, but to be the skipper, plot the course, and feel the challenge. I wanted to feel the salt

alt spray, unspoiled coves, beautiful corals, underwater caves, rainbow-colored fish; a storm, a tiny village—Allen Reesor, Education Director of Haiti says being a missionary is not all sacrifice.

knew that village was there and He knew the needs of the people. We learned it was Picme.



HAITI



Picme villagers were intrigued by the two missionaries and their sailboat "Hobie Cat."

Our welcome to Picme was warm and incredulous. We were the first visitors in at least six months. Our pontoon boat with the tall sail was a mystery to the fishermen. Our arrival out of the storm and the fact that we sat and visited with them as we set up a tent and cooked supper all added up to a very unusual pair of visitors.

We asked about the churches of the community and found that there was no established evangelical work. When they offered to open the Catholic church for us to minister, we accepted gladly.

We shared the love of Jesus Christ and the changes He had made in our lives. Their rapt attention testified of their hunger. When we asked those who wanted special prayer to come, we were happy that eight from the group wished to accept Jesus as their Savior.

The next day we sailed the last thirty miles home. Our discussion centered on the God we serve and His goodness to us. Despite the fact that many look only at the sacrifice required when God calls, we were once again blessed by the fact that when we obey, we always receive far more than we can possibly give.

We had spent five days doing what many work for a lifetime to do. We enjoyed rest, friendship, adventure, and, most of all, opportunities to witness of God's goodness.

"Seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well" (Matthew 6:33, *NIV*). □

spray, see the rolling waves, and know that my skills meant the difference between success and failure.

God was giving me what I wanted. It was the fourth day of what had been an ideal cruise. My best friend, a missionary pilot, and I had sailed nearly a hundred miles along the coast of Haiti.

We had explored underwater caves and snorkled among beautiful corals populated with rainbow-colored fish. We had searched for shells in unspoiled coves, camped on a beach of snow-white sand, and eaten fresh lobster bought from a fisherman. We had sailed in the shadow of towering mountains in light breezes and raced at twenty-five miles an hour in stiff winds along rocky shoreline.

This morning the weather was beautiful as we sailed into the rising sun. With anticipation we left a little bay we had named Security Cove.

We set out on a thirty-mile leg across open sea to the large island of La Gonave.

Thirty miles on the open sea may seem a long way on the sixteen-foot Hobie Cat, but we had no hesitation. During the morning, the wind and sea combined to pile up waves between seven and ten feet high. We were sailing in plenty of salt spray with a strong, gusty wind.

We knew that our lives were in God's hands, not just then but always. As we shifted our weight to counteract the wave action, we continued to sing praises to God and rejoice in the exhilaration of another challenge that we could meet through His sustaining strength.

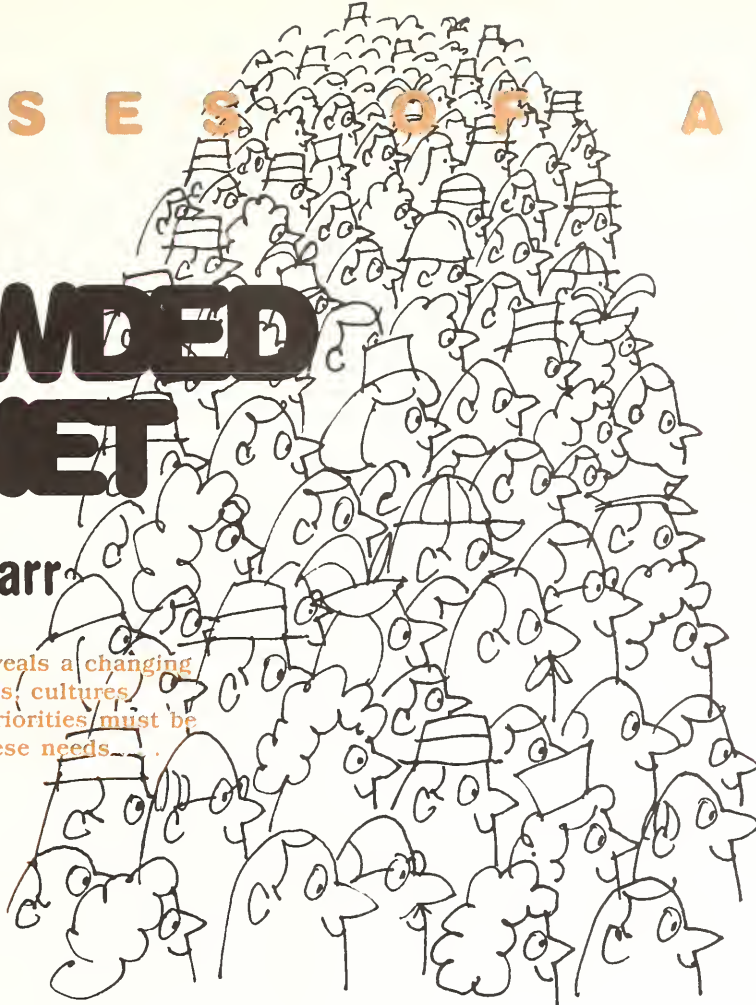
Ahead, it became apparent that we could not clear the next point. We began to search for an appropriate place to beach. A couple of miles off the port pontoon was a village which we didn't know existed. But God

C R I S E S O F A

CROWDED PLANET

by Leslie K. Tarr

A spinning world reveals a changing kaleidoscope of peoples, cultures and needs. Spiritual priorities must be set on the basis of these needs.



Current world population is double the number of people on earth when your parents were born.

The figure is nearing five billion! At the current rate of increase, it will top six billion by the year 2000, according to the World Population Data Sheet, released in May by the Population Reference Bureau.

In 1983, world population increased by 85 million over the 1982 figure. That one-year increase nearly equalled the population of Nigeria, the tenth most populous nation on earth.

These statistics concern responsible world leaders who ponder the complex problems of a resource-depleted planet. Christian leaders, too, sense the challenges they pose. These facts indicate trends which must be considered if we are serious about world evangelization.

ASIANIZATION OF THE WORLD

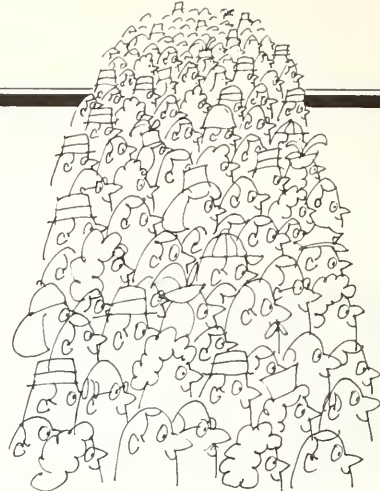
Over half of the people of the world live in Asia. Its population by the year 2000 will be about four billion. Seven of earth's ten most populous nations are found in that continent.

Christians form a small minority in Asia. They compose only 5 percent of the population. There are proportionately fewer Christians in the world's most populous continent than in any other continent!

Three recent developments in Asia have encouraged Christian strategists. The big news is the revelation of the unexpected strength of the Christian movement in mainland China. Most Western observers speculated that Christianity had become virtually nonexistent in the People's Republic of China during the years following the 1949 Communist takeover.

With the death of Mao Tse-tung in 1976 and

CRISES OF A



restored relations with the outside world, it became evident that a quiet, widespread spiritual revival had been under way. Since Mao, churches are permitted to open in larger centers. The most phenomenal growth, however, is in house churches which often operate without official sanction. It is conservatively estimated that there are now 20 to 25 million Christians there—compared to fewer than one million at the time of the Communist takeover in 1949.

The second bright spot for Christians in Asia is South Korea. Since World War II, the country has experienced revival. The annual rate of growth for Protestants is five times that of the general population. Some of the world's largest congregations are found in Seoul, the nation's capital. Thousands of Korean Christian young people are volunteering for missionary service elsewhere in Asia.

The number of Christians has also dramatically increased in Indonesia since 1965. It is estimated that believers now form about 10 percent of the population.

Despite these encouraging advances, Asia's huge population increases still outpace all evangelistic gains.

YOUTH EXPLOSION

The 1984 World Population Data Sheet

indicates that 40 percent of the people in less developed nations are under fifteen years of age—compared to 23 percent in more developed nations.

In Mexico City, for example, there are more young people under fifteen years of age than there are people in Los Angeles!

Masses of young people, restless in a crowded, resource-depleted world, often form a seething caldron of social unrest. They must be regarded as a primary evangelistic target.

URBANIZATION

The global village has become a global city. There are in the world about 240 cities of over a million in population. The trend toward urbanization brings with it complex problems. Growth of urban slums, for instance, is 4 percent greater than growth of the cities themselves. Some experts predict "a planet of slums" by the turn of the century.

By January 1, 1985, Mexico City will have a population of eighteen million—more people than live in the entire continent of Australia!

Most urbanization occurs in developed countries. Only 36 percent of the population of less developed nations is urbanized. As they become more industrialized, the rush to the cities will be accelerated and the problems compounded.

CROWDED PLANET

GLARING SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC DISPARITIES

The 1984 World Population Data Sheet reveals some glaring social and economic disparities on our crowded planet.

In less developed nations, the infant mortality rate is 107. For every 1000 live births, there are annually 107 deaths of those under one year of age. That figure is five times greater than for the more developed countries, which report an infant mortality rate of 19.

In the world, 30 children die every minute for lack of food and inexpensive vaccines. Life expectancy in less developed nations is 55 years—compared to 73 years in more developed countries. People in Afghanistan, Ethiopia, and Chad can expect to live, on the average, for 40 years.

Glaring inequalities between incomes in less developed and more developed nations of earth are obvious. Those in “have” nations can expect nearly ten times the wealth of those who are “have-nots.” In addition, each year at least twenty million people die of hunger around the world—most of them in the Third World.

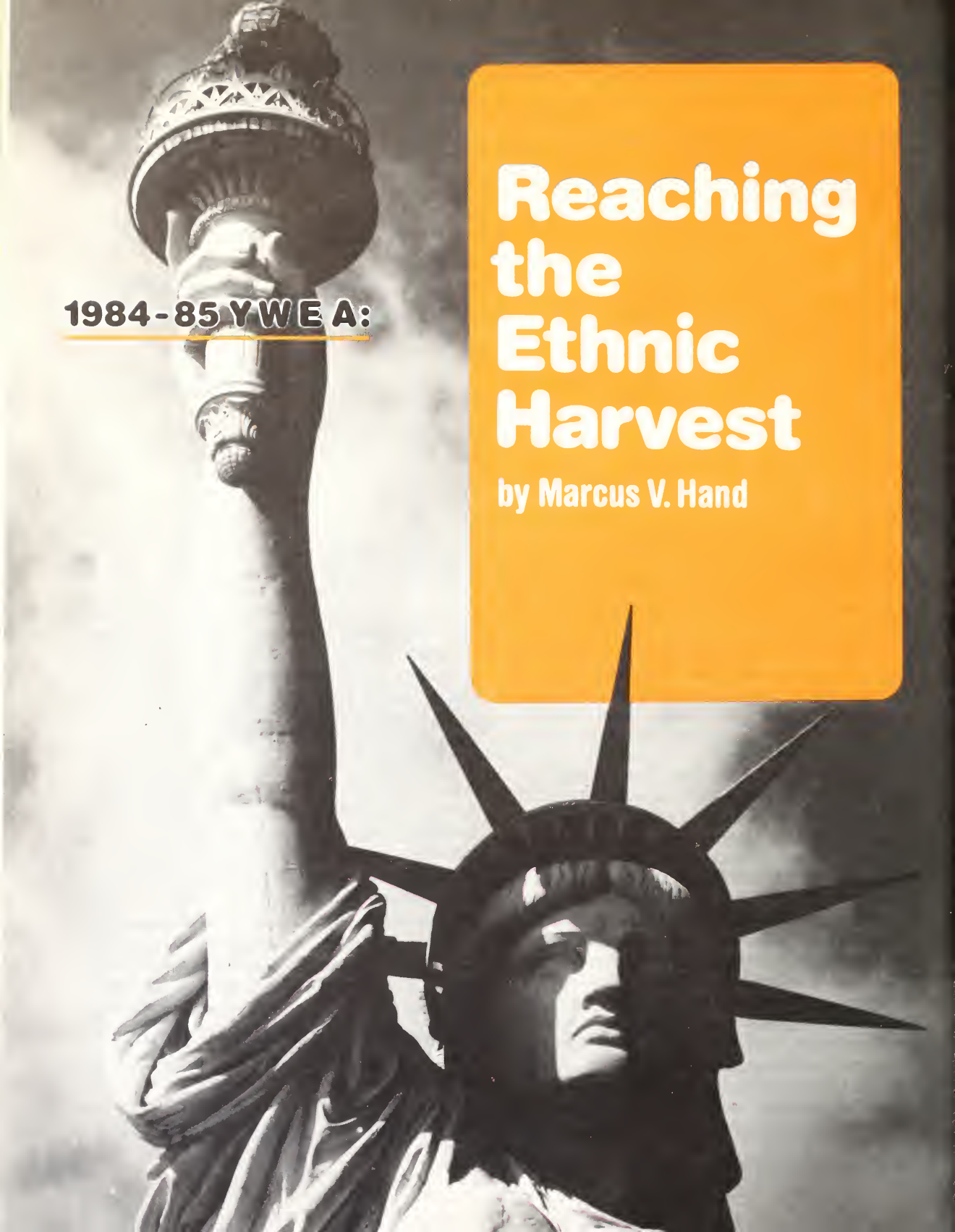
People are unevenly distributed on our crowded planet. If everyone in the United States were moved to California, they would be less crowded than the people of Japan!

EVANGELIZATION IN A CROWDED, TROUBLED WORLD

Responsible Evangelicals advocate and practice a holistic, spiritual approach to the church's world mission. Evangelism and social responsibility cannot be equated; however, both are essential elements in the church's mandate. The Lausanne Covenant, adopted by the 1974 International Congress on World Evangelization in Lausanne, Switzerland, states that “both are necessary expressions of our doctrines of God and man, our love for our neighbor and our obedience to Jesus Christ. The message of salvation implies also a message of judgment upon every form of alienation, oppression and discrimination, and we should not be afraid to denounce evil and injustice wherever they exist.”

World evangelization cannot be undertaken in a vacuum. The watchcry of “Evangelization of the world in this generation” is an empty slogan if we fail to come to terms with the grim statistics contained in that World Population Data Sheet.

Significant progress is being made in alerting more Christians to the global task and in mobilizing churches. The dimensions of the challenge, however, make it imperative that world evangelization be constantly stressed. □



1984 - 85 YWEA:

Reaching the Ethnic Harvest

by Marcus V. Hand

The world, a marvelous mosaic of multi-cultured people, is moving. Streams of refugees, immigrants, and misplaced persons seek hope and a better life. The church is dedicated to reaching this harvest through YWEA.

LIKE AN ANGEL of mercy the Statue of Liberty stands at the entrance to New York Harbor.

Emblazoned at the base of this "Mother of Exiles" are the words of Emma Lazarus,

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe
free . . .

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost, to
me,

I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

With torch held high, she welcomes immigrants to the United States of America.

This country has long been known as a nation of immigrants. Our ancestors came, penniless and outcast, their only possessions tied in bundles and packed in boxes. They brought with them a fierce hunger for freedom and independence. They possessed a deep longing for God. During the earlier part of this century, they came by the millions, often wearing "peculiar" national dress and speaking strange tongues. They created bulging ethnic ghettos in the larger American cities.

During the past few years we have seen new waves of immigrants. Their dress is not so marked and most of them speak some English. Still they come. For the first time since the turn of the century, 20 percent of America's population growth during the past decade was by immigration. Ethnicity still crowd the cities. Statistics show that 88 percent of ethnics in the United States live in metropolitan areas. There they maintain their national identity, enjoy ethnic foods, attend ethnic church services, and prefer to speak their native language.

The church sees this ethnic harvest as a golden opportunity. The theme of the 1984-85 YWEA project is "Reaching the Ethnic Harvest." Port cities such as Los Angeles and Miami are dotted

with ethnic enclaves. Those seeking a new way of life, as well as the homeless and dispossessed, settle here first. YWEA 1985 will sponsor an evangelistic thrust through the church's Cross-Cultural and Ethnic Ministries division, to evangelize ethnics in Los Angeles, Miami, and London.

MIAMI

Cubans. Miami has become the bilingual "capital of the Caribbean." Latest figures show that more than half of the 800,000 persons of Cuban origin in the United States are located in the Miami area. They are mostly political refugees.

West Indians. West Indians make up the largest group of blacks to migrate voluntarily to the United States during the past decade. Population pressures in Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad, and Tobago have caused them to pull up roots and move elsewhere. West Indians are often high achievers because of their backgrounds and experience in local government and commerce.

Haitians. Haitians who have migrated to other countries are mostly economic and political refugees. There are more than 300,000 in the United States. Haitians have an openness and receptivity toward the gospel that many other groups do not possess. They are a ready harvest.

Colombians. More immigrants come to this country from Colombia than from any other South American country. Most Colombian immigrants are well educated and self-sufficient. Every Colombian won to Christ is a potential missionary who can take the gospel back to his home country.

Dominicans. More than 300,000 now live in the United States. Because of the proximity of the

1984-85 YWEA:

Dominican Republic to this country, many alternate between living and working at home and living and working in the United States. What an opportunity to win and disciple Dominicans who can share the gospel with their own people!

LOS ANGELES

Time magazine called Los Angeles "the new Ellis Island," a reference to the former immigration processing center in New York. Since 1977, Asians have surpassed Latin Americans in migrating to America's shores. Los Angeles is their favorite destination. Here are a few of the more important groups:

Filipinos. Of the nearly one million Filipinos in the United States, two thirds are professionals. Doctors, dentists, pharmacists, and nurses often work at blue-collar jobs until they can get licensed in this country. More than 300,000 Filipinos live in Los Angeles.

Koreans. More than 300,000 South Koreans now live in the United States. Nine out of ten have been here fewer than fifteen years. Well-educated, many are teachers, professionals, and administrators. More than half of the South Koreans in America live in "Little Korea," an area just west of downtown Los Angeles. YWEA will sponsor an evangelistic surge with Korean-Americans.

Vietnamese. Beginning in the mid-seventies, succeeding waves of Indo-Chinese refugees reached the United States. Most of them were Vietnamese. The first wave was composed of South Vietnam's upper crust. They opened restaurants, grocery stores, and small businesses. Succeeding waves were often called "boat people." More than 180,000 settled in Los Angeles. They are a harvest that must be reaped for Christ.

Chinese. Chinatowns are colorful and intriguing patches of Americana. The proportion of



Reaching the Ethnic Harvest

Chinese-American males in professional and managerial occupations is higher than that of any other ethnic group in the United States. Los Angeles is home to 150,000 Chinese-Americans. With the current thaw in Sino-United States relations, God is extending to the church an exciting opportunity to disciple and train Christians of Chinese extraction so that they can take the gospel to mainland China.

Mexicans. There are more than two million Mexican-Americans. Los Angeles is home to more Mexicans than any other city in the world except Mexico City and Guadalajara. Twenty-eight percent of the population of Los Angeles is Hispanic.

LONDON

London is to western Europe what Miami and Los Angeles are to the United States. Waves of immigrants overflow the already-crowded city. They arrive daily from Africa, the Middle East, and the Far East. Through strategies the church has already developed, YWEA will help evangelize ethnics in that massive metropolis.

An enormous explosion of uprooted people in the past few decades has turned this century into the "century of the refugee." Throughout the history of the church, periods of rapid growth have often followed waves of uprooted people. This is happening today.

The instructions God gave Israel concerning refugees provide the pattern for us to follow. "The alien living with you must be treated as one of your native-born. Love him as yourself" (Leviticus 19:34, *NIV*). God wants His people to offer more than political and economic freedom; we must give spiritual freedom as well.

This is the goal of YWEA 1985! The lamp we lift "beside the golden door" is the Word of God. □

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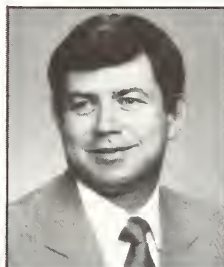
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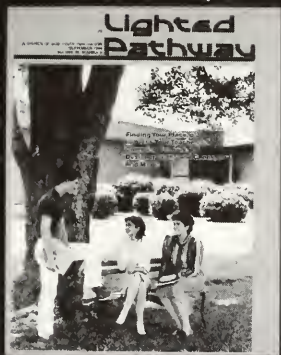
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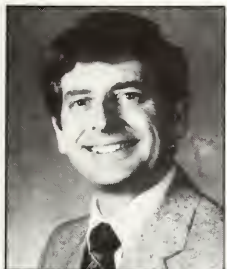
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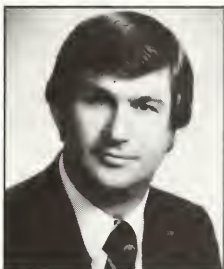
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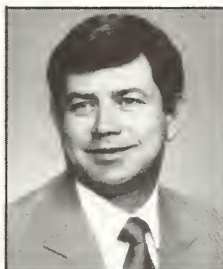
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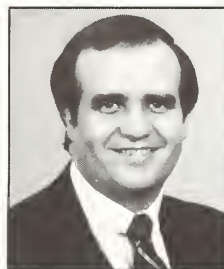
Jerry Tow
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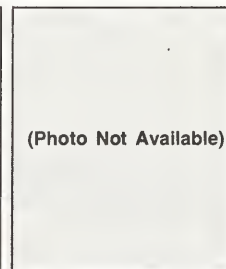
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Louisiana



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Gary Sears
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Western Canada

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T. David Sustar
South Carolina



J. David Stephens
South Georgia



Gary Harris
Mississippi



Michael Coleman
Indiana



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Iowa



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**“Fan into flame the gift
of God, which is in you”
(2 Timothy 1:6 NIV).**

Who Gets the Pie?

You've been invited to a pie supper.

Sounds sweet, huh?

You get there and have the time of your life. With sheer joy you devour the most delicious pies you could ever imagine! You eat until you are gorged.

You are told there is plenty of every kind of pie. They are always available. Come and eat whenever you wish.

Enjoy!

Then someone gets up and gives a speech. He says there are a lot of people in the world who don't have any pies. They are hungry, too. The irony of it, he says, is that there are plenty of pies for the whole world. There is one to meet every need. They have

been provided so that no one need go hungry.

Many hungry people would eat, you are assured, if someone took pies to them. Or if someone told them where they could get pies. You are asked to make a commitment to sharing the good news of the pies.

You respond positively.

You commit your life to sharing pies with hungry people and telling them that pies are available.

For the next 20 or 40 years you talk about pies and give them away. How easy they are to get. How delicious to the taste.

Your time is spent, however, with people who already have pies. The well-fed. The

over-stuffed. If they don't have any, at least they know about them.

And more than half the world never hears the good news.

They don't even know about pies!

....

There are 4.7 billion people in the world. According to the U.S. Center for World Mission, 51 percent are classified as “unreached peoples.” These more than 2.4 billion compose 17,000 people groups “which do not as yet have a witnessing Christian church in their own culture.”

Everybody needs a piece of the pie!

Let's face it . . . 99 percent of us (maybe more) are scared silly of the word MISSIONS. We really like the idea of someone “forsaking all for Christ and the gospel” as long as that someone is someone else. “God, you can take my life and use me anywhere you want,” we might say, “anywhere except Africa . . . and Asia . . . and South America . . . and Antarctica . . . and Australia. But Hawaii would be okay, God.”

What's our problem? In a nutshell, it's this: We see the world differently than God does. We haven't quite caught His plan, His vision, His hope for this world. And until we do, we'll never fully understand what our role can be in the challenge He's set before us.

—Sid McCollum

WORLD DISCIPLESHIP PROGRESS REPORT

NORTH AMERICA	POPULATION ¹	COMMITTED CHRISTIANS ²
Canada	25,000,000	7.0%
United States	232,000,000	27.0%
AFRICA (Countries with more than 20 million population)		
Algeria	20,000,000	.8%
Egypt	44,000,000	.3%
Ethiopia	31,000,000	3.0%
Morocco	22,300,000	*
Nigeria	82,300,000	8.0%
South Africa	30,000,000	20.0%
Sudan	20,000,000	.1%
Tanzania	20,000,000	4.0%
Zaire	30,000,000	16.0%
MIDDLE AMERICA (Countries with more than 5 million population)		
Cuba	10,000,000	1.0%
Dominican Republic	6,000,000	2.0%
El Salvador	5,000,000	4.0%
Guatemala	8,000,000	6.0%
Haiti	6,000,000	11.0%
Mexico	71,000,000	2.0%
EUROPE (Countries with more than 20 million population)		
France	54,000,000	.5%
West Germany	62,000,000	.2%
Italy	57,400,000	.8%
Poland	36,300,000	.2%
Romania	23,000,000	.1%
Soviet Union	175,000,000	3.0%
Spain	38,000,000	.4%
United Kingdom	56,000,000	5.0%
Yugoslavia	23,000,000	.6%
SOUTH AMERICA (Countries with more than 10 million population)		
Argentina	28,000,000	3.0%
Brazil	127,000,000	8.0%
Chile	12,000,000	*
Colombia	26,000,000	1.0%
Peru	19,000,000	2.0%
Venezuela	19,000,000	2.0%
AUSTRALIA	15,000,000	5.0%
ASIA (Countries with more than 40 million population)		
Bangladesh	93,000,000	.2%
China	1,008,000,000	*
India	713,000,000	.6%
Indonesia	151,000,000	4.0%
Iran	41,200,000	*
Japan	119,000,000	.3%
South Korea	41,000,000	11.0%
Pakistan	93,000,000	.5%
Philippines	51,600,000	4.0%
Soviet Union	94,000,000	3.0%
Thailand	49,000,000	.3%
Turkey	47,000,000	*
Vietnam	57,000,000	.3%
*Countries with less than .1 of 1% committed Christians		
1. Source: <i>The World Almanac and Book of Facts, 1984</i>		
2. Source: <i>World Christian Encyclopedia</i>		

LOOK IN THE WORD

See the *New International Version*

1. Read *John 1:3* and *Hebrews 1:1, 2*. According to these verses, the whole world belongs to God because _____

2. Too, the world is God's through redemption. Read *John 3:17*.

3. Was there ever a time when God allowed the nations to go their own way? See *Acts 14:16*.

4. Why do you think this was true? _____

5. Read *Acts 17:30*. God once overlooked _____

6. What does He now require? _____

Romans 10:9-15

7. Read *verse 9*. In order to appropriate God's saving grace in your own heart, you have to confess _____

8. According to *verse 10*, what two things are required in order to be saved?

a. _____

b. _____

9. What does the promise in *verse 11* mean to you? _____

10. *Verses 12 and 13* show that God recognizes no racial boundaries. Discuss this concept. _____

11. What are some geographic and cultural boundaries you could cross in order to share the gospel with someone? _____

John 20:21-23

12. Read *verse 21*. How are we sent to the world? _____

13. Write down what this means to you. _____

14. *Verse 22*. Power for worldwide witness comes when we _____

15. *Verse 23*. Why do you think forgiveness is linked with obeying Christ's commission? _____

Luke 24:36-49

16. Describe in your own words the scene in *verses 36 to 44*. _____

17. Read *Verse 45*. For us to understand the scriptures, Jesus must _____

18. Read *verse 46* and discuss fulfilled prophecy.

19. Discuss *verse 47*.

a. What is the message to be preached?

b. Where is it to be preached?

c. Where do we begin?

20. Read *verses 48 and 49*. Compare them with *Acts 1:8*.

The good news is that there are today more Christian missionaries than ever before in the history of the world. Each day there is a net increase of more than 78,000 new Christians in the world.

The challenging news is that there are 7,010 distinct and different languages in the world. The Bible, in whole or in part, is available in more than 1,800 of them. These language

Bibles make the Word of God available to 95.8 percent of the people of the world. The remaining 4.2 percent who have no access to the Scriptures in their mother tongue speak more than 5,000 languages.

The difficult news is that, according to *World Christian Encyclopedia*:

—7 percent of the population of the world live in countries that are primarily

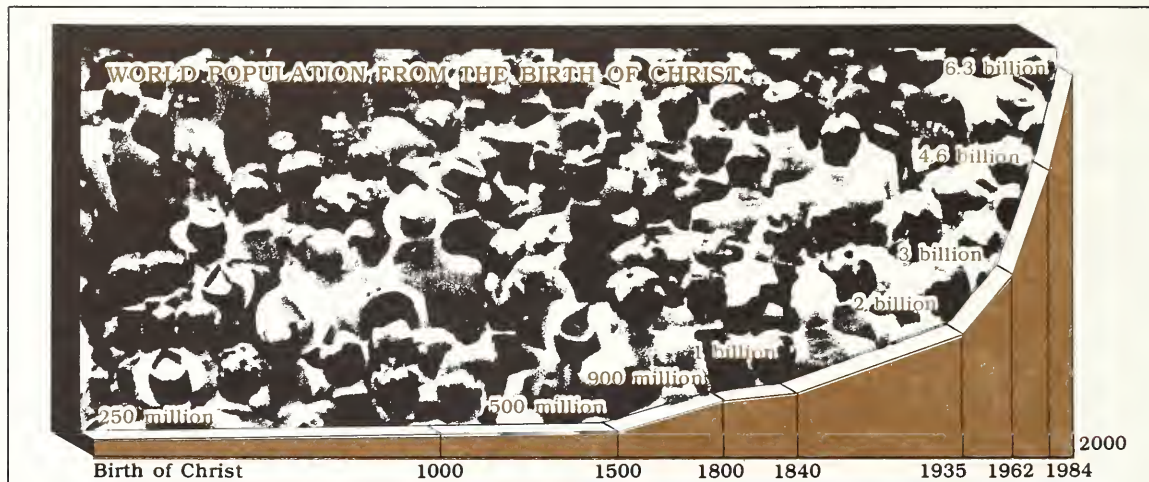
missionary “sending” countries

—11 percent live in countries that are primarily “receiving” countries

—12 percent live in countries that send as many missionaries as they receive

—8 percent live in countries where evangelizing efforts are “restricted”

—32 percent live in “closed” countries.



WHAT CAN YOU DO?

1. Begin a systematic study about world evangelization. Read *In the Gap* by David Bryant, *Christian Missions in Biblical Perspective* by J. Herbert Kane, or *A World of Difference* by Thomas Hopler.
2. Involve your youth group in a study of missions. Begin with *On the Crest of the Wave* by C. Peter Wagner or *Put Your Arms Around the World* by Marcus V. Hand.
3. Pray daily for specific missions concerns. Keep abreast of world events. Learn the status of Christianity in the various countries of the world. *Operation World: A Handbook for World Intercession* is a good beginning guide.
4. Subscribe to one or more missions periodicals. Write to Church of God World Missions, P.O. Box 2430, Cleveland, TN 37311, for a free subscription to S.O.W., the Church of God missions magazine.
5. See that a copy of *Pastor's Resource Manual on World Missions* is in your church library.
6. Read a missionary biography. Some suggested ones are:
Reaching People, A Biography of Missionary Bill Watson; *I Saw a Vision, A Biography of Missionary Lovell Cary*; *Linked Lives, A Biography of Missionaries Herman Lauster and Lambert Delong*; *Pearl Stark Wilson*; *Marcos Mazzucco*; and *R. M. Evans*.
7. Develop a friendship with an international student.
8. Support missions financially.
9. Get involved in your church's YWEA ministry.
10. Go to a mission field in the summer with STEP. □

K NOW WHAT paratroopers do?

They train for weeks and weeks on the ground.

To do what? To get into an airplane, go up in the air, turn around, and jump right back down to the ground!

Seems ridiculous, doesn't it? But that's what they do.

Now that's a picture of the church. The Lord pulls us out of the world and into the body of Christ. In the church we receive our training and our fellowship. Then we go right back out into the world.

Separation from the world does not mean getting out of the world. It means not being conformed to the world, not thinking like the world thinks. Jesus said that we are in the world, but not of the world (John 17:11, 14). We are redeemed from the world and sent right back into it to change it.

We had a watermelon feed in our backyard when I was about nine years old. Everybody from the church came over. We all sat out on the lawn eating watermelon. We spit the seeds out into the lawn and I didn't think anything about it.

In central California, it's really hot. After about a week of watering the lawn, I noticed these little sprouts starting to come up all over the place. We had a big backyard and we had watermelon plants all over that yard. In about two weeks, those seeds went down and took root.

Now that's a picture of the church. It's blown about by persecution, but it's guided by the Holy Spirit. It's as if the Holy Spirit has a bag of seeds. Like old Johnny Appleseed,

He reaches in there and just flings Christians out. They take root and they grow. Wherever He sends them, they spring up into life.

Jesus said, "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely I will be with you always, to the very end of the age"

(Matthew 28:18-20, NIV).

The totality of Christ's command is seen here in the word "all." Four times in these scriptures He mentions the word "all."

First, *all authority*. The source of our mission is not the fact that people are going to hell or that we feel sorry for people. The source of our mission is that the Lord Jesus Christ has commanded us to go and because He is Lord we can do nothing else. Whether that going means across the street or around the world, I must be involved as a World Christian.

All nations. The scope of our mission includes all nations, all groups of people. That word "nations" comes from the Greek *ethna*, which also gives us the word *ethnic*. So He says, "I want you to go to all ethnic groups, all the people of the world."

All things. Jesus said, "I want you to teach them all things." This is the subject of our mission. The full gospel.

Always. He says, "I will be with you always (all the days), to the very end of the age." This is the strength of our mission.

It is interesting to note that the best is always saved till last. Every one of the four Gospels closes with the Great Commission. The Great Commission scriptures are among the last words of Jesus.

They are important!

They must be obeyed! ☐



Paratroopers, Watermelons and Missions

by Grant McClung

CURT W



REGARDLESS OF THE profession you choose in life, you can live for God. Christianity does not hinder success; it places success in the right perspective.

Curt Warner is a gifted athlete and an outstanding Christian. A native of Pineville, West Virginia, he is currently an all-pro running back for the Seattle Seahawks in the National Football League (NFL).

Last March I went with Pastor E. M. Hudgins to meet Curt at his home in Pineville and to conduct an interview with him. I explained the ministry of YWEA and asked Curt if he would like to become a YWEA Partner. He graciously accepted the challenge and later gave a sizable contribution.

Everyone admires Curt Warner, as an athlete and as a man.

Chick Harris, Seattle Seahawks running back coach, says of him, "He's got tremendous inner strength. He's very religious, and I think that's where most of that inner strength comes from. That strength gives him the tremendous ability to concentrate and be at the right place at the right time when the big play is needed. That's why he's always at his best in the big games."

Here is a portion of the interview.

Curt, you are a Christian and you actively share the gospel with others. How did you come to know Christ?

"Although my great grandfather was a Baptist preacher and my family was involved in church, I still wasn't committed to the Lord. As an athlete I began to realize that being an athlete wasn't everything in life. The week I made my

commitment was the fourth time that month I had been convicted by the Lord. I was at church with a friend of mine and I asked him to go to the altar with me. I still remember the day. Ever since there has been a change.

"There was a struggle after that, however. Everyone will not pat you on the back all the time. So you must make a *commitment* to Christ. Everyone has to make his own decision. As for me, I'm glad I made that commitment. It hasn't been a fad, but it's been real, genuine!"

As a football star, you have gained nationwide fame. What are some of your accomplishments, the honors you've received?

"During high school I received the Kennedy Award and Athlete of the Year Award. During my college career at Penn State, I set a number of records. I was voted 'Most Valuable Player' in the Fiesta Bowl two years in a row and was named to the All American team my senior year. The Nittany Lions won the collegiate national championship with a 27-23 Sugar Bowl victory over Georgia in 1982."

What about your professional career?

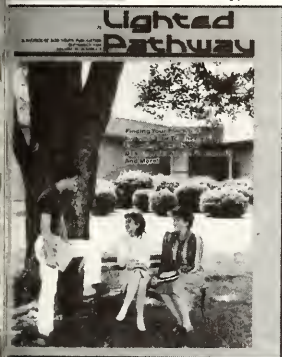
Gary Tygart Photos

A R N E R,

"Last year was my first year in the pros. I was selected American Football Conference (AFC) Player of the Year and AFC Rookie of the Year."

Missionary

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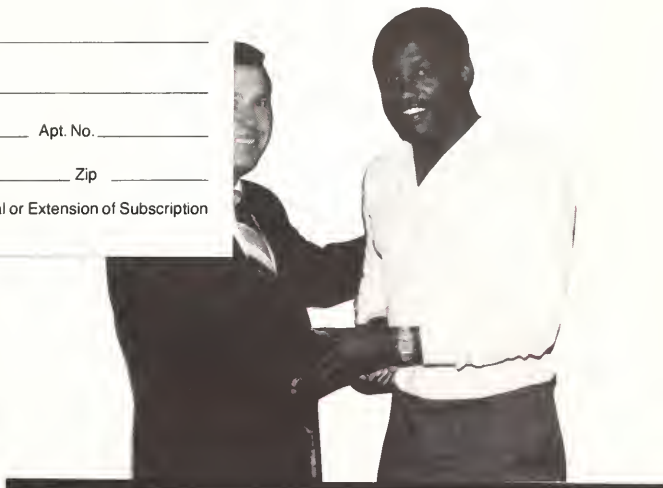
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standing state director of interviews this Seattle ar. Curt was a YWEA n his Pineville, West last year.



(Editor's note: Curt Warner was injured in the first game of the 1984 season. After surgery the team announced that he would be out for the year.)

SUBSCRIBE IN BUNDLES OR BY THE YEAR

than you are to love God."

I understand you have had a great spiritual impact on the entire Seattle Seahawks team. What are some of the things God has enabled you to do to be a Christian witness?

"I think just being consistent in the way I live. I've had opportunities to lead a Bible study group and to lead in prayer. It comes down to the point of being able to open up and share Christ with others and be genuine."

Could you share one or two of the more rewarding moments you have had in sharing Christ with others?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

CURT W

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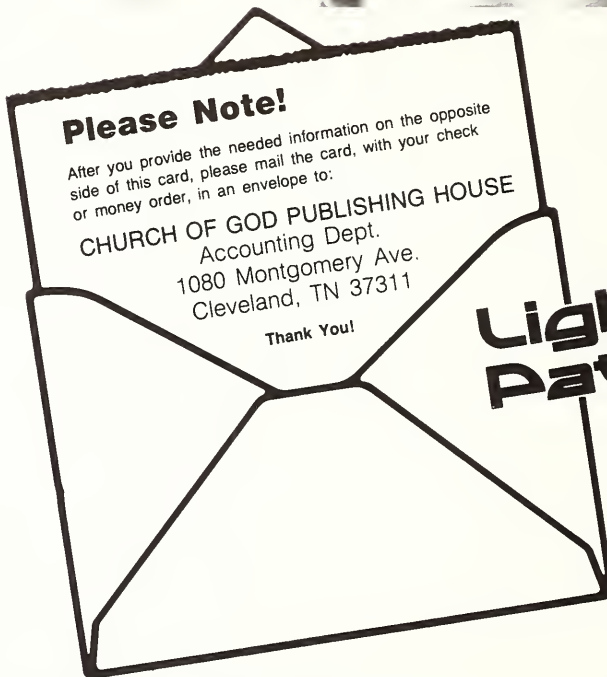
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What about your professional career?

Gary Tygart Photos



Lighted Pathway

A R N E R,



"Last year was my first year in the pros. I was selected American Football Conference (AFC) Player of the Year and AFC Rookie of the Year. I led the AFC in yards rushing in 1983 and was voted to play in the Pro Bowl."

How do you feel about these honors?

"I'm very thankful because all good things come from above. You have to realize how you stand as a person and as a Christian. I'm just thankful for what I've received."

Are you surprised at what you've accomplished?

"I'm not surprised at what I've done. I don't mean to sound boastful. I thank God. But I've got a lot of confidence in my abilities."

Is it really tough to be a genuine Christian in the National Football League?

"I would say tough from the standpoint of getting caught up in the materialistic values of the world. All of a sudden you're making a lot of money and receiving a lot of recognition. The Bible says you're not to love anything more than you are to love God."

I understand you have had a great spiritual impact on the entire Seattle Seahawks team. What are some of the things God has enabled you to do to be a Christian witness?

"I think just being consistent in the way I live. I've had opportunities to lead a Bible study group and to lead in prayer. It comes down to the point of being able to open up and share Christ with others and be genuine."

Could you share one or two of the more rewarding moments you have had in sharing Christ with others?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

Missionary in the NFL

by Gary Tygart

Gary Tygart, outstanding state director of South Carolina, interviews this Seattle Seahawks superstar. Curt was a YWEA Missions Partner in his Pineville, West Virginia hometown last year.



(Editor's note: Curt Warner was injured in the first game of the 1984 season. After surgery the team announced that he would be out for the year.)

CURT WARNER MISSIONARY IN THE NFL

Continued from page 19

"I've had opportunities to speak to different organizations and numerous youth groups. I've also talked one-on-one to several and had the opportunity to share Christ with my roommate. Now he is really growing in the Lord."

Concerning Christian

witness and Christian living, what advice can you give young men who would like to become involved in collegiate and professional athletics?

"Be consistent. Don't get caught up in the sport. Realize the Lord is going to be there and if you get out of line the Lord will discipline you. You can find out the hard way, or

you can find out the easy way and stay with the Lord. The Lord will bless you if you follow His words, 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful' (Psalm 1:1). I've been blessed by just leaning on the Lord."

I have shared with you

Dear YWEA Partner:

My name is Curt Warner.

I am a running back for the Seattle Seahawks and have set a number of records in the NFL during my rookie year.

I made a good decision when I decided to play for the "Hawks". But the best decision I've ever made was when I decided to be a member of the Lord's team. A number of times I have led my team in prayer and have conducted Bible studies with them. You might say I'm a missionary in the National Football League.

As a YWEA partner you're a missionary too!

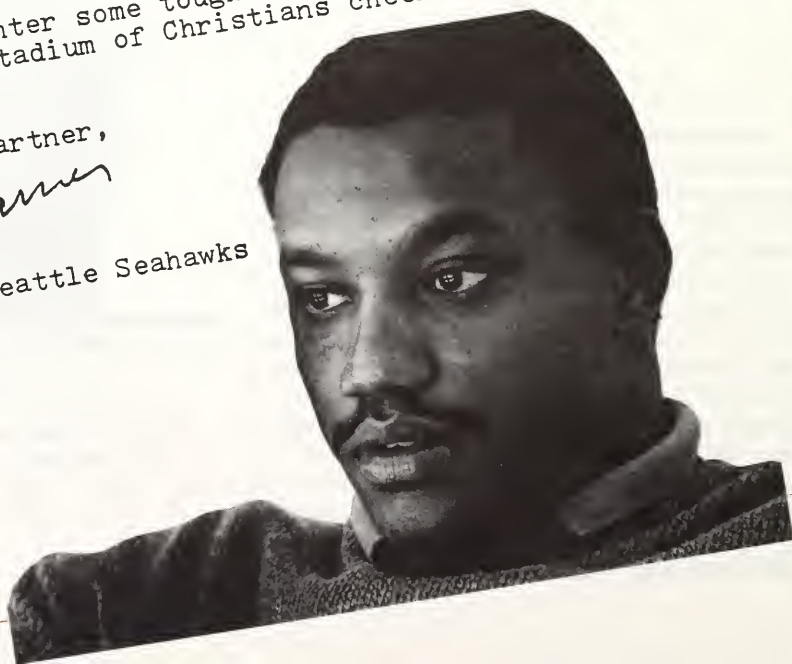
Sometimes yards are tough for me to gain against a good defense. But when that crowd of sixty or seventy thousand begins to cheer, it helps me give every ounce of strength that I've got to help my team put some points on the board.

You too may encounter some tough times, but just remember, you've got the world's stadium of Christians cheering for you. YOU CAN DO IT!

Your Mission's Partner,

Curt Warner

Curt Warner
Running Back, Seattle Seahawks



about YWEA. What do you think about this avenue of ministry for youth?

"I think it is a great thing. I have a friend who works in a mission program similar to the YWEA program. I think it's great and I'm all for it. We ought to go out and be a witness for Christ. We ought to be the type of individual God wants us to be—be that individual who is committed and sold out to spread the gospel of Christ. I want to be a part of what you are doing." ☐

FAMILY LIFE WEEK

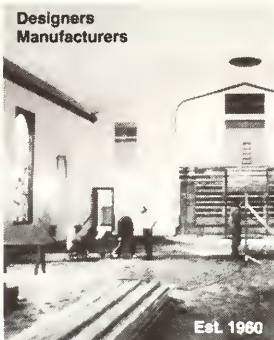
Continued from page 26

give thanks to the Almighty for one of life's great and noble gifts, the family.

Wouldn't life be dreary without them? ☐

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PATHWAY SPOTLIGHT

The global village has become a global city. Rapid urbanization is a fact of life in the last

years of the twentieth century. Exploding cities present an overwhelming challenge to Christians who anticipate the return of Christ. See the need:



2000: 60 cities over five million (projected)



1980: 26 cities over five million



1950: 6 cities over five million

SOURCE: *Evangelical Missions Quarterly*

Brother Andrew Crosses Rebel Lines in El Salvador.

by Open Doors News Service

FOLLOWING A recent secret meeting with Salvadoran guerrillas, Brother Andrew, the Dutch-born author of *God's Smuggler*, urged young Latin Christians to become "guerrillas for Christ."

Brother Andrew made contact with the guerrillas in the remote rebel-held village of Sesori in northern El Salvador during the filming of a television documentary called, "Children of Revolution."

As the Dutchman and his television crew came into the village, boys as young as fourteen casually walked across the village square with rifles slung over their shoulders and with freshly stocked ammunition belts wrapped around their slim waists.

Roberto, a fifteen-year-old who agreed to speak with Andrew, carefully adjusted his black beret before answering any questions.

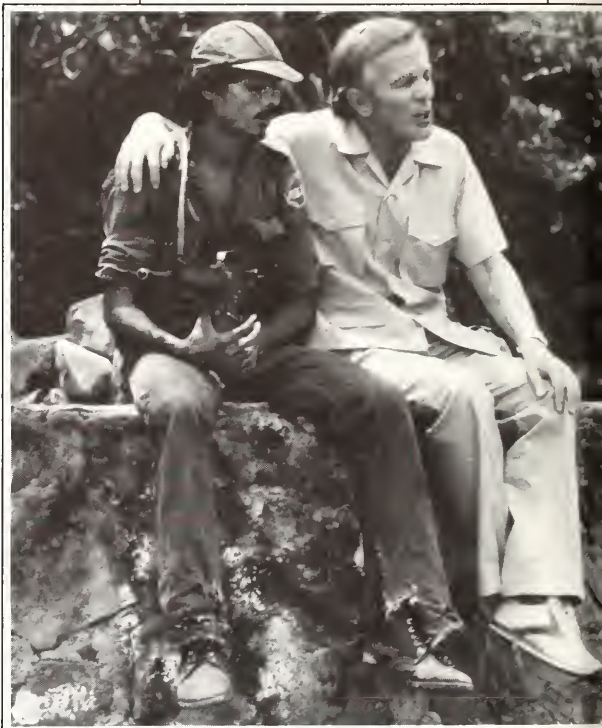
"Do you know who Jesus Christ is?" began Brother Andrew.

"You mean God, as they say?" was Roberto's quick reply.

Brother Andrew nodded

and, pointing at the church across the street, asked him if he ever went to church.

"Yes, sometimes," said Roberto.



Open Doors News Service Photo

Speaks With Guerrillas

The friendly chat continued in a light vein as other guerrillas, both men and women, were drawn toward the spectacle caused by the foreign television crew in the isolated village. The serious faces of civilians in the background gave away the fear and concern they felt over the guerrillas' presence in town.

"Roberto," asked Brother Andrew, "do you ever read the Bible?"

Roberto nodded. "The truth is that the Bible doesn't really suit us. We have to fight the war with our guns. Perhaps later, when we've won the war, maybe we'll read the Bible."

In another village not far from the capital city of San Salvador, the crew confronted a group of wandering rebels in search of their comrades.

"Two days ago we had a confrontation with the military," they reported, "and now we're looking for those that are still missing."

Brother Andrew noticed a young girl standing off to the side. Through interpreter Kate Rafferty, he asked, "Do you carry a gun, too?"

"No, I'm just looking for my father and three-year-old sister," she answered.

"Unfortunately, many of the rebels involved in hand-to-hand combat are under

age twenty and are already thoroughly convinced that they are fighting for a just cause," commented Rafferty. "For young people like Roberto, the ideology of the civil war and the violence that surrounds them daily has robbed them of any possibility of enjoying their teenage years. It is as remote as a peaceful solution to their country's problems.

One young guerrilla, whose shirt was tattered after a confrontation with the military, asked Brother Andrew if he had any spare clothes. Andrew removed his shirt and handed it to the boy. Later in a refugee camp in Costa Rica, Andrew handed over his shoes to a Nicaraguan refugee.

"I hope they don't meet up as they will only want to kill each other," said Brother Andrew.

He urged the young Christians of Latin America to become "guerrillas for Christ."

"Unless your methods are revolutionary, your message is revolutionary, and your people are revolutionaries for Christ, you will make no impact whatsoever." □

* * * *

SURGEON GENERAL STRESSES MISSIONS

Sixteen minutes had passed.

"Since I've begun to speak, 160 children in the third world

have died of diarrhea, another 160 have died from a preventable disease, and another 160 are permanently crippled because they've contracted one of these preventable diseases."

The speaker was C. Everett Koop, M.D., the Surgeon General of the United States. He was speaking at a benefit dinner honoring M.A.P. International, a Christian global health organization. Focusing on health needs in developing countries, he said, "Half of all children die in the first year of life in the poorest regions."

Koop referred to Christian missions as an important source of health care in the developing world. □

* * * *

CHRISTIAN THIEVES?

Thieves in Harare, Zimbabwe, left officials wondering whether they were "Christian" thieves, according to a report from the American Bible Society.

Culprits broke into the Bible Society offices in that African country recently and made off with much of the office equipment and a truck. They also stole 96 Shona Bibles and 97 English language Bibles.

At last report there was still no sign of the missing Bibles! □

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THE LIGHTED PATHWAY is your companion for personal growth and encouragement. It is also designed as a supplement for you to use in your weekly youth meetings. Here is how you can use this issue:

* Take ten minutes up front to discuss an important issue dealt with in an article.

* See that everyone participates; don't allow a few to monopolize the discussion.

* Don't take too long. Stop while there are still issues unresolved; then the discussion will continue after the meeting.

WEEK 1:

- The issue:* Take a look at our world.
Resource: "Crises of a Crowded Planet," page 5
 "Be a World Christian," page 27

WEEK 2:

- The issue:* Am I responsible for the unsaved nations?
Resource: "Who Gets the Pie?" page 13
 "The Joy of Missions," page 3

WEEK 3:

- The issue:* Youth missions
Resource: "Reaching the Ethnic Harvest," page 8
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WEEK 4:

- The issue:* How can my family help?
Resource: "Family Life Week," page 26
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THERE'S A nip in the air. You've settled into the routine of school, weekends, part-time work, and fall chores.

Teachers are talking of times past, of the historical origin of Thanksgiving Day.

In spite of yourself, you feel a little stirring of excitement. After all, Thanksgiving is the first real vacation of the fall and you do look forward to a day off and a long weekend.

Right?

Well . . . how about another thought?

A suggestion from the Family Life Commission of the Church of God?

How would you like to be the one who came up with some new and innovative ideas for the family? Something different from TV parades or football games?

You can be the one, you know.

Not long ago the Logos Research Institute noted a few characteristics of strong families.

According to them:

1. Strong families are composed of people committed to the family concept . . .

2. Strong families are made up of people who spend time together . . .

3. Strong families develop good communications patterns . . .

4. Strong families have a spiritual commitment and a proper spiritual orientation . . .

5. Strong families are made of people who express appreciation to one another . . .

6. And strong families are those with ability to work through and resolve crises when they arise.

That's an impressive list, don't you think? Why not share it with Mom and Dad. Not that you are wanting to instruct them in family ways but that you are maturing. You are coming to realize how important the family is. You can contribute something of your own.

Your parents will appreciate it.

At the dinner table, for

example, may be a good time to ask, "Are we going to participate in *Family Life Week* this year?"

If it's something you did last year, express your appreciation and interest. If your family or your church failed to get involved last year, then you have an opportunity to be a leader.

The theme, "Triumphant Family Living . . . Through Accepting Self and Others."

It's a good theme.

Think on it.

Learning to be at peace with yourself . . . then learning to cope with others in the family . . . even those who are not always the most agreeable . . .

Obviously that's a worthy goal for any individual or for any family. What better time to emphasize such a theme than during the week of Thanksgiving? Makes no difference, really, whether you stay home or go visit Grandma or some other relative. It's a theme which will fit almost any activity or scheme of things. Even if you happen to be away from home physically, it's a good time to meditate on your family heritage. Phone or write Mom and Dad and tell them how thankful you really are.

Last year the Family Life Commission launched a five-year emphasis to be based on the theme, Triumphant Family Living. We continue that theme this year, encouraging every church and pastor to get involved; we wish to ask our young people to make Family Life Week a priority as well.

Be a leader in your family.

Guard your heritage and
CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Family Life Week November 18-22, 1984



...Through accepting self and others.

EDITORIAL

MARCUS V. HAND
Editor



Be a World Christian

WHAT IS A World Christian?

Dr. Warren Webster says, "All Christians understand that their God is the Lord of the whole earth. Most Christians understand that their identification with Jesus Christ unites them with other true believers in the body of Christ worldwide."

"A World Christian," he continues, "has discovered that his personal commitment to Christ involves him in a worldwide cause. Whether he stays at home or goes abroad, a World Christian accepts personal responsibility for all he can do to help share the message of salvation with the world."

To be a World Christian, you must adopt a biblical world view. "The God of all the earth" (Isaiah 54:5) "has summoned all mankind from east to west" (Psalm 50:1, *The Living Bible*)! God was so concerned for all people everywhere and "so loved the world" that He did something about it!

To be a World Christian, you must commit yourself to world evangelization. Recognize the fact that the gospel *must* go forth as a witness to all nations. The age between Pentecost and the Second Coming is an era of missions in which every Christian is to be involved.

To be a World Christian, you must accept personal responsibility in the fulfilling of the Great Commission. Recognize that all men without Christ are lost. Know also that the lost can be

found. Whether you go overseas or stay at home, the Lord desires to use you to help find the lost.

World Christians actively seek God's guidance each day. They take advantage of opportunities given them. Witness for Christ in every aspect of your life. Actively support the world outreach of Christ's church.

To be a World Christian, you must adopt a lifestyle that is different. It is not easy to voluntarily accept a simpler standard of living. But this will enable you to release additional resources for evangelizing your world neighbors.

You are a part of the people of God in a lost and needy world.

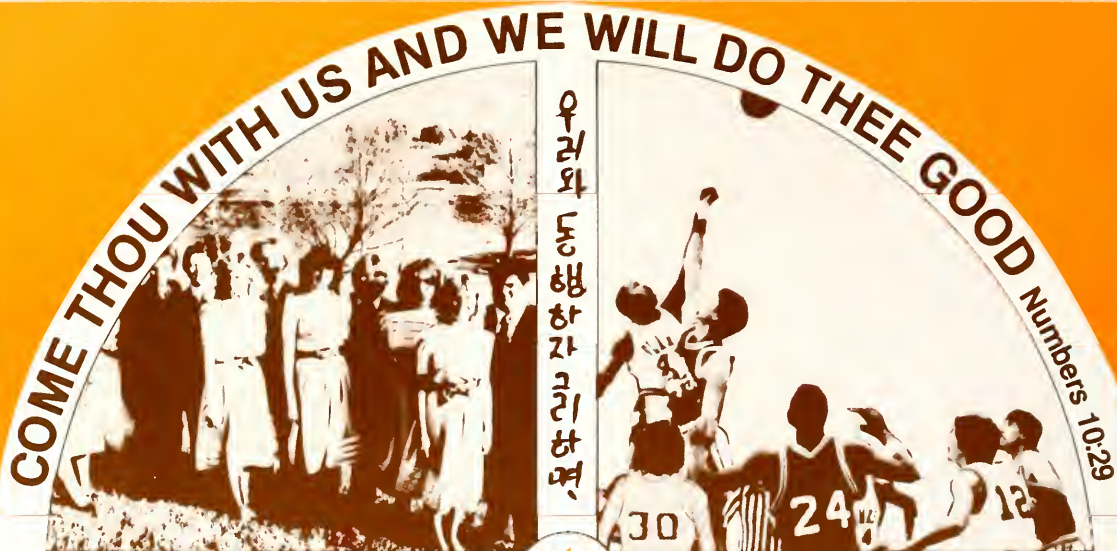
Less dedicated Christians ask, "How much of what I have should I give to God?" World Christians ask, "How little of what God has blessed me with do I need to keep for myself?"

Many of our needs are false needs. They are artificially aroused by manipulative advertising. Consequently, we fail to find satisfaction even when those "false" needs are met!

A World Christian becomes more mature, spiritually, every day. He seeks to serve rather than to be served. His first priority is no longer to gain man's approval, but to march in cadence with Jesus Christ in His world.

The benefits are extravagant!

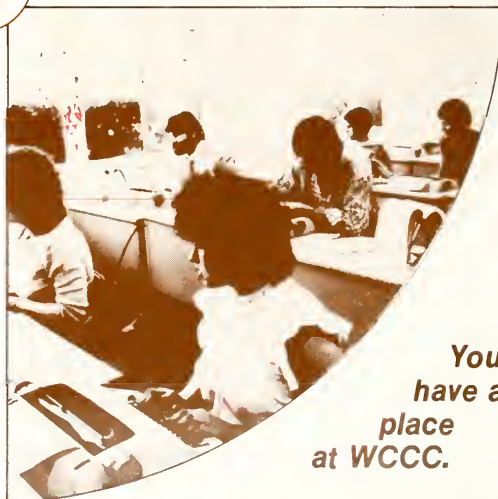
The rewards are tremendous! ☐



"...Ven con nosotros, y te



haremos bien..." Números 10:29



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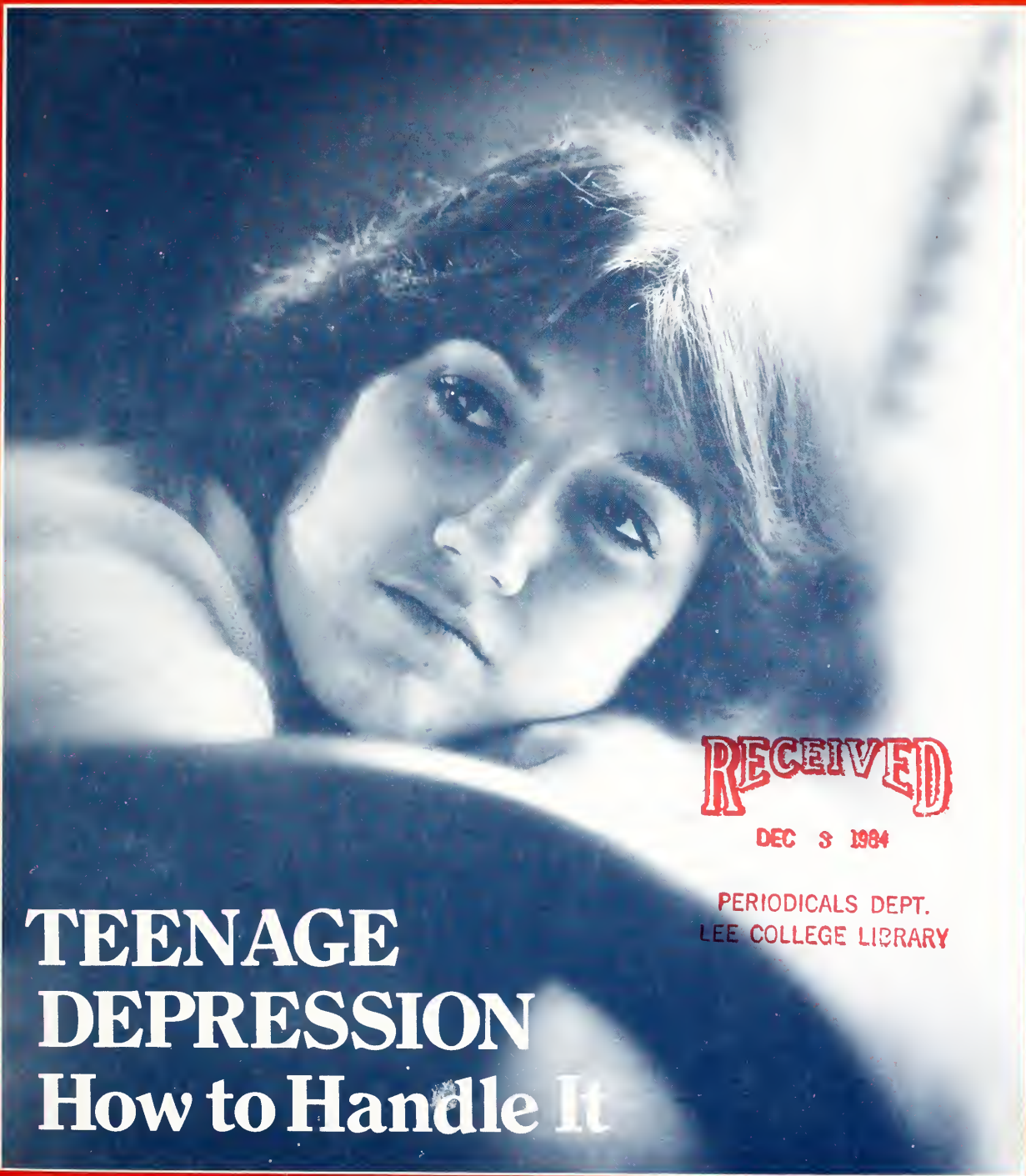
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TEENAGE DEPRESSION How to Handle It

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NOT TO BE TAKEN
FROM THIS ROOM

Opportunities for Youth in Missions



By Douglas LeRoy

ANDRE GIROD laughs easily. Yet there is a somber look in his eyes, a seriousness as he speaks in French about his seventeen years of missionary work in Chad.

If you are interested in short-term missionary service or in serving in a specialized area . . .

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"He tells about evangelizing villages that have never heard the gospel . . . about teaching the people in four villages how to build dikes (one of them nearly a mile long) so their houses won't wash away every year at floodtime . . . about the dispensary he built . . . and the elementary schools . . . and the wells he dug in thirty-six villages . . . and the horticultural training center . . . and the Bible school.

" 'In many areas life is primitive and the gospel is new,' Andre says. 'When I preach to

Opportunities for Youth in Missions



them about Jesus, they ask me, Who is He? When is He coming to our village so that we may see Him?"

"They find it difficult to understand how He could have lived long ago and still be alive today. But it is my calling to explain to them. We must all get busy."—from *Put Your Arms Around the World* by Marcus V. Hand

God needs young people today who will be busy for Him. The population of the world increases by 146 a minute. In three years, it will increase by more than the present population of the United States. Over half of the population of the world does not know about Jesus, over four thousand languages have no written account of God's Word.

Missions is a priority. Reaching the world for Christ demands urgent action. Everyone should make himself available to reach today's harvest.

You say, "That's great, Doug, but how do we Church of God young people do it?"

Phyllis Wozniak, missionary to the Dominican Republic, responded to the challenge by joining a STEP team. STEP is a short-term missionary program for young people between the ages of 16-24, designed to expose youth to

different cultures and missionary opportunities. During this experience she felt God calling her to missionary service. Today, she is a missionary teacher.

Ron Wood, state youth and Christian education director of Louisiana, conducted planned famines. Hundreds of young people fasted for a weekend and became aware of hunger around the world through a planned program of films, Bible study, and sharing. The youth then raised money to feed the hungry in Honduras. A select group of the youth went to Honduras and ministered to the people. It was an eye-opener for those who participated.

Dan Dempsey, state director in Kentucky, led a group of young people to minister in Haiti. Youth minister Dotson of the Oak Cliff Church in Dallas led a youth group to Mexico.

Tommy Smith from Savannah, Georgia, spent several months evangelizing in Indonesia, and is now preparing to return there as a missionary teacher and evangelist.

Kay Hood from Tennessee went to Europe on a STEP team. While in Europe God gave her a burden for the lost of that continent. For three years she has served as a missionary

in Amsterdam, The Netherlands, ministering to young people.

Committed young people can now serve as teachers, secretaries, musicians, church planters, construction workers, nurses, social workers, and in a host of other ways.

If you are between 16 and 24, why not investigate *STEP*? STEP offers a three-week missionary assignment to foreign lands, as well as to home mission locations inside the United States and Canada. Each participant raises his own money for the trip. If you are interested, contact the General Youth and Christian Education Department.

YWEA (Youth World Evangelism Action) has a two-fold ministry: to educate young people about missions and to provide an opportunity for young people to raise funds for a

contact the World Missions department.

Many affiliate agencies of the Church of God offer opportunities for mission service:

blotted beads of perspiration from his friend's brow with his handkerchief, talked to the stricken man in a quiet manner and calmed him. When the seizure was over, he lifted

particular ministry need. This year YWEA emphasizes the ethnic harvest in Miami, Los Angeles, and London. Church of God young people need to involve themselves in this unique ministry.

WEAC (World Evangelism Action Centers) are strategically located around the globe and are designed to expose persons to cross-cultural ministries. Some of their objectives are:

- (1) To provide a facility and program for the developing of mature disciples with a world view.
- (2) To provide a testing ground whereby persons can test their calling to cross-cultural missionary work.
- (3) To serve as a vehicle of missions education by providing field exposure.
- (4) To offer an environment in which a person may evaluate his value system and form priorities with an eternal perspective.

WEAC is a joint venture of the departments of World Missions and Youth and Christian Education.

If you are interested in short-term missionary service or in serving in some specialized area; such as, nurse, secretary, construction worker, and so forth,

—World Relief

World Relief is the official relief agency of the National Association of Evangelicals. They need young people to serve in relief and refugee camps.

—Wycliffe Bible Translators

Wycliffe needs young people to assist in the translation of Scriptures, particularly in remote areas of the world.

—Youth With a Mission

YWAM provides opportunities for young people to minister to youth in many cultures, particularly to the drug culture, and dropouts. They minister through music, drama, coffee houses, literature, and street evangelism.

Any young person interested in mission involvement should contact World Missions, P.O. Box 2430, Cleveland, TN 37311.

Tony Campolo tells of a friend who was on a train traveling out of Victoria Station in London. Across from him in the compartment were two men in their early thirties. Twenty minutes out of the station, one of them had an epileptic seizure. The man stiffened and fell heavily out of his seat.

Immediately, his friend took off his own jacket, rolled it up and put it behind the unfortunate man's head. He

his friend gently back into his seat.

Then he turned and said, "Mister, please forgive us. Sometimes this happens two or three times a day. My buddy and I were in Vietnam together, and we were both wounded. I had bullets in both my legs, and he had one in his shoulder. The helicopter that was supposed to come for us never came to pick us up.

"My friend picked me up, mister, and he carried me for three and a half days out of the jungle. The Viet Cong were sniping at us the whole way. He was in more agony than I was. I begged him to drop me and save himself, but he wouldn't let me go. He got me out of that jungle, mister. He saved my life. I don't know how and I don't know why, but he did it.

"Four years ago, I found out that he had this condition. So I sold my house in New York, took what money I had, and came over here to take care of him."

Then he looked at his friend and said, "You see, mister, after what he did for me, there isn't anything I wouldn't do for him."

Do you feel that way about Jesus? If so, there are opportunities around the world to share the Good News! □

HOLIDAYS ARE THE toughest days in prison. I know.

They're not only hard for inmates, but especially for their families.

And the really forgotten ones are the little children. No Christmas trees or gifts to open when Daddy is in prison and Mom is on welfare, or working two jobs, trying to keep things together. Christmas is just another day when these children wish they were like everyone else and had a family, all together.

But because of a creative Christmas project, hundreds of inmates' children will have a real Christmas this year. It's called Angel Tree and it's being conducted by Prison Fellowship in fifty cities in 1984.

In these cities volunteers will set up large Christmas trees in local shopping malls, banks and churches. Then they contact those who have a family member in prison, round up the children and ask what they want for Christmas.

Toys are usually low on the lists. These children request things we so often take for granted. A winter coat. Gloves. Large print books. A hearty meal.

And then there are the things kids across the country want. Trucks. Dolls. Crayons.

But for the children of prisoners, these toys, which most of us so easily provide for our own kids, are like a dream.

After gathering the wishes, volunteers decorate the Christmas trees with colorful paper angels. Each angel has a child's name, his or her age, and four Christmas wishes. Individuals then stop by the tree, select an angel and buy any or all of the gifts listed.

They then return the presents to the Prison Fellowship table; volunteers wrap them with Christmas paper donated by local merchants. The gifts are then distributed to the prisoners' children a few days before Christmas.

I wish all those who have helped in the two years we

ANGELS BRING CHRISTMAS Joy TO Deprived Children

by CHARLES W. COLSON



Charles W. (Chuck) Colson, former presidential adviser, was sentenced to prison during the Watergate scandal. There he accepted Christ and was born again. Following his release, he founded Prison Fellowship.

have conducted the project could have been in the homes of the more than two thousand children who have been helped, to see their faces light up with the joy of discovering what it's like to have a Christmas, just like all the other kids.

And, as so often happens when we give to others, we are blessed more than those we help.

One expensively dressed older woman stopped and examined the Angel Tree. "What's this all about?" she demanded. As a volunteer explained, the woman pulled her fur coat around her impatiently.

"Well," she said, "I think that's just marvelous. I'm here today to shop for my grandchildren—who have everything they could possibly ever want, and don't appreciate any of it. I'd just as soon buy for children who have real needs."

The woman swept four angels off the tree and disappeared into the throng of shoppers. She returned several hours later, arms full of packages, her eyes bright with excitement. "This is the most wonderful shopping I've ever done," she exclaimed as she unloaded boxes onto the wrapping table. "Merry Christmas!"

A young man stopped by. Twenty-two or so, unmarried, he was the manager of one of the mall stores. He looked over the trees, then began to talk about his own childhood. His mother had been widowed, left with five young children to raise, forced to turn to welfare.

It had been rough, the young man continued. There had

never been much food. There were few presents at Christmas. "But," he said, "there's one thing Mom always told us: 'there's no shame in accepting help from others, as long as you do everything you can for yourself. And then you make sure you help someone else when you have the chance.'"

"So that's what I want to do today," he concluded. "Help somebody else."

He examined every angel, finally deciding on a newborn infant, whose mother had simply listed a "complete layette set."

"That's it!" the young man exclaimed, turning to dart away toward a store. Suddenly he stopped. "Wait a minute!"

he shouted. "What's a layette set?"

There's the story of the older man who saw the Angel Tree advertised on TV and drove sixty miles to Birmingham, Alabama. Arriving at the mall with the Angel Tree, he immediately picked six angels off the tree, returning hours later with all four gifts for each of them.

Over the next few weeks, he returned several times. Each trip he would take several more children and buy all the gifts requested for each of them. By the end of the project, he had provided for eleven children.

One of the volunteers asked why. "I think this is great," he said slowly. "The poor always

For information on how you can help the Church of God reach prisoners with the gospel, contact *Turning Point*, P.O. Box 2430, Cleveland, TN 37311.

The 1984 Angel Tree will be conducted in the following cities:

Little Rock, AK	Jefferson City, MO
Birmingham, AL	Kansas City, MO
Fullerton, CA	Missoula, MT
Livermore, CA	Albuquerque, NM
Los Angeles, CA	Las Cruces, NM
Sacramento, CA	Santa Fe, NM
San Francisco, CA	New York, NY
San Jose, CA	Oklahoma City, OK
Santa Barbara, CA	Tulsa, OK
Colorado Springs, CO	Portland, OR
Denver, CO	Austin, TX
Ft. Collins, CO	Big Spring, TX
Grand Junction, CO	College Station, TX
Pueblo, CO	Dallas, TX
Wilmington, DE	Ft. Worth, TX
Ft. Pierce, FL	Houston, TX
Miami, FL	San Antonio, TX
Atlanta, GA	Waco, TX
Lexington, KY	Salt Lake City, UT
Baton Rouge, LA	Richmond, VA
Baltimore, MD	Olympia, WA
Jackson, MS	Seattle, WA
Meridian, MS	Tacoma, WA
Tupelo, MS	

get somebody else's cast-off, second-hand things. I just like the idea that these kids—maybe for the first time in their lives—are getting something new of their very own."

Then there was the young man who looked over all the angels and suddenly chose a two-year-old boy named Michael. He came back from shopping with an armload of presents. "Now, can I be sure that Michael will get these gifts?" he asked. "These won't go to another child, will they?"

A volunteer assured him that Michael would receive his gifts. Several hours later, she looked up to see the same man. He had a small boy by the hand, and was with two women. "I want to explain to my wife and mother-in-law what this project is all about," he said.

The volunteer obliged. As the young wife listened, she bent and picked up the toddler. "This is our son," she said, tears running down her cheeks. "He's two years old, and he was a twin. His brother was named Michael; he died soon after birth. So my husband wanted another little Michael to have Christmas in memory of our Michael."

You can see why this Angel Tree project is so close to my heart. After all, Christmas marks the birth of the Christ—God coming as a person to lead us as our Savior. It's the very heart of what we celebrate that we would honor the Christ child by helping forgotten children today.

Whenever I think of Angel Tree, I cannot help but remember Jesus' words, "to the extent that you did not care for one of the least of these, you did not do it unto Me." □

Hands



"WRITE A LETTER TO Jesus telling what you are giving Him for Christmas," we were told. "Wrap it up in a pretty box with a ribbon on it and keep it for a year. Next year, read it and see if your life has been influenced by it."

This was my letter:

"Dear Jesus:

I want to give you—

My hands to be used in signing to the deaf

My faith to be strengthened

My mind to be stretched and more alert

My eyes to see God's glory

My ears to hear His voice

My mouth to speak His kindness

My heart to feel His compassion

My feet to carry me where He'd have me go

My fingers to swiftly do His work

My temper to be under His control

Lord, I want to give You all of me.

Please keep me tenderhearted; please make me sensitive to Your desires."

Before we wrote our letters, we spent a long time in prayer. I surrendered my inner self, allowing it to cry out to God in the form of the letter. My outer self was too tired from fighting.

Occasionally, I take the letter out and smile at the way God has answered and is continuing to answer my prayers. It's especially good, when I

THAT HEAR

By Elaine Moore

begin to feel stagnant and life seems to be going nowhere, to remember the past and see just how far God has brought me over the last few years. It keeps me from becoming discouraged at how far I still have to go, how much I still need to learn, how much more I need to be yielded.

I've really changed since writing that letter to Jesus. At the time, my faith was only a tiny flicker. My self-esteem was below rock bottom. I didn't want to hear God's voice. He could stay in His universe and I wouldn't bother Him if He didn't bother me. Because of deep hurt, I'd allowed my heart to become like stone and it was just starting to soften. I was still rebellious, stubborn, full of angry frustration, and completely miserable.

It has been a long, hard uphill struggle for me to accept a relationship with the Father. I say "accept" because He was always there, loving me and urging me to respond to His guidance. I almost wore myself out building roadblocks and walls to protect myself from hurt. He kept tearing them down, gently, by surrounding me with people who truly cared. Sometimes He reminded me that He didn't cause the hurt, but He was with me through it.

After God finally got through to me, I wanted to "do" something to prove my love for Him. I thought that staying busy meant being spiritual. It took a while to understand that the most important thing I can do is to make all my ways pleasing to Him and respond to the next thing He tells me to do. Maybe all that needs to be done is to clean up or pick up folding chairs after a meeting. But if it's done as for the Lord, it can bless the socks off of you.

My letter to Jesus was written during a time when I was just starting sign classes. If anyone had told me that one day I'd be interpreting for the deaf, it would have scared me to death! But God had put such a deep love in my heart for deaf people that I would have done anything to learn to communicate and get to know those who needed my help. That's all I wanted to do—just love them.

People ask me why I ever wanted to learn signing. That's a very hard question to answer. All I can say is that it must have been God planting the seed. For as long as I can remember, from the time I was very small, there's been a desire to learn to talk with my hands. When I was growing up, seeing someone gesturing with their hands while they talked would be enough to start my heart beating so hard it would almost burst.

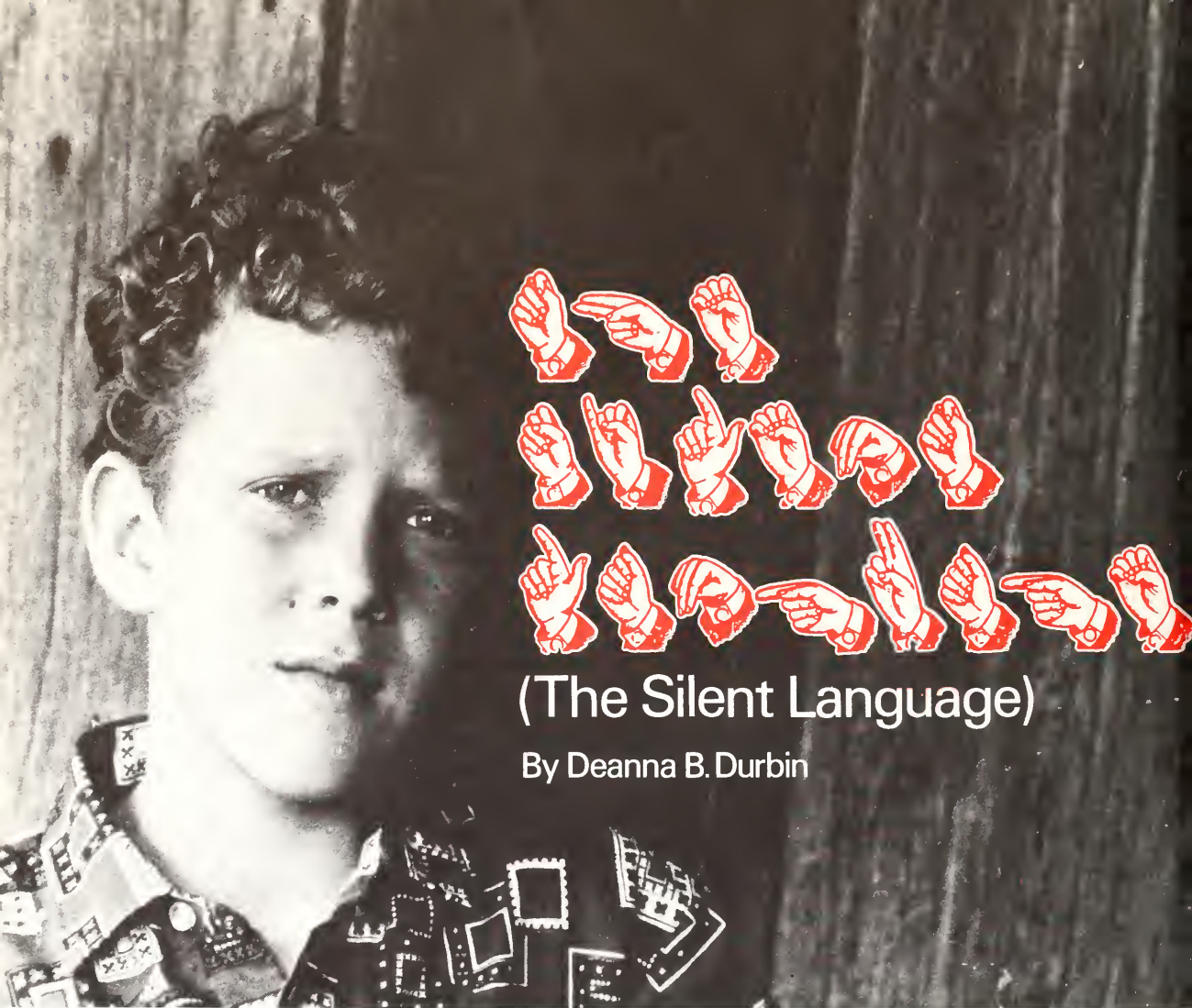
Interpreting causes mixed emotions in me. I'm aware of my limitations and I'm aware of God's grace. I love the deaf so much I want them to receive every thought God is giving in a meeting. When I first started signing I was anxious for fear I wouldn't be able to share everything with them. I may not be the best interpreter, but I have a heart that is full and running over with love for the deaf. That's all I can offer. I place myself in a servant's position and share God's love the very best I can. The rest I leave up to God.

Praise the Lord! Now I go into an interpretive situation and thoroughly enjoy every minute of it because I know God is in control. That does not mean I can be lazy. I still have to put in hours of practice and preparation. I do all I can to be ready for anything that God has for me. Before any meeting, I pray for the wisdom to be sensitive to the needs of the deaf. I pray that He'll smooth away distractions, that He'll flood us with His peace, that He'll use my hands to speak to the hearts of the deaf.

Interpreting is a special gift from God. I cherish it and care for it as if it were my prized possession. This area of my life has brought me deepest satisfaction and I'm eternally in awe of God's love for allowing me to experience it.

My Christmas letter to Jesus has greatly influenced my life. □

Elaine Moore is interpreter for the deaf at Central Church of God in Milwaukie, Oregon.



(The Silent Language)

By Deanna B. Durbin

Sunrise Photo



How to be involved in
meaningful ministry....

WHAT IS THE third most commonly used language in the United States?

No, it isn't French or Spanish or German. Technically, it isn't a "spoken" language at all. But it is by no means dead.

It is sign language, sometimes called manual English, finger spelling or American sign language. Communication on your hands.

This is the "silent language" of the deaf.

Few Americans know about it

and even fewer learn it. Yet, there are five times as many deaf in America as there are blind. According to the National Association of the Deaf, there are approximately two million deaf Americans and another fourteen million with serious hearing losses.

This "silent language" of the deaf is not a new language at all. In many ways, signing is the oldest language in the world. A smile, a frown, a fist in the air means the same thing

today that it did in prehistoric times.

American Indians were one of the first people to use a structured sign language. Spanish explorers in the 16th century reported that when different Indian tribes met to trade, they used a common sign language to communicate with each other. In the 18th and 19th centuries, traders, army scouts and explorers learned this sign language to get much-needed information from the Indians. Boy Scouts continue to use sign language as their official international language.

The first permanent school for the deaf in this country was started in 1817 by Thomas Gallaudet at Hartford, Connecticut. The only college for the deaf in the United States today is Gallaudet College in Washington, D.C.

By combining movements of the hands, arms, and body position, you can make more than 700,000 distinct gestures, more than enough to express the most abstract thought or concept.

Sign language is not a "dead" language. Like English, new words are being added constantly. There are even slang expressions. There is the polite sign for "died" and a slang sign that translates "turned up his heels."

Sign language has some advantages over spoken English. Some signs, like the ones for "give," "bring," and "visit" are

directional signs. The way the sign is made indicates whether you are visiting someone or they are visiting you. You cannot make this important distinction in spoken English without additional words.

Many churches have ministries for the deaf. They provide trained interpreters who "sign" the church services for those who cannot hear. These interpreters "mouth" the words for the deaf who can also lip read.

The Evangelism and Home Missions Department sponsors a tract to assist you in witnessing to the deaf. It tells, in printed scripture and in sign language, how to lead a person to Christ.

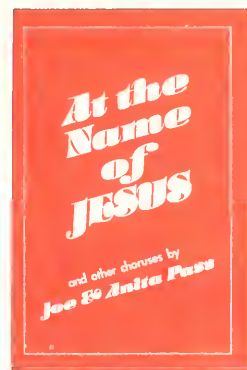
Are you interested in learning another language? Contact your local community college or trade school. Many offer courses in sign language or could organize such a class. Many larger cities have clubs organized by and for the deaf who welcome interested visitors.

In church, an interpreter usually wears solid colors. Solids make the most restful background for watching hand movements. Also, interpreters can't wear jewelry, especially bracelets. That would be like singing with bubble gum in your mouth.

The title of this article is spelled out using the manual alphabet. Note that all signs are made with your palm toward the other person.

All together now. T...H...E... ☐

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**"Fan into flame the gift
of God, which is in you"
(2 Timothy 1:6 NIV).**

Yo-Yo

A Discipleship Study on Depressive Feelings

HAVE YOU ever "rocked the cradle" or "climbed Jacob's ladder" with a yo-yo?

How about doing a "whirlwind"? It is the most difficult trick to do because it incorporates both inside *and* outside loop-the-loops.

The yo-yo, sometimes called a "return top," has been around for a while. Its popularity has had many, uh, ups and downs! The first United States yo-yo craze occurred in Chicago more than fifty years ago. Since then, the fad has flared up at different times in different

sections of the country.

Around the turn of the century the French called the yo-yo a "bandalore." During the French Revolution, one made of ivory was an "emigrette." Eighteenth-century Englishmen called it a "quiz" or the "Prince of Wales" toy.

Before that, yo-yos were used in the sixteenth century by the Filipinos as a jungle weapon. Each one weighed four pounds and was attached to a twenty-foot thong. It was called a "come-come" because it returned to the thrower. No one

knows for certain, but some say the yo-yo originated in China.

The 1984 edition of the *Guinness Book of World Records* says a Texas doctor completed 20,302 loops with a yo-yo in three hours. That's more than a hundred loops per minute! The largest yo-yo ever constructed weighed 256 pounds.

The individual continuous endurance record was set in November 1977 at Gloucester, Virginia. John Winslow yo-yoed continuously for 120 hours! That's five days!

* * * *

Have you ever felt like a yo-yo? Sometimes up, sometimes down? Someone else pulling your string? Occasionally left dangling?

It's common to have highs and lows in our emotions. Our biological clocks are so set that we cannot stay "up" all the time. Some emotions are positive, others are negative. Some build you up, others tear you down.

We even have ups and downs in our spiritual lives. In church with the family of God, you feel great. Away from fellow Christians, surrounded by unbelievers, even enemies of Christ, you don't feel so hot.

Still, you know that God has not changed. You belong to Him. You wish, however, you could handle those depressive feelings a little better. That is the focus of this discipleship study. When you wind down, how do you get back up?

DEALING WITH SIN

(Quotations and references are from *The Living Bible* unless noted.)

Sins of the flesh tear you down. They load you down

with guilt and send you into life carrying unnecessary and destructive baggage. They rob you of joy and of any hope for happiness. The things you do

which are contrary to God's law are always destructive. They cause you to feel "low" all the time. The Bible lists some sins of the flesh in Galatians 5:19-21:

WORKS OF THE FLESH

KJV	NIV	Give a brief reaction to this concept:
adultery and fornication	sexual immorality	
uncleanness	impurity	
lasciviousness	debauchery	
idolatry	idolatry	
witchcraft	witchcraft	
hatred	hatred	
variance	discord	
emulations	jealousy	
wrath	fits of rage	
strife	selfish ambition	
seditions	dissensions	
heresies	factions	
envyings, murders	envy	
drunkenness	drunkenness	
revellings	orgies	

When you accept Christ, an amazing thing happens. Listen: "You have become a part of him (Jesus), . . . and now you share his new life . . . Your old evil desires were nailed to the cross with him; that part of you that loves to sin was crushed and fatally wounded, so that your sin-loving body is no longer under sin's control.

"Do not let sin control your puny body any longer; do not give in to its sinful desires. Do not let any part of your bodies become tools of wickedness, to be used for sinning; but give yourselves completely to God—every part of you . . .

"Don't you realize that you can choose your own master?" (Romans 6:5, 6, 12, 13, 16).

DEALING WITH DIFFICULTIES

Depressive feelings are not always caused by something sinful. The pressures of daily living can get to you. Or you can become preoccupied with "being bored." The problems of the world have a way of casting shadows on your outlook. Your health and your energy level can have a

bearing on the way you feel. Many things affect you.

Sometimes problems—real problems, problems over which you have no control—rob you of your joy. The Apostle Paul wrote the Book of Second Corinthians right after a shattering difficulty. Look at that chapter and see how he handled it.

2 Corinthians 1:3-12

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Read <i>verses 3, 4</i>. God comforts and strengthens you. He wants you to feel better, but there is another reason. What is it?</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> | <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> |
| <p>2. <i>Verse 5</i>. When pressure is applied, does help from God increase or decrease?</p> <p>_____</p> | <p>6. Why does he say that his depressing moments with God were good for him?</p> <p>_____</p> |
| <p>3. Why do you think this is true?</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> | <p>7. What does <i>verse 10</i> say about Paul's confident faith in God?</p> <p>_____</p> |
| <p>4. Read <i>verses 6 and 7</i>. When God delivers me, how does that help you?</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> | <p>8. Using <i>verse 12</i> as a guide, list some ways we can help each other.</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> |
| <p>5. Have you ever felt as low and as threatened as Paul did in <i>verses 8 and 9</i>? Briefly describe your experience.</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> | <p>9. "We are so glad that we can say with utter honesty that in all our dealings we have been pure and sincere, quietly depending upon the Lord for his help, and not on our own skills" (v. 12).</p> |

"The floods of disappointment, frustration, sorrow and all the others come sweeping over our lives. But we keep on going, and somehow out of the disappointments we find ourselves enriched.

"A person can be wounded. Life sometimes cuts deeply and hurts terribly. If we do not cleanse them carefully, our wounds can become infected. Bitterness is an infection—so is anger or hatred or jealousy or worry. The wounds of life can foster discouragement and hopelessness—a 'what's-the-use?' spirit. Hurt lives can be wrecked and destroyed. On the other hand, no matter what happens, we need to keep believing the words of the psalmist: 'Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart'" (Psalm 37:4, *KJV*).

—Charles L. Allen

LIVING IN CHRIST

"When someone becomes a Christian he becomes a brand new person inside. He is not the same any more. A new life has begun!" (2 Corinthians 5:17).

Living a Spirit-lead life is the happy privilege of every child of His. The fruit of that kind of life can be seen by everyone. It is enjoyed most

however by the person who bears that fruit. The fruit of the Spirit is listed in Galatians 5:22, 23:

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT

KJV	NIV	Give a brief reaction to this concept:
love	love	
joy	joy	
peace	peace	
longsuffering	patience	
gentleness	kindness	
goodness	goodness	
faith	faithfulness	
meekness	gentleness	
temperance	self-control	

Memorize these scriptures:

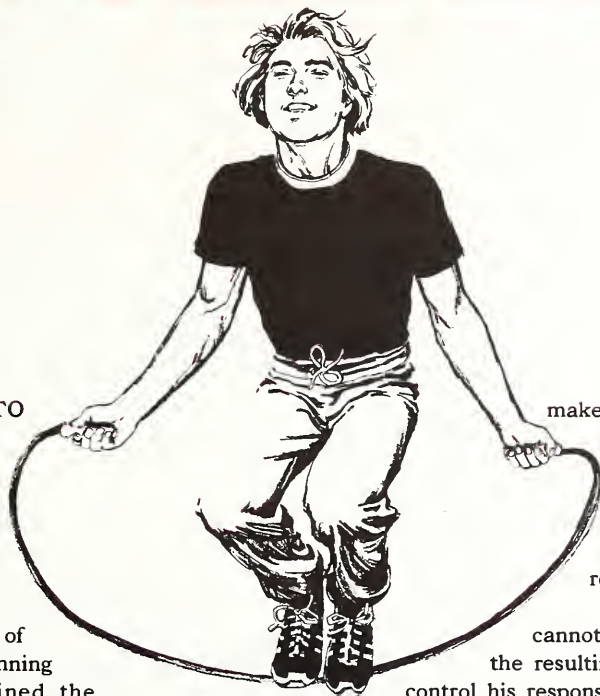
"We are pressed on every side by troubles, but not crushed and broken. We are perplexed because we don't know why things happen as they do, but we don't give up and quit" (2 Corinthians 4:8).

"Quit quarreling with God! Agree with him and you will have peace at last! His favor will surround you if you will only admit that you were wrong.

"If you are attacked and knocked down, you will know that there is someone who will lift you up again. Yes, he will save the humble" (Job 22:21, 29). □

What Teenagers Can Do About

STRESS



T EENAGERS TEND TO think of themselves as being invincible . . . ,” said clinical psychologist William D. Brown in an interview in July. “But stress affects them just as it affects adults.”

Dr. Brown, the author of two books and an award-winning newspaper column, outlined the unique problems teenagers face and how they can cope with these problems more effectively. “Stress,” he pointed out, “is simply wear and tear on the body and everyone, including teenagers, experiences that. Death is the only stress-free condition there is!”

One of the more common stresses for teenagers, Dr. Brown said, is when their parents set unrealistic goals for them. “Every child isn’t going to become an Eagle Scout,” he stated. “Every child isn’t going to be the best Little League ball player or the champion majorette. All children don’t excel in the same areas.”

He maintains that stress is neither negative nor positive. “It’s a person’s response to it that

makes the stress negative or positive. No one chooses to lose a loved one, to be fired from a job, to fail a course in school, or to be rejected by someone he’s dating. He or she cannot control the events or the resulting stress. But he can control his response to it.”

Teenagers can best deal with everyday stress by developing a positive attitude toward it. Parents can aid them, Brown says, by helping them to “find their strengths and then (to) work with them at developing them.”

A positive attitude toward stress can be greatly enhanced in some very practical ways—by eating balanced meals, getting eight hours of sleep a night, abstaining from tobacco and alcohol, maintaining normal body weight, and exercising regularly. □

"I shared
everything
with Dan
but my faith."

DAN, SEVENTEEN, in our youth group at church, took his own life. Committed suicide.

I'd been a little hurt when he started going with Carol. Don't get me wrong. He wasn't my boyfriend . . . just a friend.

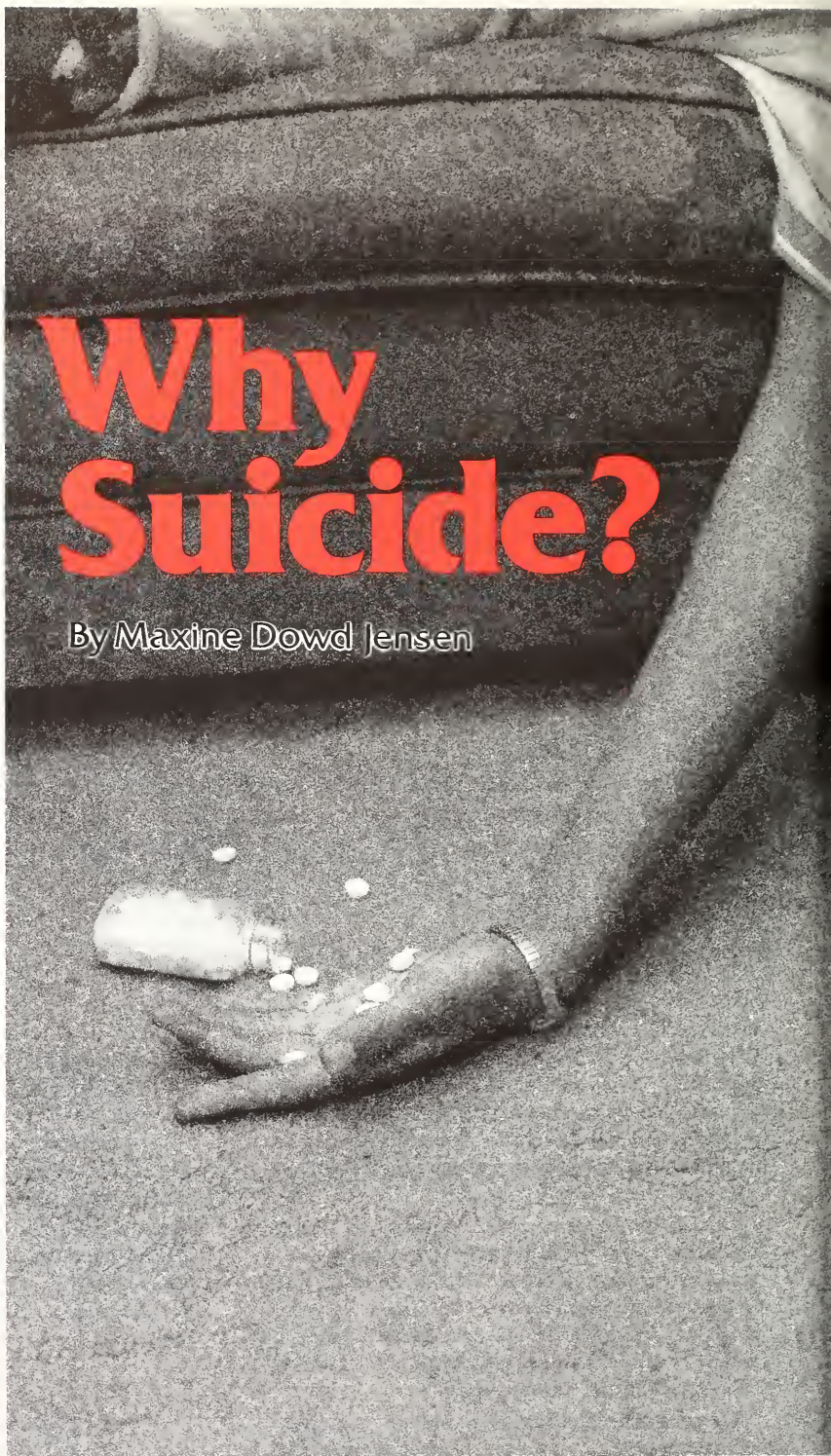
But Carol seemed to drive a wedge between us. No longer did he stop at my house, flop on the top step, and say, "How's it going, kid?" No longer could I ask his advice about how to refuse Willie. Nor expect his big brother intervention when some guy tried to get rough with me. It was a different ball game.

I wanted to warn Dan about Carol. Tell him what I'd heard. What I felt. Maybe I should have. I made excuses that it wasn't my business.

When Carol dropped him, I didn't see him much. No one did. Perhaps I should have scouted around and made him either talk or listen. I don't know. I guess I thought some buddy of his would do it.

Why Suicide?

By Maxine Dowd Jensen



Alan Cliburn Photo

Perhaps a friendly touch was missing from them too.

My folks subscribe to a national news magazine and sometimes I flip through the pages. Recently the title of an article on suicide kindled my interest so I turned to it. I discovered that Dan wasn't unusual. Approximately five thousand teenagers commit suicide every year. Five thousand! I also learned that three times as many girls try it as boys but that boys are more successful.

I'll never forget the first time I had a brush with suicide. I can still feel the prickle up my spine. I was about eight years old, the age when something indelibly impresses you and never lets go.

My mother bought me an ice cream cone at the corner drugstore. I was licking it as slowly as possible on a day as hot as it could be. I looked at the cone after every lick. Something arrested me as we crossed the alley and I quickly looked up.

A man was clinging to the supporting post on a third floor balcony. Suddenly he raised from a crouch and jumped. Even now I can still hear the splat of his flesh and the crack of his bones as he hit the concrete.

I didn't lick my cone anymore. The ice cream melted. Ran down my thumb and fingers. Had started down my arm before my mother thought to rush me around the corner to our house.

When I was a little older, an old family friend hung himself. He'd had a stroke, couldn't work, felt he was a burden. I remembered the tears chasing each other down

his wife's cheeks; my mother clasping her arms about Mrs. Waterman and stroking her hair; my father lifting the telephone receiver and saying, in a strange voice, "I want to report a suicide."

And then there was Freddie Prinze. How I laughed when he played Chico in the television series *Chico and the Man*. Of course, I couldn't have helped Freddie but surely someone was there.

Just as there were many around Dan.

Have you ever known anyone who committed suicide? Has this tragedy touched you? Have you lost a "Dan" as friend and confidant and can't understand why? If suicide is becoming common, what can we do to save our friends?

It is difficult to understand the thinking of someone who takes his own life. Personally, I believe in God too much. I am convinced that anyone faced with a hopeless feeling about school or life in general, the breakup of a love affair, or a job loss, can find victory in God. Faith is the victory that overcomes the world.

Youth is the time for dreaming, for hope, for trying out new ideas, for spreading your wings in new responsibilities. Sometimes it's hard to grow up. Questions prod on every side. College or not? What kind of work? Or, like Dan, which girl or which guy?

In the Bible, Paul cautioned Timothy to live so that no one would look down on his youth (1 Timothy 4:12). It wasn't any easier for Timothy in his day than it is for us in ours. But if we, like Timothy,

love Christ, we're told that we can do all things with Christ's help.

With God, you are not alone.

I shared everything with Dan but my faith. And we went to the same church!

I can't do anything now to bring him back, but I think I know more about what to do in the future. I will bring Christ more into my relationships with others. I'll pray and trust God to woo them and win them. But I will accept my responsibility to point them in the right direction.

God loves our friends even more than we do.

If your pal threatens suicide, *listen . . . believe*. Don't ignore this warning.

Coax your friend into talking about his difficulties. When troubles are dumped on a caring listener, the solution often becomes clearer to the person doing the talking.

Don't interrupt the flow of your pal's revelation. Avoid nosey questions.

If you can't think of a solution, *ask for help*. Take the problem to your pastor, your youth counselor, or a parent.

I'm lucky. I can always talk to my mother and to God. You, too, can pray.

God bless. You don't want to lose your friend. ☐

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KAREN,

DON'T BECOME A STATISTIC

BY LANCE COLKMIRE

A NEW CITY,
NEW SCHOOL,
NEW FRIENDS,
AND A NEAR-
ENCOUNTER
WITH SPIRITUAL
SUICIDE.



LAST YEAR KAREN almost committed suicide.

She was well provided for; her family is better off than most. She didn't have any big emotional hang-ups. Nor was she without friends. In fact, she was a pretty happy teenager.

Karen is my favorite niece and I was concerned because she lacked purpose. The only thing she was committed to was making sure her peers accepted her, regardless of her own values and instincts. I saw this outlook reflected again and again and it bothered me.

We've always been unusually close so I made it my business to talk straight with her before her family moved from Ohio to Texas a couple of summers back.

"Karen, there's only one Person who will always accept you," I said. "You need to make a commitment to the Lord. . . . Give Him a chance."

She listened politely.

Soon after her family arrived in Brandon, Texas, Karen wrote me, sharing first impressions: "Close to Houston. . . . Buildings going up everywhere. . . . You should see all the parks and hiking/biking trails. There are public swimming pools everywhere—I guess for those who feel cramped in their backyard pools!

"The high school I'll be going to looks like a university. I hope I can make some friends."

I didn't hear from her again for quite a while and I knew she must have found friends to keep her busy. In October I learned about Tanya, another sixteen-year-old.

Under Tanya's wing, Karen forsook the parks and trails she enjoyed for local teen melting pots—two big video arcades and Chuck E. Cheese's Pizza Parlor. Easy-listening music was exchanged for heavy metal; "The 'A' Team" for MTV. Good grades began to take second place to good times.

She began to make only occasional references to church. Karen was being changed.

Karen felt she was on the right track. She began to feel that religion was out-of-date and out-of-touch. Now she had friends who were up-to-date and in touch; friends from upwardly mobile families like her own.

Months passed. Some of Karen's enchantment with the Brandon lifestyle began slipping as she slowly learned what her friend, Tanya, had slipped into—alcohol, sex, some drugs. Karen couldn't understand why teens who had the best of everything had to turn to such vices.

Peer pressure for her to go the same route started to mount.



Karen wrote me again, telling me some things she hadn't even told her folks. Instead of describing pools, parlors and parties, she described feelings of disruption, isolation and loss. She talked about her need to find acceptance, to be taken seriously. She even expressed despair.

Then she wrote, "Don't tell Mom and Dad, but only a couple of months before we moved here, my friend Tanya tried to kill herself. Mixed together some booze and pills. But her system didn't accept it. She became awfully ill, then threw it all up. That kinda scares me."

Though she didn't directly ask for it, I knew Karen was seeking advice. All I wrote was, "Don't become a statistic, Karen. Get into the Word."

Karen didn't plan to kill herself, as five thousand U.S. teens do each year. But I knew she was on the verge of making a commitment—to God or to her peers. I prayed she would understand that no matter how unpopular the church was in her circle, how great the peer pressure, how poor an example some professing Christians might be, it is the individual who decides to give up on God—to commit spiritual suicide.

She was about to commit spiritual suicide.

Karen had to find a cure for what ails all the youth of Texas, and everywhere else. It is the void in their lives, the lack of something for which to stand.

Near the end of Karen's first year of school in Texas, she dropped me a line:

"Listen to the verses I've found: 'Jesus said, "Whoever loses his life for me and for the gospel will save it. What good is it for a man to gain the whole world, yet forfeit his soul?"'"

"So many kids here in Brandon have all the world, yet they're unhappy. Now I know why! They've forgotten their soul.

"I've done a lot of thinking about losing my life like Christ taught, which will probably mean losing a lot of friends. I don't like that. But I remember some of the stupid things I've done just because somebody else wanted me to. I realize what my friends here could lead me into.

"So I've decided it's time for God to lead me. Would you believe that when I told Tanya about my decision she didn't laugh? She might even go to church with me Sunday night!

"Unc, I do want to become a statistic. But a different kind. I want to be counted for Christ." □



GETTING SAVED

What Does It Really Mean?

By David M. Griffis

Oklahoma Director of Youth and
Christian Education

SO NOW YOU have experienced "getting saved"!

You feel great!

There's a lightness and a clean feeling you've never had before.

Everything within tells you that this is the best there is!

Your innermost feelings are absolutely right. Your salvation is the result of God's beautiful and complete plan for the human race. But what really *has* happened to you? Why do your Christian friends seem ecstatic with happiness about you and your new experience with the Lord?

To understand what has happened to you,

realize first why it was necessary for this experience to take place.

The Bible tells us in Romans 3:23 that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Early in life you learned that some things were wrong and some things were right. When you did what you knew was wrong, you felt troubled and fearful. Even as a small child your conscience was beginning to grow and develop.

Later, you grew physically and became responsible. You began to realize that it was increasingly difficult to do right on your own. The Apostle Paul, one of God's choice servants, was aware of this problem and wrestled with it himself. He states in Romans 7:18, "For I know that in

me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." He further explains in verse 21, "when I would do good, evil is present with me."

Christ said in Matthew 26:41, "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." As a creature made in God's image and given a conscience to know right from wrong, we want to do right. But as slaves to our bodies and to sin, separated from God, we haven't the power to change our lives by ourselves.

You may have been in church all of your life. Your parents may be involved in the work of the Lord. But you still need a personal salvation experience.

You may be popular at school, talented in many areas, and well liked by everyone, but you still need Christ in your life. All of us who are privileged to breathe the air of planet earth will never have eternal life, nor will we know the ultimate of true joy and satisfaction of living, until we "get saved," until Jesus Christ becomes the Lord of our lives.

Another reason why you needed to be saved has to do with the meaning of the word "saved" itself. The meaning here is "rescued." God gives us two options: We can live once and die twice, or we can live twice and die once. If we live only for the pleasures of this life and never receive salvation in Christ, we are destined to what the Bible calls "the second death" (Revelation 20:14), eternity in hell.

However, when you and I accepted Christ as Savior, we were literally "saved" or rescued from the second death. We were given more abundant life for right now (John 10:10) and the assurance of eternal life in God's presence (John 3:16).

Now that we have discussed why you needed to be saved, let's talk about what this marvelous experience of salvation does for you.

First of all, *you are a believer*. You believed that you were a sinner. You believed that Christ is the Savior you needed and could give you salvation. You believed that your request for forgiveness and acceptance was granted by God Himself.

Right now you believe and are convinced that Jesus is the Son of God. He, the King of Heaven and Earth, the Prince of Peace, has suddenly become your very own personal best friend of all friends.

You believe that the Bible is the Word of

God and that it is your guidebook for the rest of life's journey. Yes, you are now a believer.

Second, *you are forgiven and cleansed of all sin*. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Corinthians 5:17). Among these old things are your past sins and iniquities. Just think, this wonderful loving Lord actually is willing to forget all your past and let you start life afresh as His child! No matter what you've done or how bad your sin was, when you "get saved," God forgives and forgets.

When this forgiveness occurs, the Bible says, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth" (Romans 8:33). No one, including the Devil, can declare you guilty when God has forgiven you. His Word proclaims "Whom the Son hath made free is free indeed."

Third, *you are now part of a wonderful fellowship made up of others who have been saved just like you*. The Scripture likens us to a family and calls us "the household of God." God is our Father, Jesus is our elder brother, and the Holy Spirit is our comforter. We are brothers and sisters in Christ and each of us have in common the fact that we have been saved and brought into the marvelous light of redemption.

Finally, as a servant of the Lord, *you now have a responsibility*. Daily devotions need to become a part of your lifestyle. David, the man after God's own heart, said, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee" (Psalm 119:11). Jesus said, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation" (Matthew 26:41). Your daily communion with God will strengthen you as a Christian. Your experience with Christ will mean more to you than you ever thought possible.

Also involved in your responsibility is the sharing of the good news that Christ has saved you and He can save others. This is what develops Christian "giants." It is absolutely impossible for you to reach out without God reaching in. Sharing the good news with someone else will cause the joy of your salvation to explode.

Now that you are saved, life has changed for you. The tremendous fact is this: All of this change is positive and good.

God made it possible by the gift of His Son.

Isn't it great to be headed in the right direction? ☐

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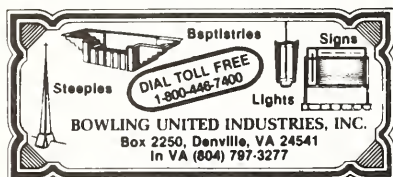
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A DAILY BIBLE READING FOR OVERCOMING DEPRESSION

- Dec. 1 - Matthew 13:44-46
- Dec. 2 - Mark 5:1-6
- Dec. 3 - Acts 8:1-8
- Dec. 4 - Luke 15:3-7
- Dec. 5 - Luke 8:4-8
- Dec. 6 - Nehemiah 8:9-12
- Dec. 7 - Luke 15:11-24
- Dec. 8 - Acts 16:16-25
- Dec. 9 - 1 Peter 4:12-16
- Dec. 10 - Acts 13:44-52
- Dec. 11 - Matthew 5:1-12
- Dec. 12 - 2 Corinthians 4:7-18
- Dec. 13 - 1 Peter 1:3-8
- Dec. 14 - Acts 7:54-60
- Dec. 15 - 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18
- Dec. 16 - Psalm 16:5-11
- Dec. 17 - Revelation 21:1-7
- Dec. 18 - Revelation 22:1-5
- Dec. 19 - John 16:17-22
- Dec. 20 - Matthew 25:37-46
- Dec. 21 - Luke 1:26-38
- Dec. 22 - Matthew 1:18-24
- Dec. 23 - Luke 2:1-7
- Dec. 24 - Matthew 2:1-12
- Dec. 25 - Luke 2:8-20
- Dec. 26 - 1 John 1:1-9
- Dec. 27 - Jude 1:20-25
- Dec. 28 - Luke 10:17-20
- Dec. 29 - Psalm 126:1-6
- Dec. 30 - Philippians 4:1-4
- Dec. 31 - Psalm 27:1-6

Youth Leaders Only

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY is your companion for personal growth and encouragement. It is also designed as a supplement for you to use in your weekly youth meetings. Here is how you can use this issue:

- * Take ten minutes up front to discuss an important issue dealt with in an article.
- * See that everyone participates; don't allow a few to monopolize the discussion.
- * Don't take too long. Stop while there are still issues unresolved; then the discussion will continue after the meeting.

WEEK 1:

The issue: Stress

Resource: "Yo-Yo," page 13

"What Teenagers Can Do About Stress,"
page 17

WEEK 2:

The issue: Depressive Feelings

Resource: "Why Suicide?" page 18

"Karen, Don't Become a Statistic,"
page 20

WEEK 3:

The issue: Christmas Emphasis

Resource: "Angels Bring Joy to Deprived Children," page 6

"Christmas Spirit," page 27

WEEK 4:

The issue: Serving God

Resource: "Getting Saved—What Does It Really Mean?" page 22

"Opportunities for Youth in Missions,"
page 3

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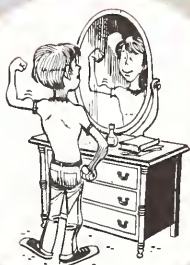
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Test Your Mental Muscle



THIS IS EASY. Multiple choice. Prove you didn't sleep when you were learning about the muscular system. You're smart if you get seven out of ten correct. Five to seven correct? You are a good guesser. Less than five—go to the end of the line, please.

1. When walking or running you
 - a. Push your toes down
 - b. Pull your heels up
2. Muscle tissue makes up how much of your body weight?
 - a. 15%
 - b. 50%
 - c. 35%
3. Most muscles come in pairs that
 - a. Work in opposition
 - b. Work together
4. You can consciously control
 - a. All of your muscles
 - b. None of your muscles
 - c. Most of your muscles
 - d. A few of your muscles
5. Muscles in motion
 - a. Make noise
 - b. Make no noise
6. To stand erect, you use approximately
 - a. 800 muscles
 - b. 120 muscles
 - c. 360 muscles
 - d. The combined total of the above
7. Your muscles completely relax
 - a. When you are in a deep sleep
 - b. When you doze off during world history
 - c. Never
8. Regular exercise causes your muscles to
 - a. Increase in number but not in size
 - b. Increase in size but not in number
 - c. Increase in both number and size
9. When you fail to use a muscle, it usually
 - a. Thanks you for giving it some rest
 - b. Swells from inactivity
 - c. Wastes away
10. *Rigor mortis* is a term used to describe the stiffening of muscles
 - a. After long and vigorous exercise
 - b. When you realize you don't know the answers to the biology test
 - c. After death

ANSWERS: 9-c, 10-c

1-b, 2-b, 3-a, 4-c, 5-a, 6-a, 7-c, 8-b,

EDITORIAL

MARCUS V. HAND
Editor



I'LL HAVE A blue Christmas . . ." the song begins.

Holiday blahs, Christmas depression, yuletide blues—it is a subject much discussed and written about.

A team of researchers from Duke University Medical Center studied the phenomenon for seven years. They confirmed some of the things we knew all along.

But they surprised us, too!

The doctors said that Christmas in itself brings a lot of stress. You need more money. You are busier than usual. You have to associate with more people you would like to avoid. Stress normally brings on more depression.

During Christmas week, however, there is always an actual dip in the number of persons requesting medical help from stress and depression.

It must be the Christmas spirit, they concluded.

If you find yourself feeling down this month, here is what you can do:

Accept responsibility for any contribution you may be making to your own low feelings. Perhaps you are responsible. At least partially. Neglecting to complete a task or an assignment, for instance, will make your days seem gloomy. Check your attitude. Have you caused the problem?

Run from self-pity. Self-pity

is a sign of a proud heart. While feeling sorry for "poor little me," you are focusing your attention and everyone else's on yourself. Even "putting yourself down" is a bid for attention. You cannot relieve melancholy at a pity party, even at Christmastime.

Handle your inner conflicts. Breaking the basic rules of life causes unnecessary stress. A simple thing like overspending your income will put you in a bind. Going without adequate sleep makes life miserable for you. Failing to do what you know to be right prompts feelings of disgust, bitterness and boredom.

Make a major effort to resolve any conflict between you and those around you. Conflict, hidden or open, is a primary source of doubt, depression and guilt.

Stay around others. Keep people in your life; isolation is not the answer. Visit someone in need. Talk with a trusted friend. Take a gift to someone who won't have much Christmas this year.

Decide today that you are going to put more into life than you or anyone else could ever get out of it in two lifetimes!

Talk to your pastor, to your youth leader. Don't hesitate to use the resources of your church.

There you will find a family of caring Christians who want you to be a part of them as much as they want to be a part of you.

Pray. Read God's Word. Worship Christ, without whom there would be no Christmas.

The Christmas spirit can lift you from the slough of despond.

And the spirit of Christ is the true Christmas spirit! ☐

"A generous man will prosper; he who refreshes others will himself be refreshed" (Proverbs 11:25, NIV).

Christmas Spirit



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Each month, with your permission, we will send you our schedule of transmissions which are as follows:

DECEMBER: "Christmas With Our Children" direct from the Church of God Home for Children in Sevierville, Tennessee, will be presented on Wednesday, December 12, from 7:30 p.m. - 8:30 p.m. eastern time over SATCOM 4, Transponder 5, 83 degrees west.

JANUARY: "You and Bible Prophecy" will be transmitted Wednesday, January 30 from 7:30 p.m. - 8:30 p.m. eastern time over SATCOM 4, Transponder 5, 83 degrees west. This will be an open forum for discussion featuring three Bible prophecy specialists, concluding with a message on Bible prophecy.

FEBRUARY: "Praise--A Night of Gospel Music" featuring Dr. Delta Alford, Director of Pathway Music, along with a multiple choir, special groups, soloists, and guests, will be presented Wednesday, February 27, from 7:30 p.m. - 8:30 p.m. eastern time over SATCOM 4, Transponder 5, 83 degrees west.

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